The Saturday Evening
POST
August 10, 1957 – 15¢

ARE WE DRIVING JAPAN INTO RED CHINA'S ARMS?
By Cameron Hawley

A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY
By Erle Stanley Gardner

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Everybody can see the difference when there's . . .

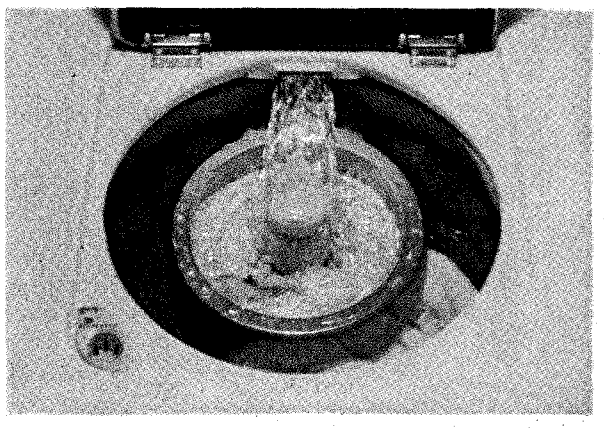
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES

1958 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer

Cleans and recleans wash water to give you all-clean clothes! Lint stays *in* the filter . . . and off your socks, linens and cottons!

As you wash, the famous Filter-Flo Washing System circulates and filters the water continuously through the large, durable filter. Lint, sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

Removable filter is easy to clean, *clog-free*. Handily in view, it's an ideal detergent dispenser, too.

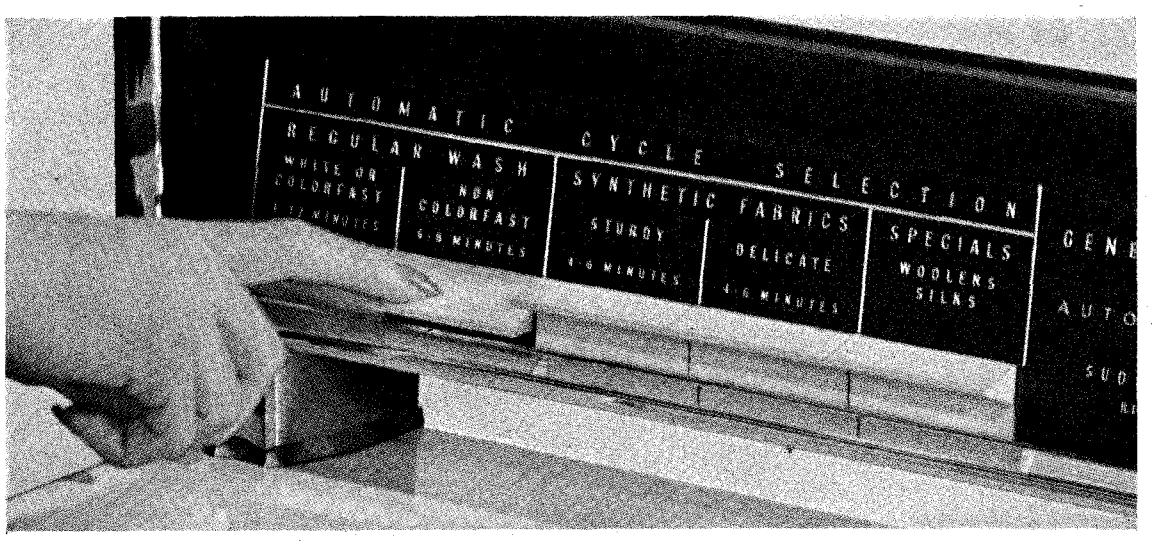


New Rinse Conditioner . . . gives you softer, fluffier clothes. Before you wash, just pour a fabric or water softener into the dispenser at left of filter. It automatically "conditions" the water at rinse time.

He's wearing "linty" socks. After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, the pair of socks, above left, were flecked with unsightly lint fuzz. Lint mars the appearance of dark clothes, dulls colors, too!

He's wearing all-clean socks. After 7 washings in a General Electric Washer, the same kind of socks, above right, washed in an identical washload, showed *practically no lint*. End lint on *your* clothes.

. . . Now with simple new WASH-TO-ORDER FABRIC KEYS

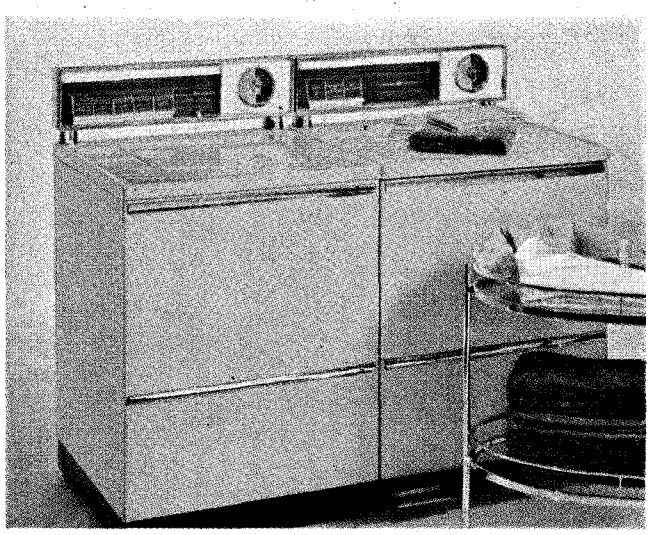


Touch one key—it selects the right wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds.

No more guessing! Just touch the fabric key to fit your washload—the washer *sets itself* for proper clothes care. Each of five fabric settings automatically selects the right combination of wash conditions to wash clothes best.

Clothes last longer . . . synthetics wrinkle less. Everything your family wears is washed to order.

- Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics.
- Water Saver Selector saves up to 20 gallons on small loads.
- Automatic Suds Return System (optional) lets you set aside filtered suds for a second wash.
- Five-year written warranty on transmission parts.



Straight-Line Styling . . . Filter-Flo Washer (Model WA-950R) about $3.40* a week. With Automatic Suds Return, slightly higher. Matching Dryer, about $2.80* a week.

In Mix-or-Match Colors or white. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

**After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

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Because it is a medicine, not a shampoo...Theradan

Clears up the severest dandruff and itchy scalp

...with just 3 applications!

Bristol-Myers' new Theradan works *beneath* the surface, not just *on* it... penetrates and removes layers of dead, dandruff-forming cells to leave the scalp free from scales and related itching...to stop new dandruff before it starts!

Like any man or woman who suffers from dandruff, you may doubt that it can be *controlled*—much less *eliminated* for long periods.

But Theradan is *not* a "dandruff shampoo" you wash right out—*not* just a tonic—*not* a preparation you have to use every day or every week. Theradan is a new kind of medical dandruff treatment, containing penetrating *Sarthionate*.

Here's how Theradan works

Theradan goes far beyond ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations can't penetrate the scaly layer of dead cells that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming *new* dandruff flakes. But Theradan *removes* this layer.

Simply apply Theradan to the scalp. Unlike so-called "dandruff-treatment" shampoos, Theradan *stays on long enough for the medicine to do its work*—usually from ½ hour to 1 hour. In a very severe case, it can stay on as long as needed.

Theradan's Sarthionate *penetrates* the scaly layer of dead, dandruff-forming cells—gently and surely loosens and lifts it from your scalp. And it kills scalp germs. Thus Theradan leaves your scalp free from scales and itching—stops further dandruff before it starts!

Eliminates dandruff for 1 month to 4 months

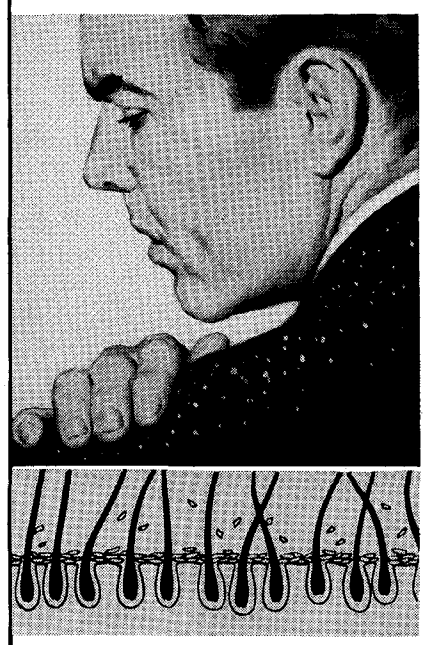
Theradan surprised skin specialists who used it on their patients. In 20 months of testing, it was completely effective in dandruff cases so severe that even strong prescription remedies failed to give adequate relief. With Theradan, none of these men and women had dandruff again for *1 month to 4 months*.

Prevents dandruff's recurrence

When you have cleared up itchy dandruff with Theradan, use it occasionally—as many people do—just to prevent dandruff's recurrence. You will find that the use of Theradan before shampooing will leave your hair cleaner-looking and lustrous.

If you have dandruff, get new Theradan from your neighborhood store today.

HOW THERADAN KEEPS YOU FREE FROM DANDRUFF FOR MONTHS



Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove *loose* dandruff but leave a scaly crust of dead cells on your scalp to form new flakes in less than a week.

Theradan with Sarthionate penetrates the scaly crust and lifts it off—leaves your normally healthy scalp free from dandruff and related itching for *1 to 4 months!*

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS
The statements in this advertisement are supported by controlled clinical tests. For a report of these tests, write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-871, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

5½ OZ.
$2.00

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Theradan TRADE MARK

with exclusive penetrating ingredient, Sarthionate T.M.

From the pharmaceutical laboratories of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin®

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No time flies as fast as the "time of your life." So this vacation make every leisure minute count. Reserve a sparkling-clean Vacation Car through your local Avis office.

Then get to your vacation spot quickly by train or plane . . . and the new car you have rented will meet you. Or drive your Vacation Car right from home. Either way your family will see and do so much more during your stay.

And you can rent a new Ford or other fine car in Portland, Me., for example, for as little as $8 a day and 7¢ a mile . . . including your gas, oil, and insurance.

For business or pleasure, it's easy to rent a car from more than 1000 Avis offices. Call your local Avis office (listed under "A" in the phone book) for reservations anywhere. Or ask the agent who sells your plane, train or steamship ticket.

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Avis Rent-a-Car, 184 High Street, Boston 10, Mass.

Rent a car that goes home by itself—
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Photographed at Long Lake, Maine

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THE COVER

In their cabana club beside the emerald sea the phone-company boys are absorbing healthful rays and calories. The water breeze caressing them is soft and salty, yet on the coolish side, judging from the toe dancer who has been caressed by the ocean. It would be nice if phone and power crews always had such benign working conditions; they don't—in cold and heat, come floods, ice storms, hurricanes, they are wonderfully on the job making electric lights light and telephones answer hello. Ben Prins gives you a motley crew, composed of lighting-company men from Wilton, Connecticut, and phone men he noticed at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, when he was down there last winter for some reason—business, maybe. The total strangers get along swell together, don't they?

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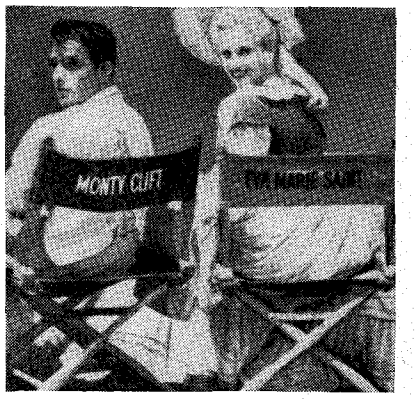
The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 225 — The greatest star of the screen!

M-G-M's "Raintree County" is the picturization of a panoramic novel that sweeps from North to South. As the heroine of a Civil War romance, Elizabeth Taylor was never more beautiful.



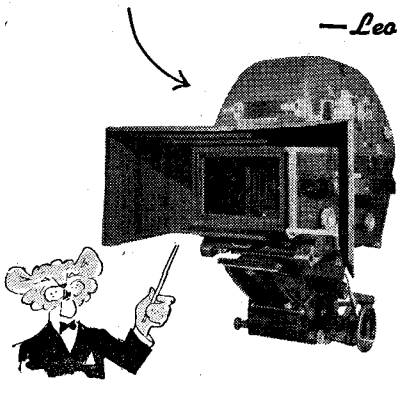
Montgomery Clift is seen here with Eva Marie Saint "on location." Much of the picture was made in and around Danville, Kentucky. He plays the role of a man who seeks the legendary Raintree of happiness. She plays his childhood sweetheart. (It may prove another Oscar-winning performance).

This is one of the big scenes from the big picture of 1957. We hope to give you more of these peeks soon at "Raintree County." It is a spectacular story in the great tradition of Civil War romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Raintree County" has the distinction of being the first production filmed in the fabulous new M-G-M Camera 65 process. Photo below shows the giant camera which opens "the window of the world"!

—*Leo*



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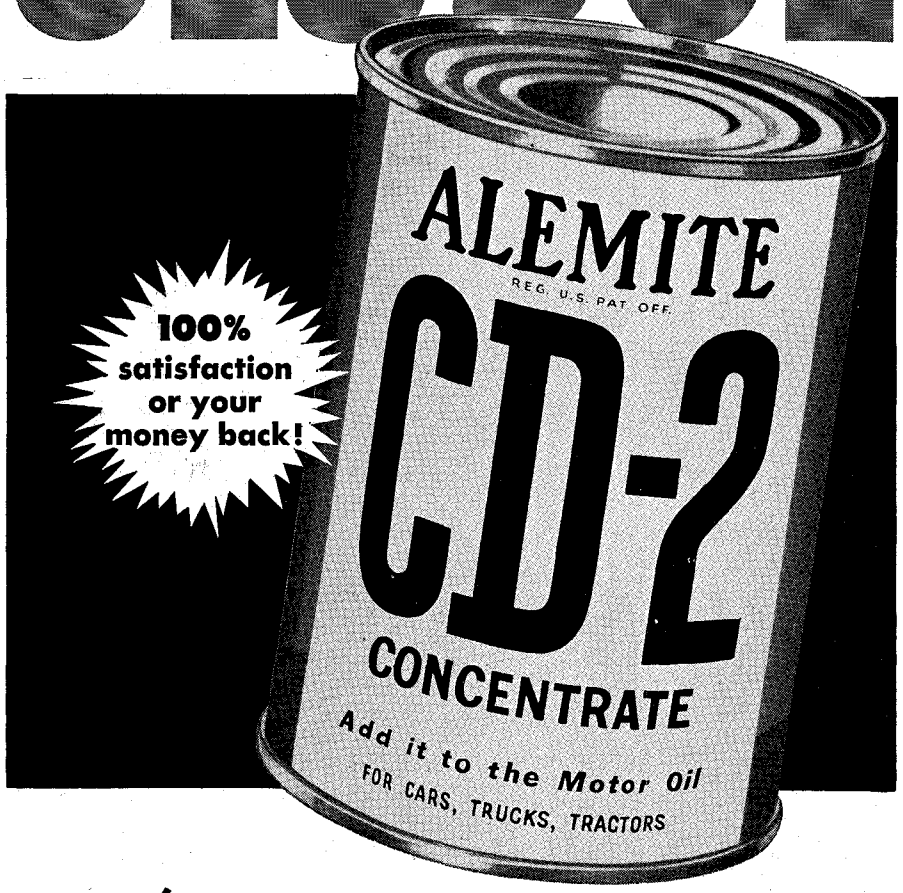
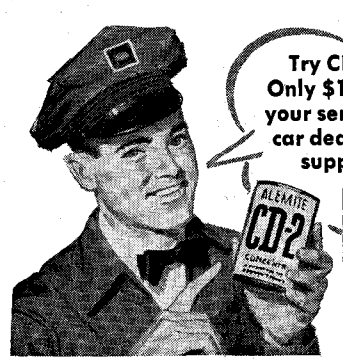


...and guarantees to protect your engine these 6 important ways!

Just add it to your motor oil!

Alemite CD-2 is scientifically formulated to solve the sludge problem in modern motor cars caused by stop-and-go driving. Add a can of CD-2 to your oil. You'll *feel* the difference almost immediately. CD-2 is guaranteed to clean out, clear out damaging crankcase sludge, and restore new-car pep and performance in 50 miles of driving . . . or your full purchase price will be refunded.

1. Banishes dangerous crankcase sludge!
2. Destroys "varnish" that sticks valves and valve lifters!
3. Eliminates damaging rust and bearing corrosion caused by stop-and-go driving!
4. Gives oil extra wear-resistant quality—reduces friction!
5. Keeps new engines "new"—helps avoid costly repairs and overhauls!
6. Gives new pep and power, lasting protection from oil change to oil change!



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Letters

The "First" President

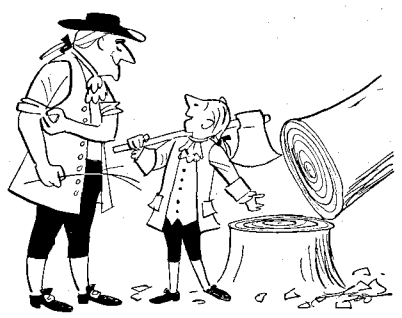
Dear Sirs:

So John Hanson, and not George Washington, was the first President of the United States by virtue of being the first President of a loosely knit Confederation which was not a country. [Was John Hanson Our First President? by John Kobler, July 6.] Better claim that the late great John Hancock, president of a well-known life-insurance company as well as President of the Continental Congress, is entitled to the honor. How silly can people get?

DWIGHT SAYWARD
Cape Elizabeth, Me.

Dear Sirs:

The Hansonians have overlooked a bet. They should take their case to the Supreme Court of the United States.



Then, to the utter dismay of millions, we will learn that it was not a cherry tree and a hatchet, but a greengage tree and a broadaxe.

RICHARD N. POWELL
Mobile, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

It is distressing to see the SEP assisting in the perpetuation of that hoary old chestnut about John Hanson being the first President of the United States.

The arguments advanced for the contention are silly. He was, as he said, "President of Congress."

One wonders why the Hansonites and Mr. Kobler don't take off a few minutes and read the Articles of Confederation. They would discover that nothing is said in the Articles about a President of the United States. That was one of the major weaknesses corrected by the Constitution.

R. C. MCDANEL
Dept. of History and Political Science, University of Richmond
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Though John Hanson was elected for a year, he certainly deserves as much attention in our histories as William Henry Harrison and James A. Garfield, both of whom were elected President for four years and served less than one year. I hope to see that a resolution in Congress may soon be adopted to make April 3rd another holiday equal to February 12th and February 22nd.

DANIEL CARY MCMATH
Troy, O.

Dear Sirs:

If he had lived long enough, my father, M. H. F. Kinsey, Charleston, West Virginia, would have fully appreciated your article on John Hanson. He was a great-grandson of the patriot, and was puzzled by the not just obscure, but truly non-existent place which Hanson holds in American history. The Seymour Smith book was the only one which he could find to verify the family-known story. Just last year one of my sons had to go to an encyclopedia to back up his contention with a teacher that John Hanson had ever served the United States in any way; the teacher had never heard the name!

It is a strange lack in history, but probably resulted from the failure of the Continental Congress.

MRS. WALTER G. HODGE
Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sirs:

Before this John Hanson was appointed a President of the Continental Congress the 5th of November, 1781, eight other men had been appointed Presidents of the Continental Congress, and after Hanson was appointed seven others had been appointed before George Washington was elected.

The first President of the Continental Congress was Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, chosen on September 5, 1774, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Even John Hancock was a President of the Congress before this Hanson.

GEORGE H. IRWIN
Los Angeles, Cal.

Financial Sleuth

Dear Sirs:

Re article by Paul Healy entitled The Man Who Trapped Dave Beck, July 6, would like to say if anyone trapped Dave Beck, so to speak, it was our chief counsel Robert F. Kennedy. What I did was merely to assist in the undertaking. It was a combination of the General Accounting Office and the staff of our committee led by Bob Kennedy who succeeded in this task.

CARMINE S. BELLINO
New York, N.Y.

● *Mr. Bellino was chief accountant of the Select Senate Committee that exposed Dave Beck's financial manipulation.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Twice during the story the writer refers to The Bank of California in Los Angeles. The Bank of California with its head office in San Francisco does have offices in Northern California as well as Portland, Oregon, Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, but *does not* operate in the Los Angeles area. No doubt, the writer confused our bank with a bank that does operate in that section with a similar name.

GEORGE J. GREENWOOD
Vice President, The Bank of California
San Francisco, Cal.

Honorable Career

Dear Sirs:

In your June 15 article How They Meet Payrolls in Russia writer Joseph Alsop compares a career in consumer industry in Russia and a career in heavy industry by stating: "There is still the same sad difference that also exists between a career in the Quartermaster Corps and a career as a line or general staff officer." He goes on further to imagine: ". . . those unhappy major generals in charge of biscuit supply—happy with their rank, to be sure, but depressingly conscious (Continued on Page 6)

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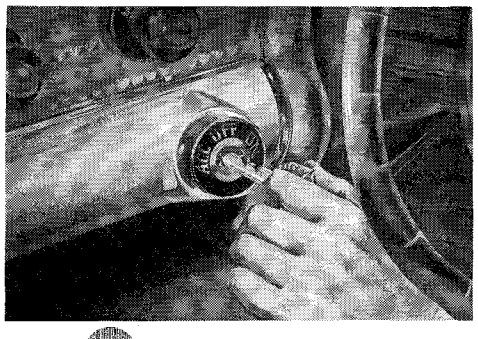
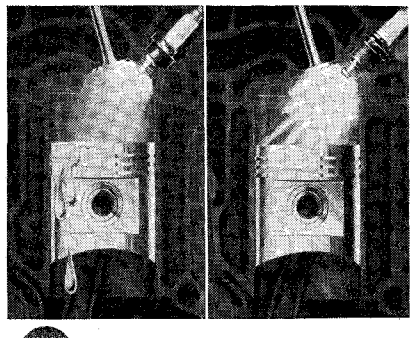
More road horsepower – New Champions will give your car more power for hills, for the straightaway, and for safer passing. Tests prove it! Independent engineers found that 5-rib Champions give cars of all makes an *immediate* boost in the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels. Most cars gained from 6% to 31%. No wonder 9 of 11 cars that broke the Indianapolis record this year were powered with Champions!

If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles –

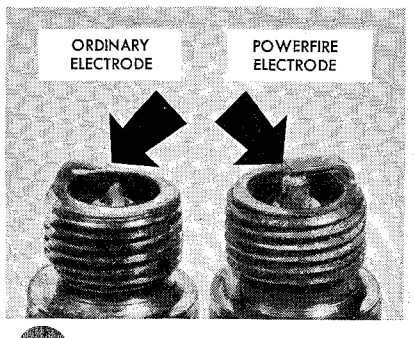
You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs



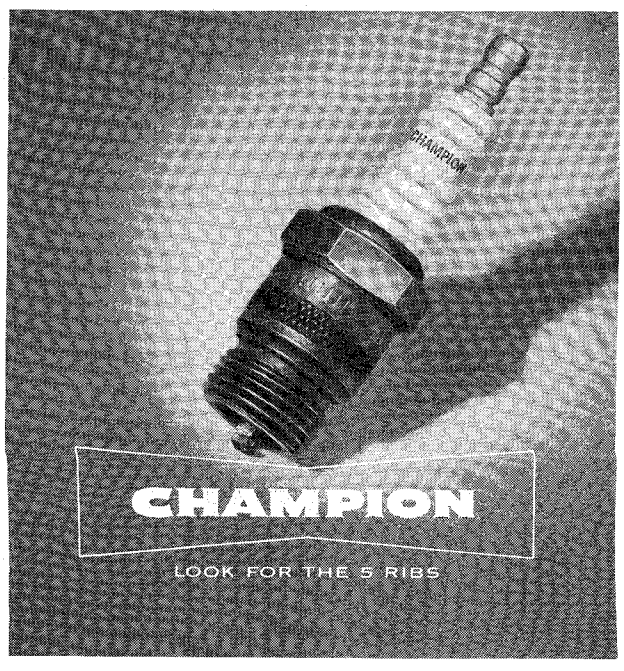
2 Quicker starts – Even on rainy days, Champions help your engine start fast . . . save battery wear. In tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles, Champions cut starting time as much as 71% – with an average of 39%!



3 Less engine wear – When old plugs misfire (left), raw gasoline dilutes oil. New full-firing Champions (right) burn the gasoline . . . protect your oil. They help you avoid costly engine repairs. *When changing oil, check your spark plugs.*



4 Lower cost-per-mile – Photo above shows that Champion's great new Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types. That means you get top power and gas economy for life of the plug. Always ask for 5-rib Champion spark plugs!



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now MAX FACTOR
SEBB® SHAMPOO

brings you the joy of hygienically clean hair and scalp

Maybe you and your husband don't wash your hair in a bowl; or maybe you do. But, however you shampoo, your hair never felt so clean as it will now... with sparkling, new liquid Sebb Shampoo that smells like bottled sunshine.

Sebb Shampoo gently washes dandruff and itching scalp out of your life. Regular use frees you of dandruff problems.

Light, quick-foaming, it cannot dry hair. Instead, Sebb Shampoo leaves your hair silky soft, easy to manage, and lustrous with life. Only healthy, **hygienically clean hair** can be truly beautiful hair. Make Sebb Shampoo your regular family shampoo.

Family-size unbreakable bottle **$1.25**

For severe dandruff and itching scalp Max Factor also recommends use of Sebb amazing scientific formula between shampoos. Results guaranteed, if used regularly, or money back. 8-oz. bottle $1.50

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

of their basic inferiority to mere colonels and majors in the military branches that attract the brightest and best."

Every great war fundamentally has been a battle of supply. Never before, however, has the security of our way of life depended so squarely upon our ability to foresee and fulfill military requirements for the most advanced types of rations, clothing, weapons, communications, transport, and other supplies and services that make up the logistical support of our fighting forces. The Quartermaster Corps is more than meeting its share of these requirements. It is doing so only because a career in the Quartermaster Corps does manage to attract its share of "the brightest and best." Despite Mr. Alsop's misgivings, I am sure it will continue to do so.

LT. GEN. E. B. GREGORY, U.S.A. (RET.)
Washington, D.C.

● *General Gregory served as Quartermaster General of the United States during World War II.—ED.*

Our Foreign Ambassadors

Dear Sirs:

In regard to Ernest O. Hauser's article [MEET THE AMBASSADORS, June 29] I would like to say that I have been irked and discouraged at the apparent ease with which Career Foreign Service Officers have been "ousted" to be replaced by wealthy business magnates. In spite of their wealth, they cannot possibly be adequately prepared for the complexities of international relations without having first spent years of difficult and often trying study in world affairs.

MICHAEL J. ZIMMERMAN
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The late Ambassador Jack Peurifoy was never in Venezuela. He was transferred from Greece to Guatemala. While there he was the subject of considerable controversy in connection with a successful revolution against the first Communist-dominated government in the Western Hemisphere.

RICHARD DYER
San José, Costa Rica

● *Thanks to reader Dyer and several others who pointed out this error. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I was literally appalled at some of the statements about our late Ambassador John E. Peurifoy.

Mr. Hauser's characterization of him as an "effervescent Southerner" who started as an elevator boy seems designed to give the impression that he was a hillbilly instead of the upstanding West Pointer and the polished gentleman that he was.

"Peurifoy had no diplomatic training" should read "had held no foreign diplomatic post prior to his appointment as Ambassador to Greece," for surely as Assistant Secretary of State for Administration, constantly handling the problems of negotiation between the Department of State and Congress, he had acquired a certain amount of very real diplomatic training.

I doubt very much if any other couple in the diplomatic service has ever been as beloved as the Peurifoys, nor any other whose transfer was such a source of sorrow to the country they were leaving.

MRS. ROGER D. LAPHAM
San Francisco, Cal.

● *Mrs. Lapham's husband is a former mayor of San Francisco and former ECA Chief of Missions to China and to Greece.—ED.*

Helpful

Dear Sirs:

On the anniversary of the day that I lost everything worth living for—my lovely wife—I was so overcome with sorrow there seemed no point in going on with life. I read Harry T. Madden's story, UNSPOKEN LOVE (July 6).

Thank you for a very beautiful and helpful story.

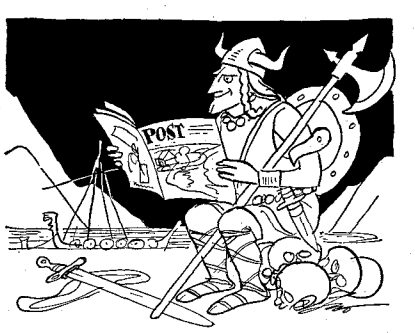
GEORGE A. PLATT
Hamburg, N.Y.

Pete Martin on Actors

Dear Sirs:

They say an actor never gets used to seeing himself on the screen. It's true . . . but I didn't know the same thing happened to a writer. I was amazed, and gratified, to see my rather stark prose [THE ACTOR IN ME, June 22–29] shaped into such smooth texture by Mr. Pete Martin. Now, if I could really write like that. . . .

I also wanted to tell you how all the American members of the movie company shooting The Vikings here in Norway grab each issue of The POST as it arrives. It's as close as we can come to



following our normal routine while many thousands of miles from home. Thanks particularly for the June 22 and 29 issues, and for the other fifty each and every year.

KIRK DOUGLAS
Bergen, Norway

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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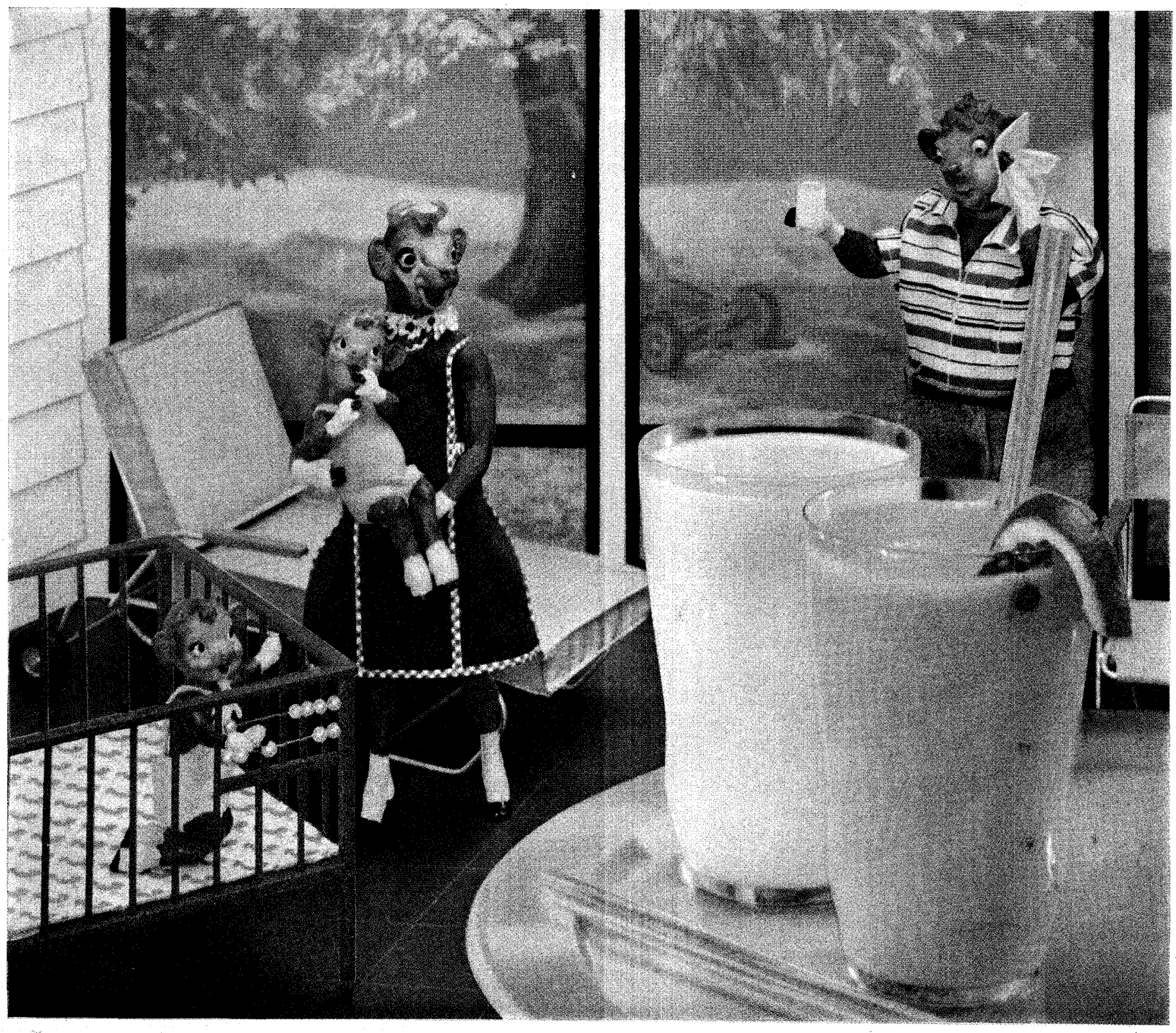


"Cool off with Borden's Buttermilk"... says Elsie, the Borden Cow

ELSIE: What a lovely playpen, Elmer! Now our little Larabee and Lobelia will get plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

ELMER: I've had plenty already! I'm about to melt.

ELSIE: Have some country-fresh Borden's Buttermilk. It's cooling and non-fattening, because it's *low in calories* — only about 85 in a big glassful! *I'm* going to have an Orange Buttermilk Cooler.

ELMER: Woman, are you suggesting I'm overweight? I happen to *like* my buttermilk straight.

ELSIE: Of course, dear, and it's very good for you. *You know Borden's Buttermilk contains all the important proteins and minerals of milk, plus an extra something that tones up the digestive system.*

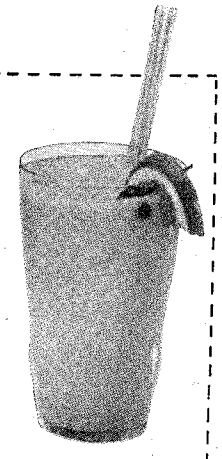
ORANGE BUTTERMILK COOLER

1 cup chilled Borden's Buttermilk
1 large scoop Borden's orange sherbet

Combine buttermilk and sherbet; beat until smooth and creamy. Garnish with orange slice and maraschino cherry. Serve with colorful straw.

Get Borden's Buttermilk at your food store, or from your Borden man. And watch for the Borden twin values at your food store.

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," and "Fury."



Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

©1957, The Borden Company

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

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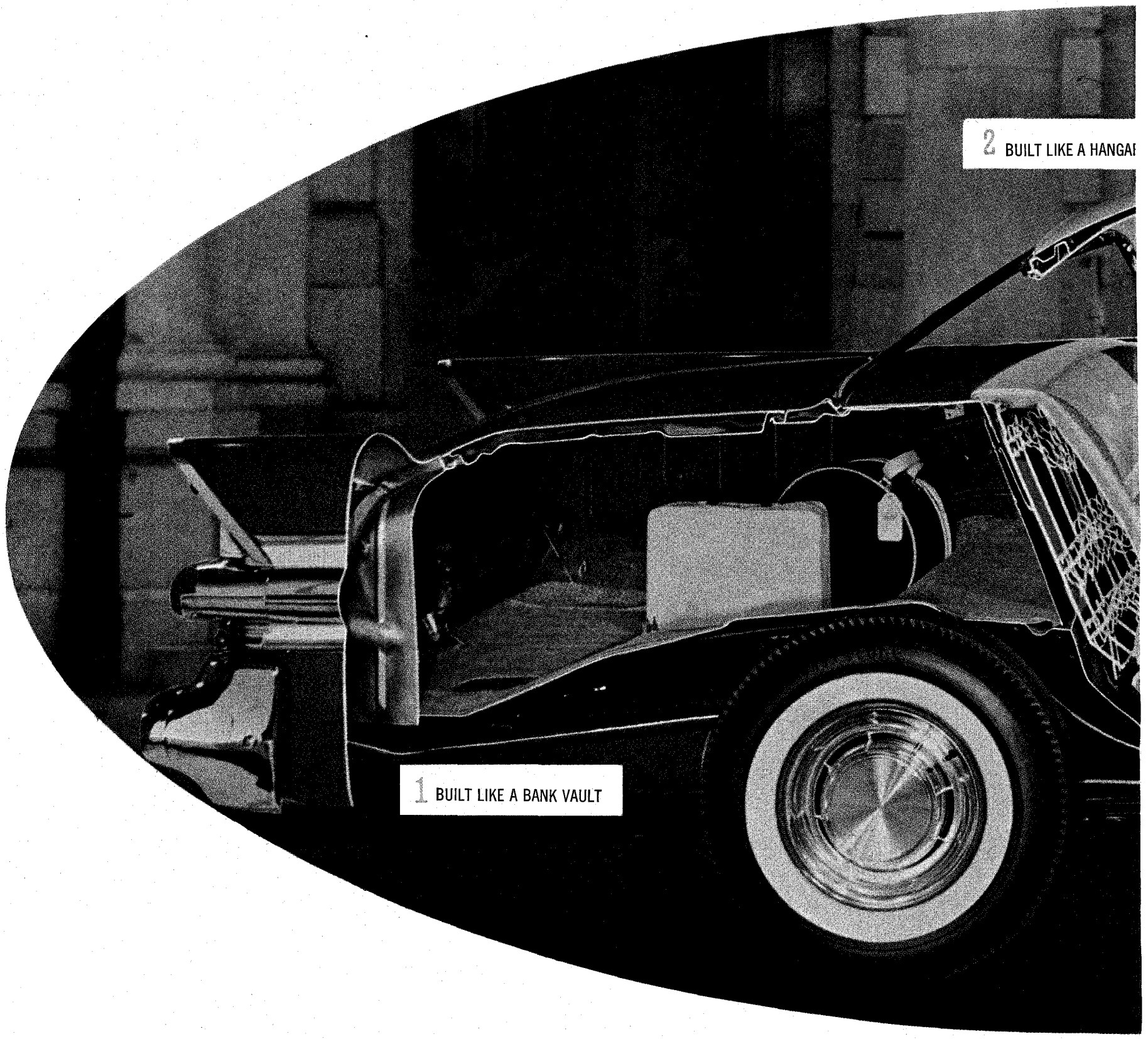
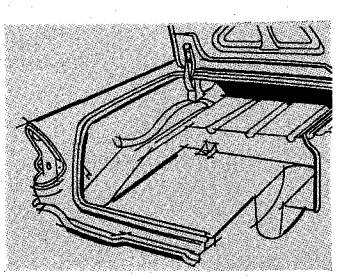
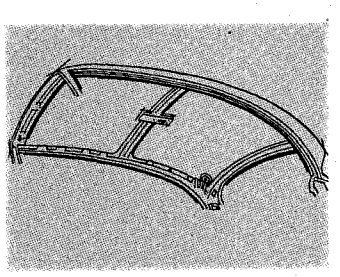


5 extras that steel



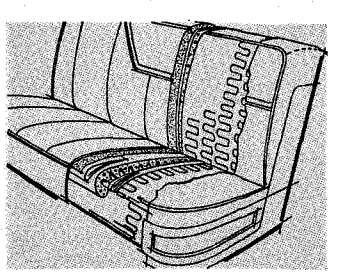
1 BUILT LIKE A BANK VAULT

—that's the luggage compartment of a Body by Fisher. It's a trunk *within* a trunk, lined with steel and built to exacting tolerances to lock out water and dust.



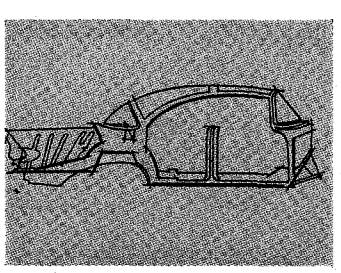
2 BUILT LIKE A HANGAR

—vaulted roof structure interlocked with rigid steel side members gives a Body by Fisher *extra* strength. This also saves precious space—gives more "living room" inside.



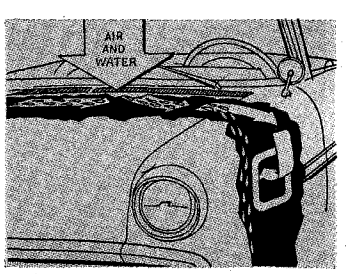
3 BUILT LIKE A BED

—sink back in the seat of a Body by Fisher. The springs are "S"-shaped—virtually "bottomless." They're topped with downy cotton blankets *and* foamy cushions.



4 BUILT LIKE A BRIDGE

—that's the framework of a Body by Fisher. Sturdy box-type girders and roof rails are anchored to a solid steel foundation, making one integrally joined unit.



5 BUILT LIKE A SNORKEL

—that's the waterproof ventilation system of a Body by Fisher. Steel baffles and outlet ducts take the rain water out of the air. You get clean, fresh, *dry* air —even during heavy rains!

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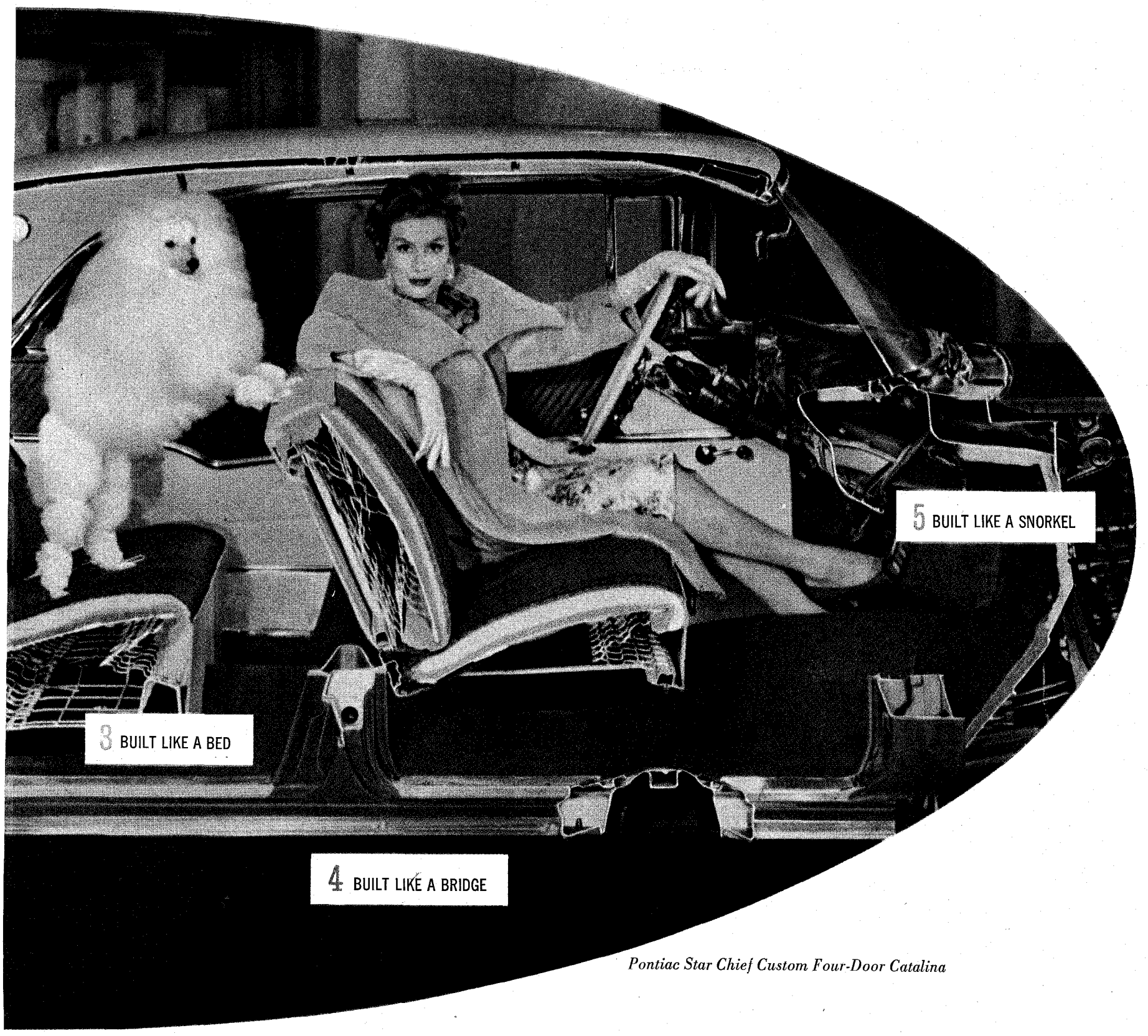

Pontiac Star Chief Custom Four-Door Catalina

the show

We call them "muscles"—muscles of *steel!*

They lie beneath the skin of a Body by Fisher: the rugged box-type girders of heavy-gauge steel; the *double* walls of the luggage compartment; the resilient "S"-shaped seat springs; the other "extras" that give a Fisher Body its strapping build.

These are muscles you can *feel*. You feel them in the solid comfort—the built-in sense of security—the sheer *physical stamina* of a Body by Fisher.

No other car body is as well-muscled as a Fisher Body. Because no other body is designed and built with such care.

Care—and caring—make the difference. That is how it has been since the first Fisher bodies were built. That is how it is today in all General Motors cars, the only cars with Body by Fisher.

Body by Fisher

BETTER BY FAR

GM GENERAL MOTORS

On General Motors Cars Only:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

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Editorials

Girard Won't be the Last Sacrifice to "Allied Unity"

Leave aside Army Specialist William S. Girard and just how he happened to fire an empty shell case into a group of Japanese civilians, thereby killing a Japanese woman. He may not be the easiest man in the American armed forces to defend. But that is not the point. Neither is the relative severity or leniency of American military justice versus the Japanese variety. The issue is whether or not an American's constitutional rights can be waived by his own Government for political reasons. The Supreme Court says they can.

Troops quartered in a foreign land are unpopular at best, and friction or worse is inevitable. What is the nation's responsibility to these men, who have been drafted and forced to serve overseas in countries which may or may not provide what we consider essential protection for accused persons? Under the "status-of-forces" agreements we upset the tradition of a century or so, which was that soldiers in foreign lands should be tried by their own commands. But these new agreements at least exempted from foreign jurisdiction acts committed by men under orders.

In the Girard case, our Government waived even this stipulation, despite the statement of Girard's commanding officer that the soldier was on duty and under orders when the incident occurred. There is something unpleasant about the spectacle of the American Government using its vast powers to turn an American soldier over to a foreign country for trial, even providing in advance evidence against the accused man, an American citizen, incidentally, to bolster the case for the Japanese!

In the Girard decision, the Supreme Court goes along with the contention that this soldier must be tried in a foreign court because this will make the Japanese feel better. The constitutionality of the status-of-forces agreement is accepted, but the wisdom of the decision to stretch the agreement to permit the surrender of Girard is left to the discretion of the legislative and executive branches of the Government. The Court, which has continually lectured Congress as to what it could or could not do, is unable to make a determination upon the basic rights of young Americans drafted into the service.

Whatever may be said as to the wisdom of making these agreements in the first place, it seems likely that we shall have to stand by them, now that they have been made. But that hardly excuses the Government for failing to stand by the terms of the agreement and insisting that a soldier should be subject to Army court martial for offenses committed while on duty.

What will we gain by such timidity? Surely not the respect of the "host countries," most of whom fiercely defend the rights of their own nationals up to their ability to do so. They can hardly be blamed if they conclude that a country which pays all the bills, supplies most of the troops and cheerfully waives the rights of its own citizens is not to be taken too seriously. If we can be stampeded into believing that such concessions are needed to avoid being pushed back to "Fortress America," tougher demands are likely to follow.

As for the effect of this episode on the morale of American enlisted men, that phase of the matter is well summed up by the New York Times, which observes that there will be a danger to discipline if troops on duty abroad "must constantly keep in mind that they may be brought before a foreign court entitled to pass on the question whether they exceeded their duty or their orders."

Summer is When Parents Know Why Teachers Go Crazy

At the Governors' Conference at Williamsburg, Virginia, in June, Governor Timmerman, of South Carolina, came up with the idea that more mileage could be got out of school buildings if they were operated all year round, with vacations arranged so that every child would get a long holiday at some time during the year, but not all at once. Teachers, the governor adds, could earn more money by working a longer year than they do now.

Other governors pooh-poohed this plan, some on the ground that it would not solve the classroom shortage in areas where it was acute, others on the ground that it would disrupt the vacation plans of many families and otherwise foul up community life. Although this continuous-session idea has been suggested by others than Governor Timmerman, it did not take fire at Williamsburg. The summer-long school holiday seems likely to endure for a while.

There are some parents who, while filled with parental devotion, secretly long for the abolition of the summer vacation, or at any rate a month or two of it. Indeed, many such can hardly let a week go by after school's out before sending their vigorous offspring away to camps. Keeping a child occupied and out of trouble for ten weeks or so is just too tough an assignment for many parents to contemplate with peace of mind. Of course, there are children too young to go to camp, and parents who cannot afford camp anyway. The problem of living with their kids all summer long is still around for millions of parents.

Boys, in the country at least, have a habit of disappearing early in the day, to return, after mysterious experiences, in time for supper. But little girls—and a good many little boys, too—could have a field day with a little book called Rain or Shine (Harcourt, Brace). It is by Rita N. Oliver, and is a gift from on high to the mother who has run out of answers to "What'll I do *now*, Mommie?" Mrs. Oliver's book contains directions for doing a lot of fascinating things, like making an aquarium out of a cakebox with a cellophane front, a dachshund from a clothespin, and a set of furniture from the boxes that frozen food comes in. And for those who can see no utility in the wire coat hanger, Mrs. Oliver has solved it—they're for making swings for dolls!

After all, a collection of "things to do"—that's Mrs. Oliver's subtitle—isn't merely a mother's helper. Idle children get bored, too, almost to the point of wishing school would hurry up and open. Such a child would love it if some kindly soul came up with a copy of Mrs. Oliver's book, so that he or she could make pictures by sewing buttons on cards. That is, if anybody can find a few buttons.

An Ex-Communist From Poland Proves a Free-World Asset

Severyn Bialer, the young Pole who fled his country last year for the free world, is no ordinary defector. In 1942, when he was fifteen years old, he joined the Communist underground in Poland to fight the Germans. He was arrested and held in German concentration camps for two years. After his release in 1945, at the age of eighteen, he was made head of the political department of a police training center by the Red Polish regime.

From then on, his advance was rapid. At twenty-five he became one of the hand-picked 200, called the *aktiv*, of the party's Central Committee and was assigned to work in the important department of propaganda.

The Red Polish leaders gave Bialer access to documents and letters, including secret letters from the Soviet Presidium to the Polish Politburo and the secret stenographic record of the Soviet party's Central Committee meetings of July, 1955.

Bialer had been aware of the evils around him, but had been convinced that "poverty, waste, terror and lies were the unavoidable price which every revolution has to pay for progress." After reading the secret letters and records, he came to understand that the evils which he had excused as temporary were essential to the very existence of the Communist system. So he got out, and is now telling his story to the people of Poland by way of Radio Free Europe. He is credited recently with supplying the West with important information upon the significance of the upheaval in the Russian dictatorship.

In Bialer the West has an ally whom it could not possibly have trained, a witness reared in Communism.

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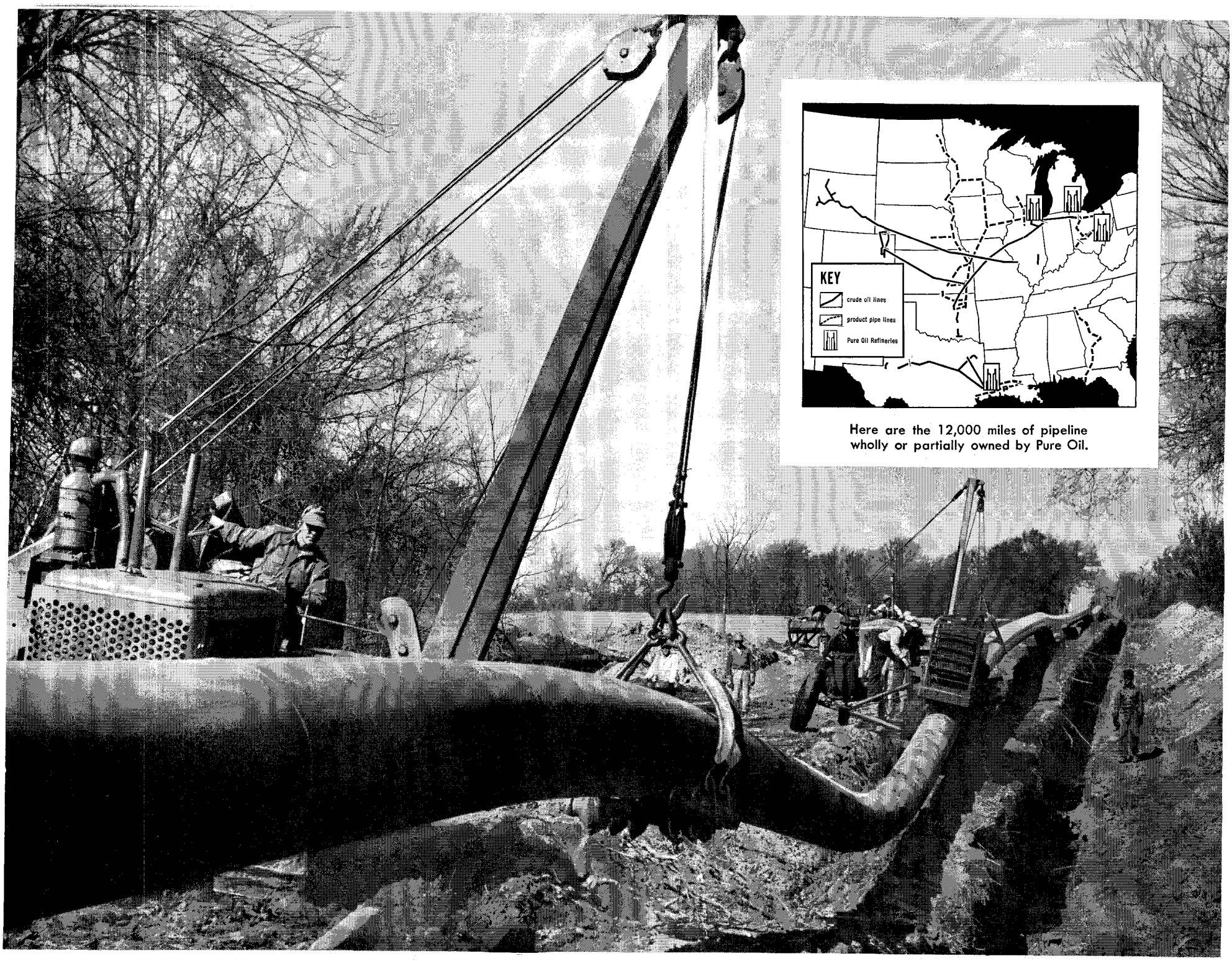


Here are the 12,000 miles of pipeline wholly or partially owned by Pure Oil.

Another link is added to Pure's 12,000-mile pipeline network

Pure Oil delivers the goods through 12,000 miles of pipeline

A gallon of Pure Oil crude goes underground in Wyoming and never comes up until it reaches Pure's refinery near Chicago

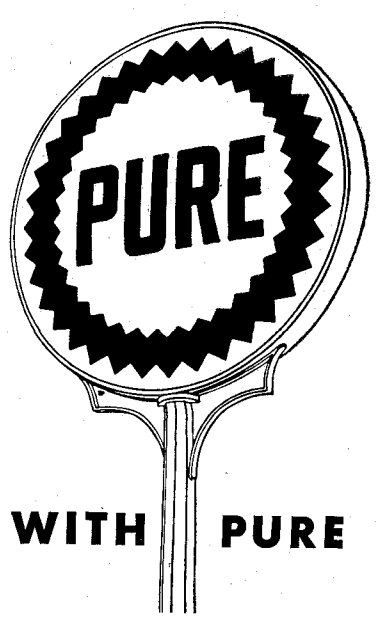
The gasoline you buy today is a bargain. One of the reasons is the pipeline. With its help, the price of gasoline (excluding taxes) is less than 10% higher now than in 1925. In the same time, the consumer price index of all commodities has risen 58%.

Pure Oil ships crude oil and finished products through a thoroughly efficient, 12,000-mile pipeline system. A system that is growing steadily.

In the past seven years, PURE has doubled its wholly- or partially-owned petroleum "subway system." Now big-inch lines move crude from Texas, Wyoming, Oklahoma to our refineries in Texas, Illinois and Ohio. Products lines carry gasoline and fuels from the refineries to marketing centers.

If you drove from Cleveland to Denver, you'd probably pass over or alongside this pipeline system eight or nine times.

From this you can see the vast scope of our operations . . . what it takes to deliver the goods, from oil well to your gas tank. Maintaining full control over every Pure Oil product through discovery, production, refining and delivery is what keeps the *sure* in PURE. THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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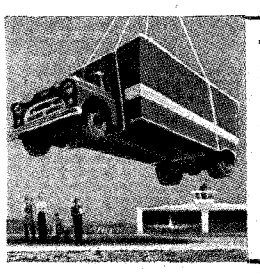
For safety in emergencies . . .

almost all taxicabs rely on Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord



The Rayon Cord from only *one* tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck . . . safely! Pound for pound, Rayon Cord is as strong as steel.

Taxicabs do just about the roughest kind of driving there is—stop and go, in city, through heavy traffic under all kinds of road and weather conditions. Very often they are called upon in emergencies and they have to get places fast. Rayon Hi-Test Tires are safe for taxicabs, and you know they're safer for you. *Rayon is the only cord that actually grows stronger as tires run hotter at high road speeds.* No wonder 9 out of 10 cars ride on Rayon. For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on RAYON HI-TEST Tires. *Every* car manufacturer uses them as standard equipment on new models. American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

Be sure you ride on Rayon—world's leading tire cord

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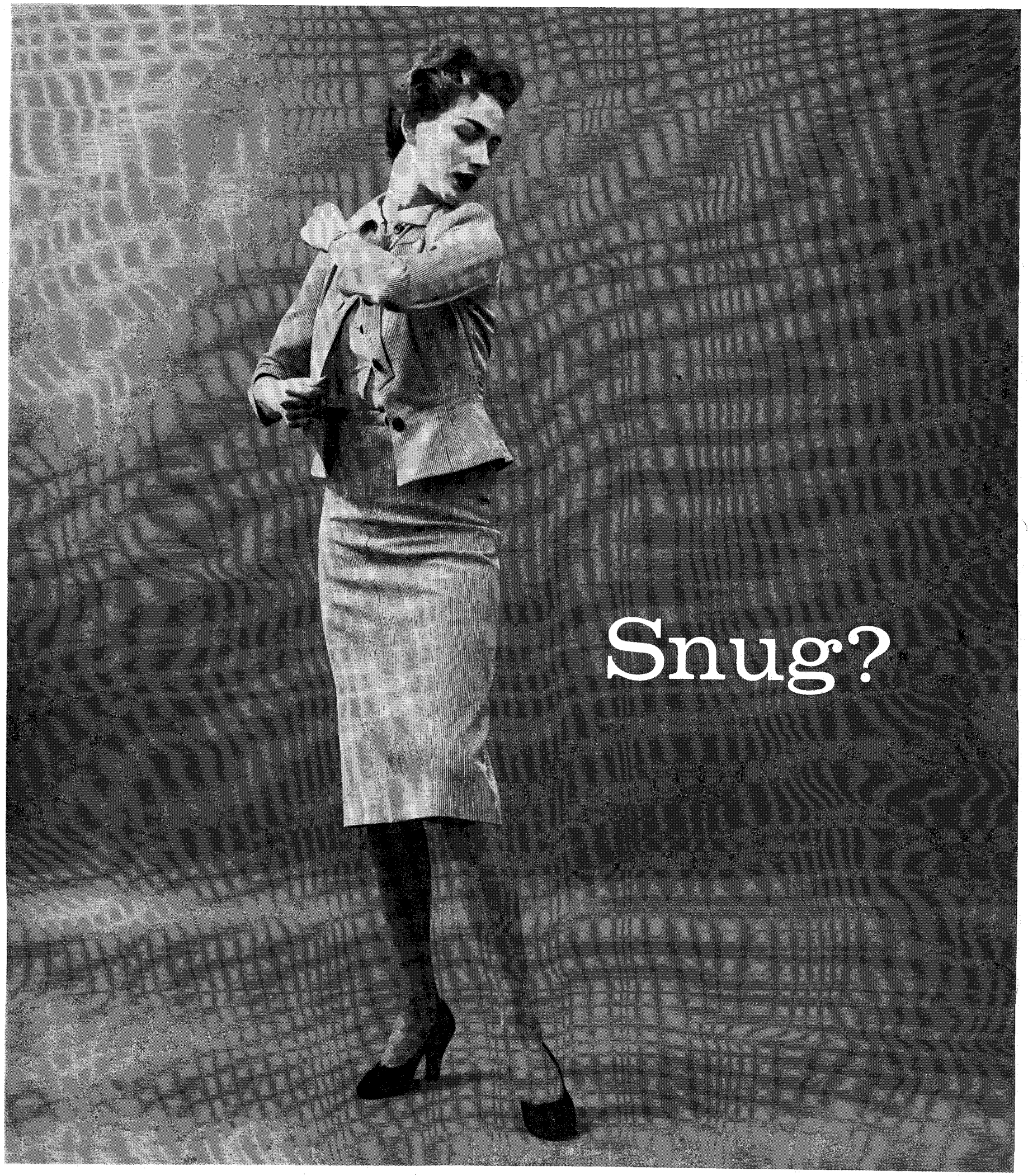

You see, not every cotton is a "Sanforized" cotton. Things labeled just "pre-shrunk" or "washable" may shrink too tight. So before you buy, make sure you see "Sanforized" on the label.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE!

Every "Sanforized" fabric must pass this rugged shrinkage test—boiled, washed for an hour—checked by the "Sanforized" inspector.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits the use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

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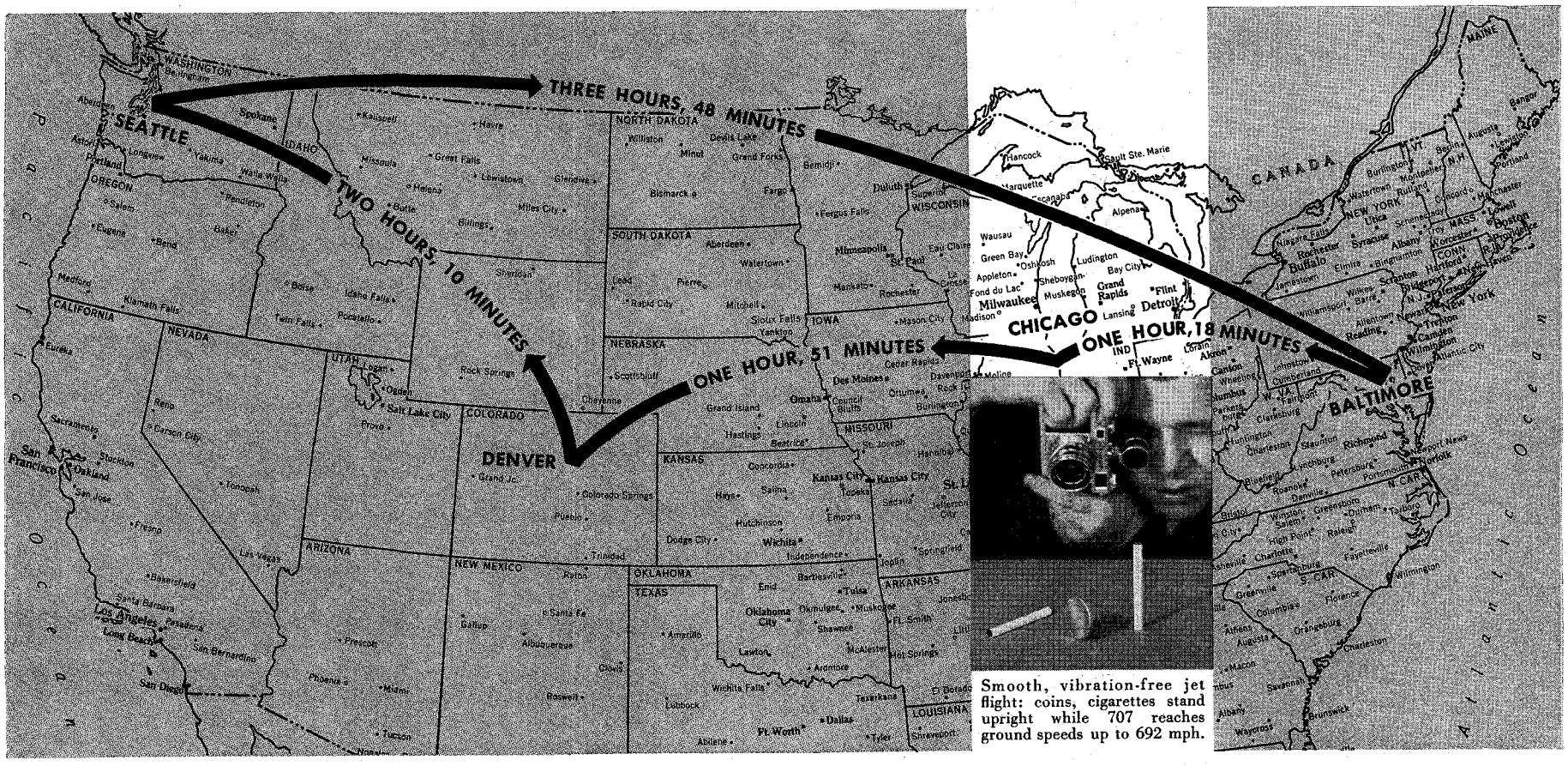
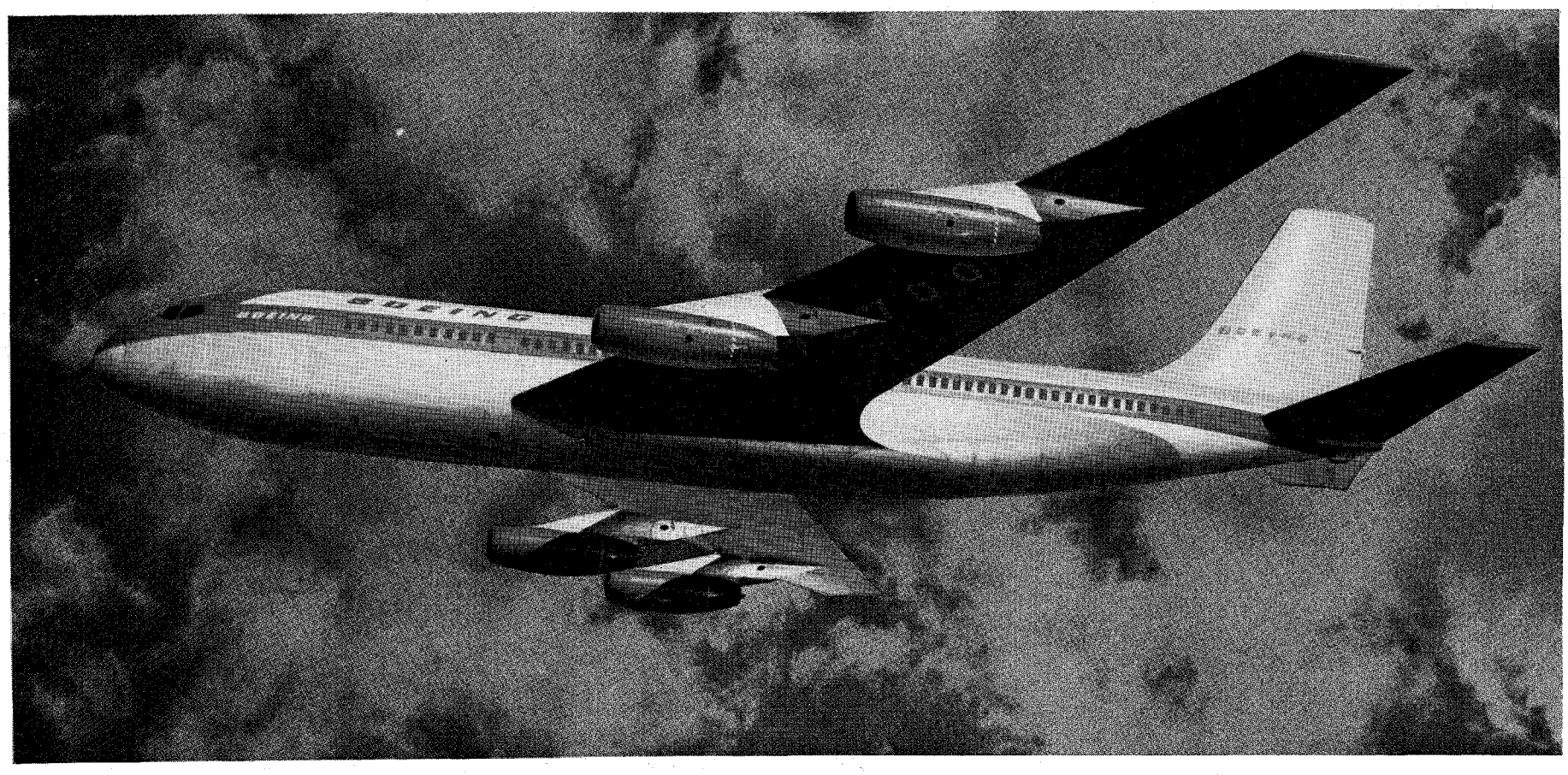


Smooth, vibration-free jet flight: coins, cigarettes stand upright while 707 reaches ground speeds up to 692 mph.

In the only American jetliner now flying—the Boeing 707—newsmen recently flew coast-to-coast in 3 hours, 48 minutes, a new transport record. Their report on 707 jet flight: Quiet. Smooth. Exhilarating!



Around the world...across the country—jet aircraft built by Boeing are repeatedly demonstrating their advanced performance and reliability. Such demonstrations are a preview of what *you* can expect from the 707—America's first jet transport.

These airlines already have ordered 707s: AIR FRANCE • AIR INDIA • AMERICAN • B.O.A.C. BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • LUFTHANSA • PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • TWA

BOEING 707

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

A beautiful Las Vegas model plays for big stakes in a no-limit game. And she wants Perry Mason to back her gamble . . .

Beginning a new mystery **By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

Perry Mason, feeling Della Street's eyes on him, looked up from his lawbook to regard the trim, efficient figure in the doorway.

"What is it, Della?"

"What is the status of an unmarried woman who is, quote, keeping company, unquote, with an unmarried male?"

Mason cocked a quizzical eyebrow. "There is no legal status, Della. Why do you ask?"

"Because," she said, "a Miss Stephanie Falkner is waiting in the outer office. She says she has been, quote, keeping company, unquote, with Homer Garvin."

"Homer Horatio Garvin?" Mason asked. "Our client?"

"Not with Homer Garvin, Senior," she said, "but with Homer Garvin, Junior."

"Oh, yes; Junior," Mason said. "He is in the automobile business, I believe. . . . And what seems to be Miss Falkner's trouble?"

"She wants to see you about a personal matter and hopes her Garvin contact will open the door."

"When did your father die?" Mason asked.
"Six months ago,"
Stephanie Falkner replied tonelessly.
"He was murdered."

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"What's the problem, Della?"

"She inherited a gambling place at Las Vegas, Nevada. Her problem concerns this gambling place."

"Let's call Garvin and find out the exact status of this woman."

Della Street moved over to her secretarial desk, asked the switchboard operator for an outside line, dialed, waited a moment, then said, "Mr. Garvin, please. Tell him Miss Street is calling. . . . Yes. . . . I'm secretary to Mr. Perry Mason, the lawyer. Will you please put the call through to Mr. Garvin? It's rather important."

There was a moment of silence while Della Street listened to the party at the other end of the line.

"Well, where can I reach him on long distance?"

Again there was an interval of silence.

"I see," Della Street said. "Please tell him that I called, and ask him to call me whenever he gets in touch with you."

Della Street hung up the telephone. "That was Miss Eva Elliott, his very important secretary. She says that Mr. Garvin is out of town, and she can't give me any number where he can be reached."

"Eva Elliott!" Mason said. "What's happened to Marie Arden? Oh, I know. She got married."

"About a year ago," Della Street reminded him. "I can look up the bill on the wedding present you sent her."

"No," Mason said, "never mind. I guess it must have been about a year. Come to think of it, we haven't had any business dealings with Garvin since that new secretary came in."

"Perhaps you aren't even his attorney any more," Della Street said.

"Now wouldn't that be embarrassing?" Mason told her. "I guess I'd better talk with Miss Falkner and see what she has to say. Bring her in, Della."

Della Street withdrew, returned a few moments later, said, "Miss Falkner, Mr. Mason."

Stephanie Falkner, a long-legged brunette in her early twenties, gave Perry Mason a cool hand, and murmured, "This is a real pleasure, Mr. Mason."

The unhurried, well-timed precision of her motions indicated professional training.

"Please be seated," Mason said. "Now before you tell me anything, Miss Falkner, please understand that I have done Mr. Garvin's legal business for years. Therefore, before I could even consider handling any matter which you might want to consult me about, I would want to take it up with Mr. Garvin, make a complete disclosure to him, and then make certain there would be no possibility of conflicting interests. Would that be satisfactory?"

"Not only would that be entirely satisfactory but I am here because you are Mr. Garvin's lawyer. I want you to get in touch with him."

"All right," Mason said; "with that understanding, go ahead."

She said, "I inherited an interest in a place at Las Vegas."

"What sort of a place?"

"A motel and casino. It's rather modest, but it has a nice location and I believe it is capable of expansion."

"How much of an interest did you inherit?" Mason asked.

"There's a tight little corporation. My father was president. I inherited forty per cent of the stock. The other sixty per cent is divided among four individuals."

"When did your father die?" Mason asked.

For a moment her face became completely wooden, then she said tonelessly, "Six months ago. He was murdered."

"Murdered!" Mason exclaimed.

"Yes," she said. "You may have read about ——"

"Good heavens!" Mason exclaimed. "Was your father Glenn Falkner?"

She nodded.

Mason frowned. "The murder has, I believe, never been solved."

"Murders don't solve themselves," she said bitterly.

Mason said, "I don't want to ask you to discuss anything that is distasteful to you or ——"

"Why not?" she asked. "Life is filled with distasteful tasks."

"All right," Mason said, "go ahead. Tell me about it."

"My mother died when I was four. That was the beginning of a seven-year cycle of bad luck. At least that's what dad thought. He was horribly superstitious. I guess all gamblers are. Dad had been well fixed. He was cleaned out in the depression. He was out of money and out of work. He took whatever he could get. He started work in a speak-easy restaurant. The man who owned the place died. Dad bought out the heirs. He had the place built up when Prohibition was repealed.

"However, there's no use boring you with a story of dad's hard luck. He had plenty. He also had some good luck. Dad was a gambler. He wasn't a bootlegger, but he was willing to operate a speak-easy restaurant. He was a plunger by nature and by occupation. There are some things gamblers are good at, some things gamblers are bad at. Gamblers can hardly make a good home for girls, either teen-aged or younger. Gambling takes place at night.

"So I didn't see much of my father. He kept me in boarding schools, and the history would be about the same. Dad wanted me to have the best. The best boarding schools don't cater to the daughters of gamblers. Dad would pose as an investor. I would last for a year; then somehow or other it would come out that dad was a gambler and I'd have to leave.

"So, as soon as I was old enough, I finished my education and went out on my own. I became a professional model. I made good money at it. Dad drifted into Las Vegas. In the course of time, he acquired some property, put a small motel on it, expanded as much as he could, and then wanted me to come and live with him.

"It was no go. He'd sleep until noon, get in about three o'clock in the morning. Property kept going up in value. A group of people got an option on some adjoining property. They wanted an option on dad's property. The idea was they were going to move our small units off the property, consolidate the two, put up a huge, expensive hotel with swimming pool, gambling, night-club entertainment and all the rest.

"Dad was willing to sell out, but not for the price they offered. Dad found out he was dealing with a syndicate, found out what they had in mind, and held out for a good price. The syndicate was furious. Dad had found out all about their plans. When they couldn't handle things any other way, they began to make threats. Dad laughed at them. That's where dad made his fatal mistake."

"The syndicate killed him?" Mason asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. Her face was wooden. "I don't know. No one knows. Dad was murdered. That put fear into the hearts of the other stockholders. They wanted to sell for just about anything. As a stroke of business, dad's murder couldn't have been improved upon as far as the syndicate was concerned."

"Go on," Mason said. "What happened?"

"I inherited forty per cent of the stock. The remaining sixty per cent was owned by four people, each of whom had fifteen per cent. While I was still numbed by the news of dad's death, a man got busy buying up stock. Three of the other stockholders were only too willing to sell out for whatever the syndicate wanted to pay them.

"Before dad's death I had met Homer Garvin, Junior. We were keeping company. I saw something of his father. Immediately after the murder, Junior's father asked me to tell him what I knew about my dad's death. I told him. Garvin, Senior, knew, even before I did, that the other stockholders would be willing to sell for just about anything they could get. He tried to beat this mysterious stock purchaser to it, but was too late. Mr. Garvin got to only one of the other stockholders in time. He bought his holdings.

"That's the story to date. Mr. Garvin has fifteen per cent of the stock. I have forty per cent. Now a group calling itself a new syndicate wants to buy all the stock."

"What do you want?" Mason asked.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

Eva Elliott posed against the desk. "Mr. Garvin is going to be furious if he knows I have said anything about it to you."

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She said, "I want to sell. However, I'm not going to let them murder dad and then take my stock for some nominal consideration. Dad gave his life. I'm going to see that these people don't benefit by his murder. Now, then, a man whom I will refer to as Mr. X is here in town. I don't know whether he represents the so-called new syndicate or not. I know the man personally. I met him when I was doing model work in Las Vegas.

"All I know is that someone visited the three other stockholders when they were frightened stiff, offered cash for their stock, paid the cash, had the certificates endorsed and had them faded from the picture. That was all I knew until a few days ago. Then Mr. X phoned me, told me he was interested in buying my holdings as well as those of Mr. Garvin, and asked me to meet with him tomorrow night at eight-thirty to discuss price.

"I'd like to get in touch with Mr. Garvin and see if he (Continued on Page 77)

"Look, Mason, let's not get personal," said Casselman meaningly. "You might get hurt."

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Are We Driving Japan Into Red China's Arms?

Cameron Hawley is a businessman who hit the jackpot with two best-selling novels about the business world: Executive Suite *and* Cash McCall. *Here he reveals a disturbing aspect of our economic relations with Japan.*
—THE EDITORS.

A famous author reports from Tokyo on the American policy which may cost us our bulwark in the Pacific.

By Cameron Hawley

Young Japanese Communists, in their 1957 May Day demonstration, parade a mock H-bomb with a slogan demanding an end to nuclear-weapon tests.

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TOKYO, JAPAN.

This is my second trip around the globe in thirty-six months. Nothing that I have seen anywhere strikes me as being a more potentially serious threat to the free world than the situation that is now developing here in Japan.

Coming out through Europe, stopping over in the Middle East, I returned to Asia feeling that international Communism's eastern battle front would prove relatively quiet. It is—but the quiet is more ominous than reassuring.

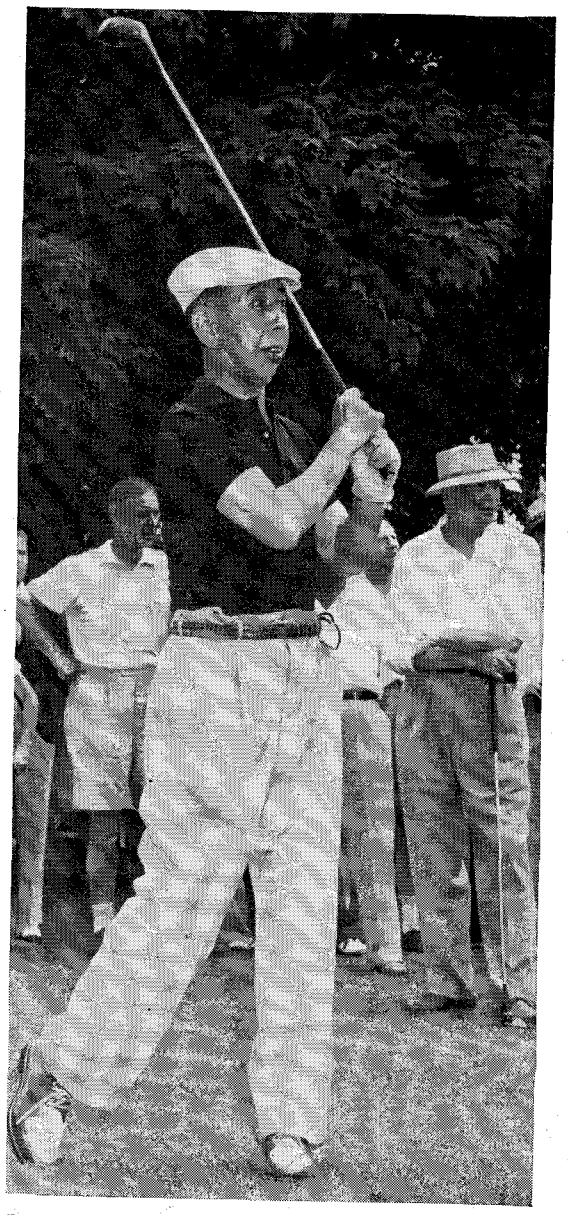
Since the end of the war in Indochina, the Red regime in Peking has touched off no new outbursts of aggressive violence. Plainly, escaping world attention has suited Mao Tse-tung's purpose. An old friend whom I met last month in Hong Kong suggested the apt proverb, "A stalking tiger makes no noise."

There is no doubt what the tiger is after. Red China's newest strategic objective is unmistakably clear. Positively, beyond the slightest doubt, the Communists have launched an all-out drive to split Japan away from the United States. Their progress toward that goal during recent months is alarming.

The loss of Japan to the alliance of free nations would be a catastrophe of the first order. It might well be the determining factor in the eventual loss of all Asia. Japan is the keystone of the arch of defense that we have built to contain the explosive power of Red China. Kick out the keystone and the whole arch sags. It might easily fall for lack of support.

Remember the Korean War? To many Americans, it is a nightmare that can now be forgotten. Unfortunately, that is not the case. That war never ended. Two great armies still face each other in the nerve-grinding tension of an uneasy armistice. Communist strength has been constantly built up, the truce terms notwithstanding. Across the line, the South Korean army waits in constant vigil. This army is today the fourth largest in the world. It is dependent upon us for material and economic sustenance. If we lost the support of Japan, the fulfillment of that obligation would become all but impossible.

On Formosa, we have undertaken what is substantially a duplication of our Korean responsibility, another national economy to sustain, another big army to supply and support. Move down the China coast into Southeast Asia and the need for military strength is obvious. Despite some encouragement from the resistance that has been generated in South Vietnam, the over-all situation in Southeast Asia is bad and getting no better. There is no end point in sight. Communist infiltration constantly violates the borders of Laos and Cambodia. Red guerrillas still infest the Malayan jungles. Burma has (Continued on Page 72)



Japanese Premier Nobusuke Kishi in his recent "good-will" golf game with President Eisenhower (right).

Inejiro Asanuma (left), leader of a friendly junket of Japanese Socialists, gets the glad hand from Chinese Communist chief Mao Tse-tung last May.

Sanzo Nozaka (center), Japanese Communist boss, at the Reds' May Day celebration in Tokyo this year. His party is making every effort to help the Red Chinese regime split Japan away from the United States.

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The author spoon-feeds a lost baby sparrow, rescued by neighbors, Bobby and Betty Rose. The Thomases answer calls for help through the National Audubon Society.

We Run a Hospital for Birds

When sick or hurt,
birds get expert doctoring
from this couple, who turned their home
into an infirmary
for almost anything that flies.

By Arline Thomas

SOS BABY ROBIN FELL FROM NEST. . . .
SOS OWL FOUND WITH CRIPPLED WING.

For several years now, answering calls received through the National Audubon Society, my husband, George, and I have been caring for helpless birds. Our "ambulance"—which is only a cardboard carton—carries a variety of "patients" that sometimes become fascinating friends. Many of them are young birds, but one was an old acquaintance that literally dragged itself to the door.

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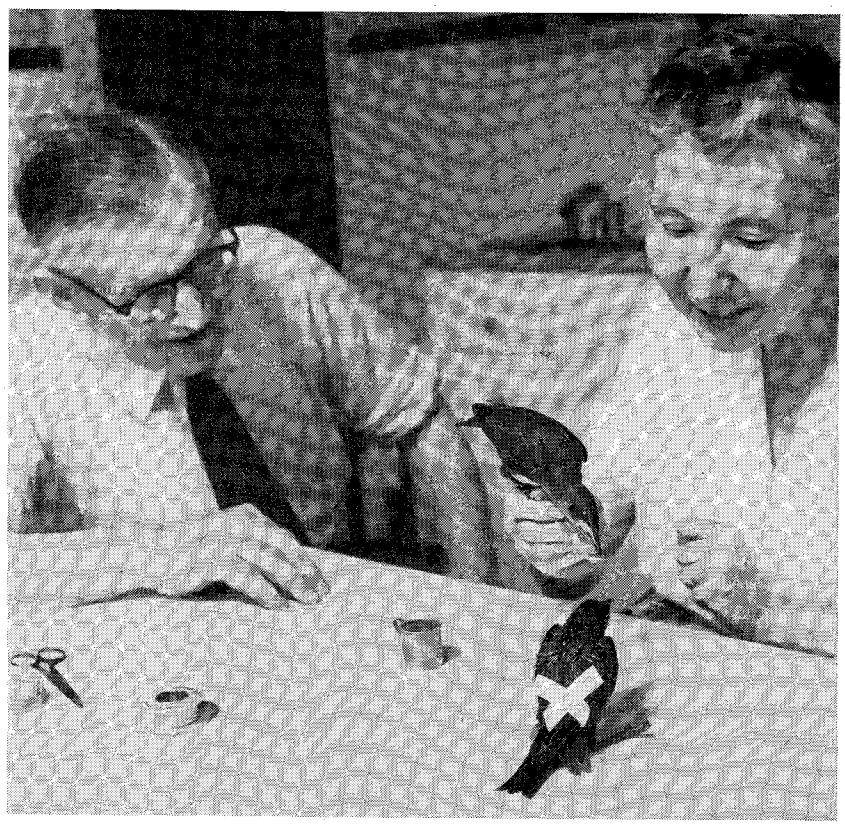
Some patients, like this young blue jay, become very tame during their hospital stay. But once the birds are repaired, Mrs. Thomas releases them to their natural wild life.



The baby robin has just had his wings taped down to prevent him from fluttering his injured right one. The starling is trying to horn in on the Thomases' attention.

Photographs by Jacob Lofman

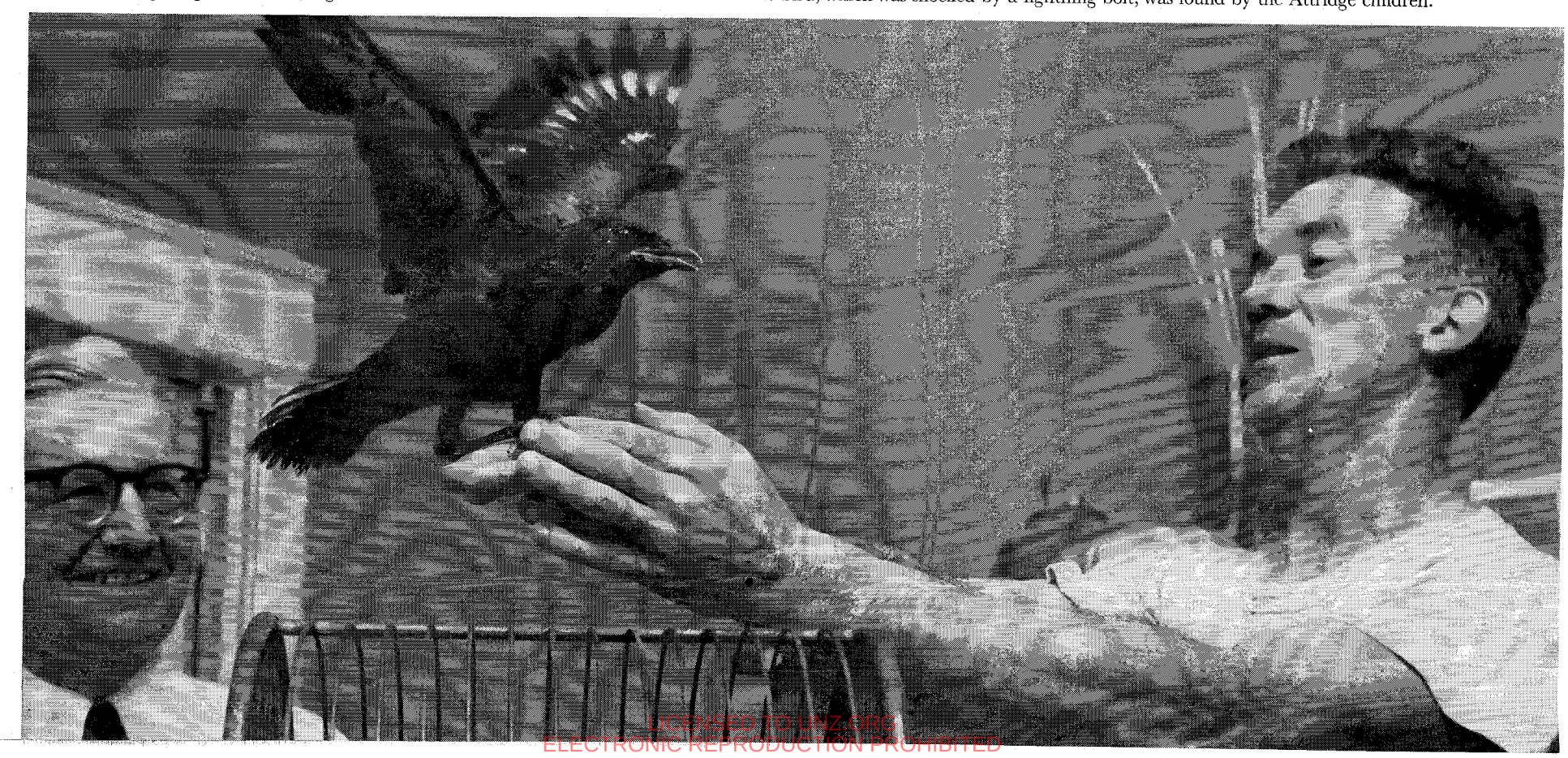
Late one fall we made friends with a nuthatch, so named from a family habit of pushing seeds and nuts into crevices where it splits, or "hatches," them with its beak. We could always recognize this bird because he was blind in one eye, which may have been why he came to us for food. Aside from his bad eye, Hatch was a handsome little fellow with a shiny black cap, gray back and slender bill. All through the winter we saw him hitching up and down the trees in our Long Island, New York, garden, hunting insects; every morning he came to the window and called "Ank, ank" for sunflower seeds and peanuts. Then one day in early spring he disappeared.

A week later, going out the door, I thought I saw a mouse crawling across the lawn toward me. Feeble "anks" helped me recognize our one-eyed Hatch, trailing an injured wing. Carrying him inside, I gave him some food and water. Afterward I put him in one of the boxes covered with cotton netting that we use instead of wire cages to prevent our wild-bird patients from hurting themselves. On nice days I set his cage outside on the terrace; with rest and sunshine his wing slowly got better.

To make him feel at home, George scattered leaves in his box and gave him an old fireplace log to climb on. Then Hatch went to work. All day long he whittled the rotting wood with his bill until he chipped out three holes—one each the size of a sunflower seed, a shelled peanut and an unshelled nut. When I put seeds and nuts in his dish, he quickly hid them under the leaves. As he got hungry, he pulled one out, wedged it into the proper hollow and split the kernel into bite-size pieces. Once I put some nuts in the holes, but Hatch indignantly yanked them out. Then he laid them carefully in a far corner, as if to let me know the log wasn't a pantry, but a table—to be set only at mealtime. For quite a while George, who is an amateur craftsman himself, kept that log to show what a bird with a woodworking hobby could do.

(Continued on Page 52)

Richard Attridge (right) shows George Thomas a crow that needs "convalescent care." The bird, which was shocked by a lightning bolt, was found by the Attridge children.



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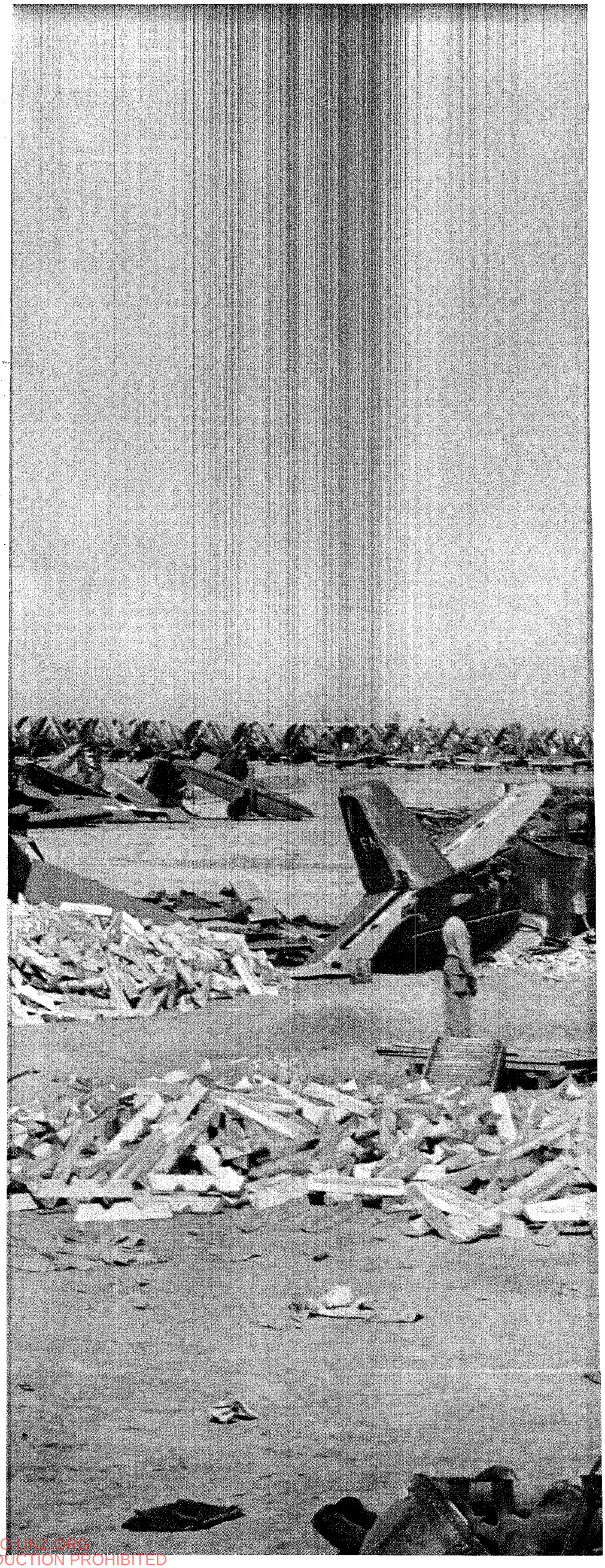
The Face of AMERICA

Warrior's End

Several hundred TBM Avengers—torpedo bombers—veterans of Midway, Rabaul, Tarawa and other battles of World War II, lie stripped in the Arizona sun. Once they swept up through the Southern Pacific, driving back the Japanese. They rose from the decks of the carriers Hornet, Lexington, Yorktown and others, belly heavy with torpedo, to seek the enemy. They screamed in just over the wave tops, through murderous fire. At Truk, Avengers sank a Jap destroyer in ninety seconds. In the Philippine Sea, they finished the carrier Hiyo in two hours. Now, at a "dead end" Navy base twenty miles north of Phoenix, they die in the smelter. Each fuselage yields 3000 pounds of useful metal. In five minutes or so the Avenger is gone, but her memory will never quite melt away. ❁ Photograph by John Bickel



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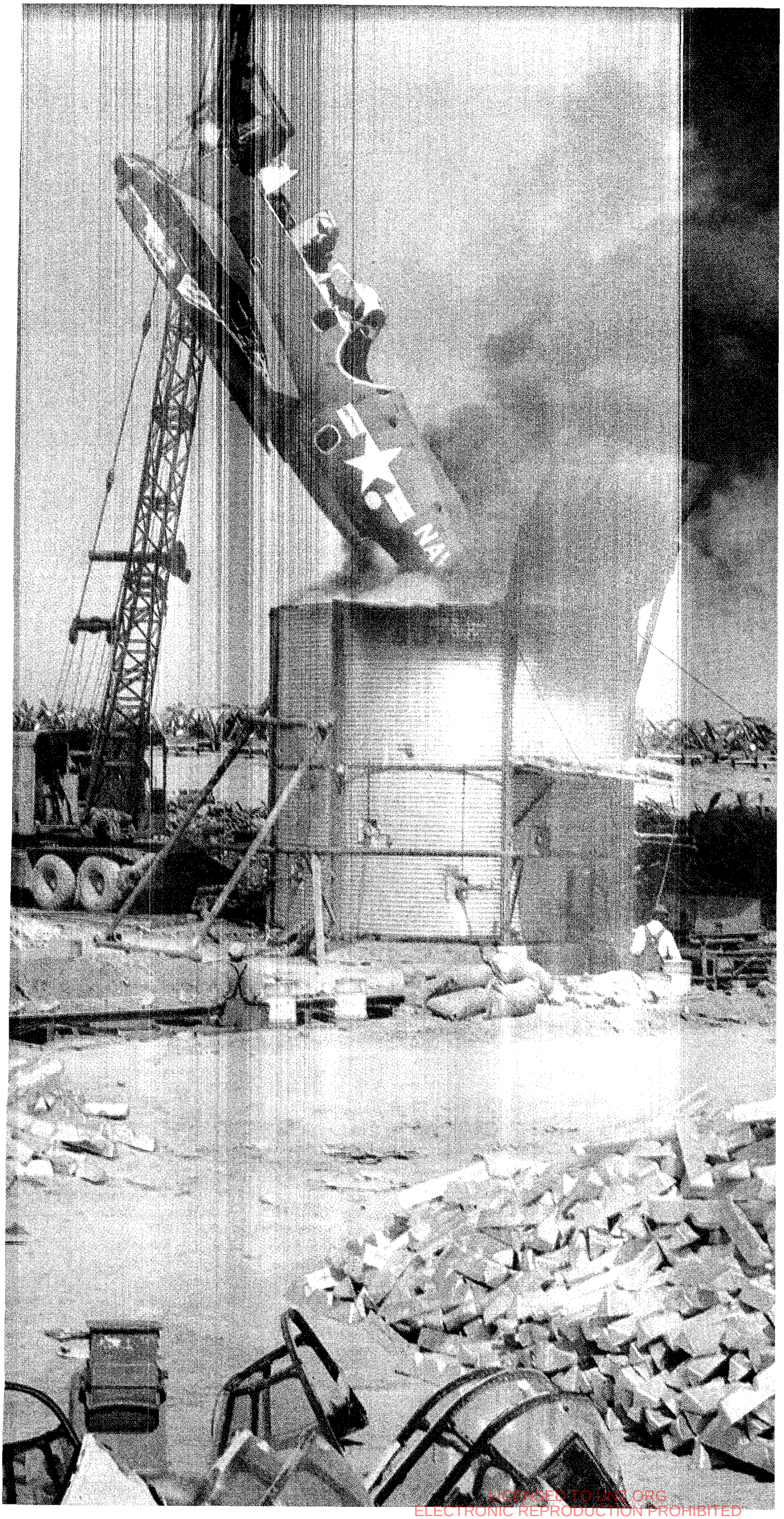

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Bud didn't stand a chance with her,
but he couldn't stop trying.

ONE-WOMAN MAN

By NEILL C. WILSON

He felt lower than a skip at the fifteenth level, and his coffee tasted as if made in a shovel.

Pete Humber remarked to him, "I would purely like to win one thousand dollars."

"Who wouldn't?" Bud snapped, though Pete was almost old enough to be his father. His hand still hurt and it was cold inside the mountain. He moved from under a drip.

Pete found a large piece of chocolate cake in his dinner bucket and took a bite. "One thousand dollars in silver, and I would give my partner half."

It took more than Pete Humber talking himself young again to pull Bud's mind from what it was concentrating on, which was the business of forgetting Bibby Reynolds.

Pete said between bites, "I had Shorty Pease holding for me the other time I won the money. How that little scrapper could hold and turn a miner's drill!"

Bud knew all about Shorty Pease. Shorty had been Bud's old man.

Pete adjudged. "You're built like your pa, Bud, except you would make two of him." Bud's mind was back on forgetting Bibby. Pete yanked his arm and barked, "When I talk, listen! I want you to hold for me in this drilling contest!"

Bud exclaimed, "Huh?"

"You been mining alongside me for six years and we have ten weeks to train. With my half of this thousand dollars I will buy my girl a bee-utiful diamond ring."

Bud hadn't known old Pete had a girl. Pete was about thirty-five, which is past where they generally have a girl, and his face was faulted and fissured. But he was asking Bud Pease to hold his drills to the rock while he laid his big two-hand hammer to them at the Miners' Picnic. So he could buy his girl a ring.

Bud said, "Five hundred will buy some ring."

(Continued on Page 44)

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"Let's Legalize the Spitball!"

An all-time baseball great tells why he wants the stigma removed from the game's outlaw pitch.

By FRANK FRISCH as told to Tom Meany

While you're reading this article, whether it is day or night, chances are that somewhere a major-league pitcher is throwing a spitball. He's doing it illegally, I'll admit—but effectively, I'll guarantee. And I can't blame these pitching bootleggers. They have to live, and for years the rulemakers seem to have been concerned only with the welfare of the batters.

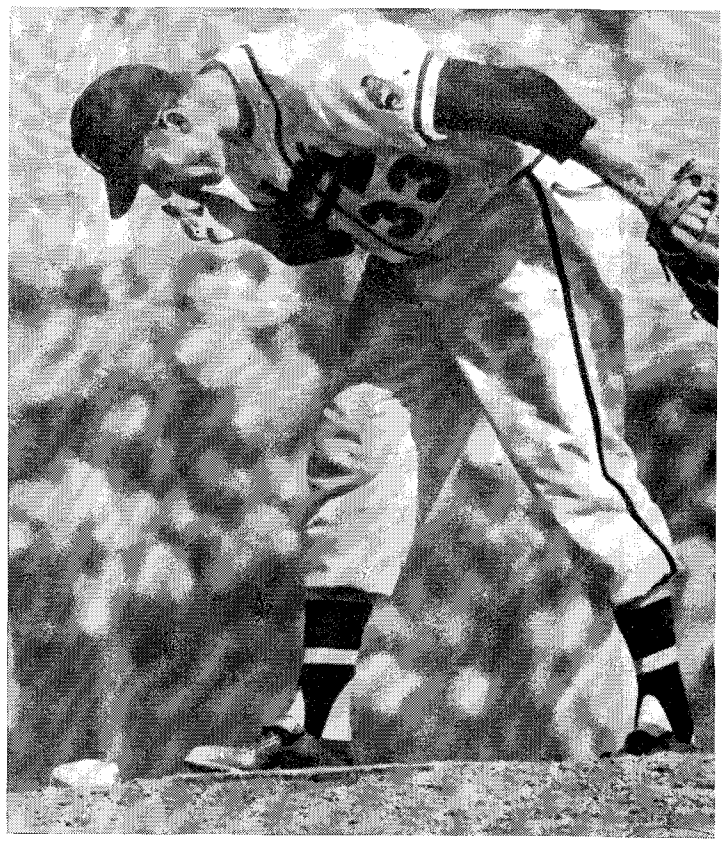
Birdie Tebbetts practically made a Federal case out of the spitter this year when his Cincinnati musclemen were shut out by Milwaukee's Lew Burdette in an early-season game. Tebbetts screamed to high heaven, and he appealed to Pres. Warren Giles, the National League equivalent. When Burdette faced the Reds again, Birdie had a slow-motion movie camera trained on the pitcher's box. Burdette's every move was preserved in celluloid for posterity. The film showed only that Lew, like dozens of others, had several nervous gestures and mannerisms on the mound, which may or may not have included applying moisture to the ball.

While Tebbetts got exactly nowhere with his accusations, protests and movies, he did a great favor to baseball in general, and the pitchers and umpires in particular. He spotlighted the headlines on something which has been going on for years. Birdie's chirruping about the bootleg spitter brought the issue into the open. You hear as much about it now as you do about moving big-league franchises to California.

I've been connected with major-league baseball in some capacity or other ever since I graduated from Fordham University in June, 1919, and joined John McGraw's New York Giants. I've batted against legal spitballs—in the days when there was such a thing—and illegal spitballs. About the present controversy, I can say only that (1) it isn't new and (2) it is almost impossible to prove anything one way or the other. The solution is simple—permit the pitchers to wet the ball, and get on with the game.

The bootleg spitter is a symbol of what amounts to a pitchers' revolt. Those who do use it—and I doubt that the number is more than 10 per cent—have been driven to it in self-defense. Baseball has been made increasingly easy for the hitters and hard for the pitchers.

People have been saying this for years, but nothing has been done about it. Concessions have been made to the batters since Babe Ruth began packing 'em in with his homers in 1919. The ball has been made livelier, and



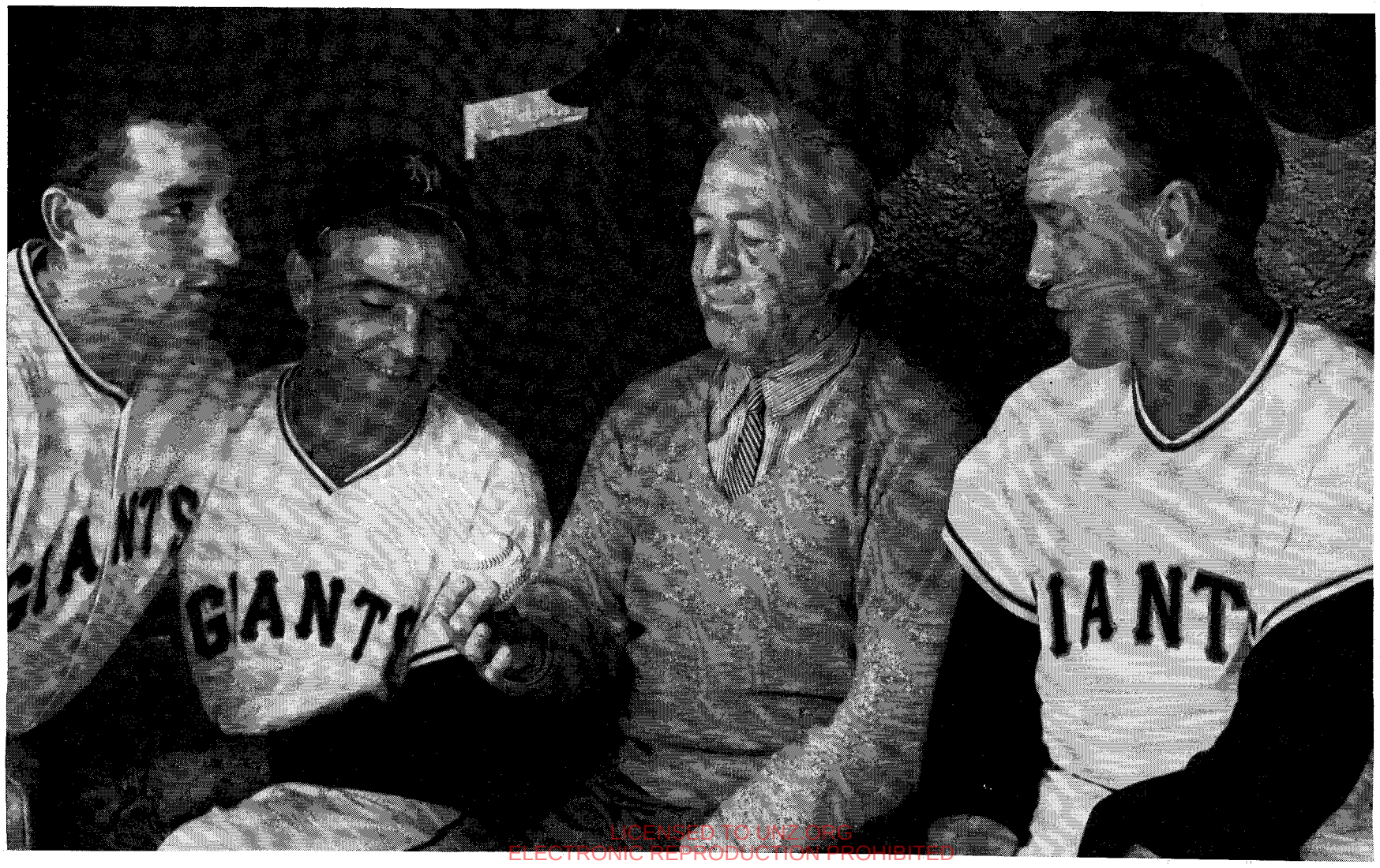
Braves' pitcher Lew Burdette moistens his fingers in a predelivery routine that brought accusations of "Spitball!" Officials later excused it as a mere nervous habit.

the spitball and all other trick pitches have been ruled out. Fences have moved in closer, and the strike zone has shrunk like a two-buck straw skimmer in a cloudburst. Batters wear helmets, so they can dig in and get a better toe hold, and a pitcher who drives a batter back with a close one is threatened with suspension. What's left for the pitchers but to turn to the spitter?

In conducting a television show this season after Giant games at their old homestead, the Polo Grounds, in New York, I am in contact with all the National League players. They accept it as a matter of fact that certain pitchers throw spitters. The situation must be about the

(Continued on Page 89)

The author (center) lobbies for the spitball with (from left) the Giants' Johnny Antonelli, Ray Jablonski and Wes Westrum. The "spitter" has been banned since 1920.



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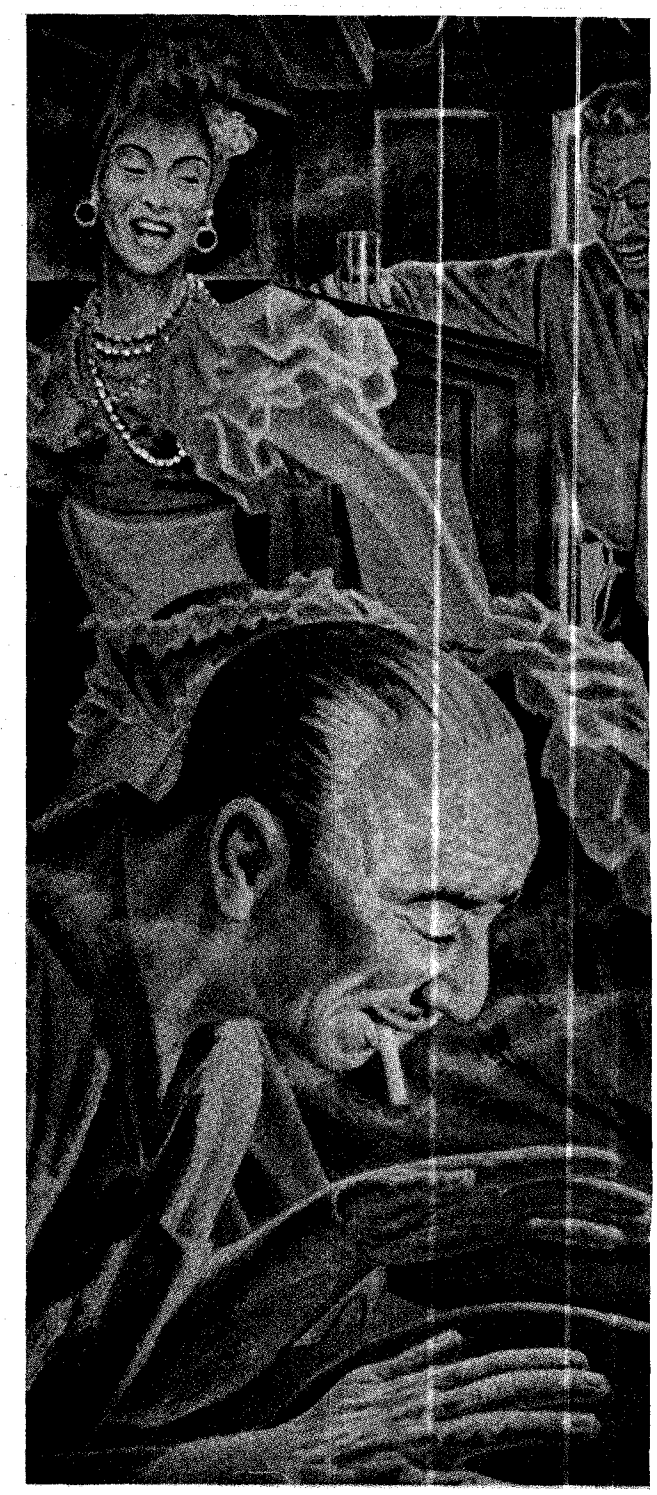
STROLL INTO DANGER

A girl's voice lured him into a nightful of trouble.

By BURNHAM CARTER



Illustrated by Paul Rabut

In Havana Antigua—that section known as the old city—the strolling tourist will discover, here and there, some ancient stone mansions rising with faded magnificence above the small houses or shops along the narrow streets. These are the former homes of noble Spanish families, built in the eighteenth century and long since abandoned. One such is the Casa Ramba—a square two-story building with stone gargoyles along the cornice, windows nine feet high with wrought-iron grilles, and stone balconies on the second level. The rooms are spacious, with marquetry floors, delicate moldings and elaborate glass chandeliers. In the patio, in the old days, a fountain bubbled musically amid formal garden plots.

Today, as the wheels of fortune have turned, the Ramba descendants have scattered to parts unknown, and their mansion, like others of its type, is occupied by families of humbler origin—sixteen families, in fact, with the children and their possessions overflowing on one another. The patio is a farmyard with many chickens, one pig, two ducks and some half-starved dogs and cats. Instead of the gay and fragrant flowers of the garden beds, the patio now flaunts a display of a different kind and hue—the daily washings of the sixteen families, billowing perpetually over the heads of the children, who play amid the discarded furniture and rusty tin pans and rubble.

Tio Martinez, proprietor of the Café Mosca, passed that way one night, returning from the home of Radich, the Dutch smuggler, who was currently running guns from Florida to a band of Cuban revolutionaries. Radich had asked Tio, formerly an expert in contraband, to help in the trade, but Tio had declined, remembering his promise to his wife, Amelia, to stick to the restaurant business. He was therefore walking in a glow of virtue. The streets were quiet. Because students from the University of Havana had been rioting against the government, the latter had suspended the constitutional guarantees and had declared a nine-o'clock curfew for all those under twenty-one. In the unnatural stillness, the din of the Ramba house sounded large in his ears, until it abruptly ceased, and in the startled silence a girl began to sing in a sweet and poignant voice.

In Tio's earlier, extra-legal days, a girl's voice at night was a bugle call—perhaps even a call to arms. Now, as an honest restaurant keeper, happily married to the plump and pretty Amelia, it was no more than a fragment of an old song, the words of which have been forgotten. Nevertheless, he paused—that fateful pause which so often sends a man down a street he did not intend to take.

He had not reckoned with the mad Nicólo. One policeman fell.

The door to the patio was open, and Tio entered. There were perhaps sixty people there—men in frayed open shirts and baggy, light-colored pants, women in cotton dresses and children in practically nothing—sitting on the ground or on boxes or leaning against the wall—listening to a young girl, fair-haired and pretty, standing with folded hands in front of the fountain, singing one of the plaintive Cuban love songs. She had one of those voices that "make shipwreck of the heart"—low, but insinuating, with a childlike catch in it, and a hint of both laughter and tears. Tio leaned unobtrusively against the corner of the entrance archway. Nearby, a boy of about eighteen was watching the girl with a rapt expression on his thin, fierce face. In the deep shadow under the archway, a man was standing. Tio could not see his face, but he was tall and, unlike the others, he wore a coat and tie.

The singing stopped; there were scattered claps and bravos. The girl smiled and moved away through the crowd. As she reached the archway, the young man touched her arm.

"Nicólo," she whispered. "You should not be here."

"I had to see you," he said. "Besides, I want the key."

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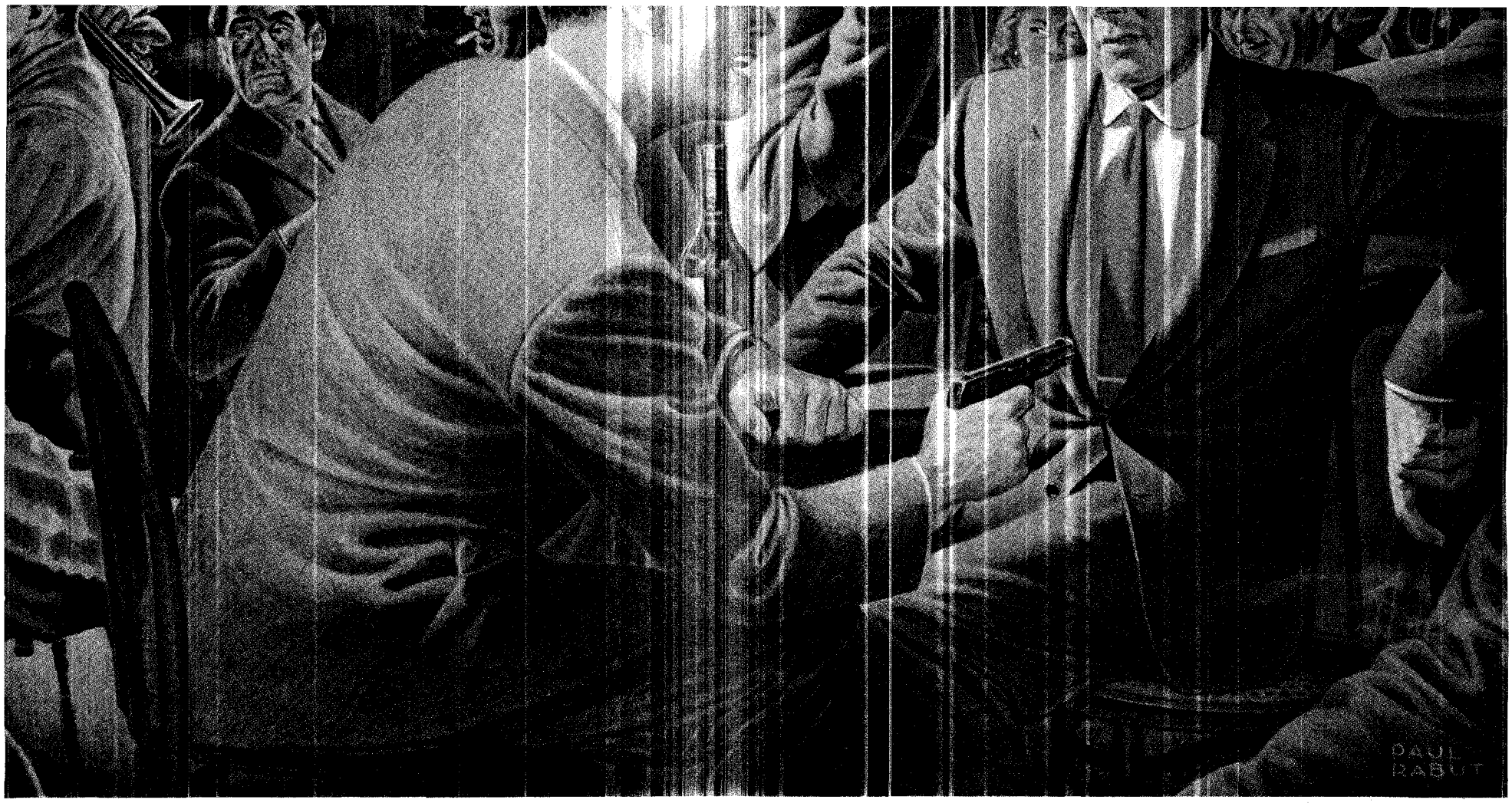

The boy leveled the automatic pistol. "You will go home," he whispered.

She slipped her hand into a pocket of her skirt and gave him something; his fingers closed over hers and held them.

"You shouldn't be on the streets after the curfew," she said. "They say the police are rough with the students."

"I'm not afraid of them. And I have to see you, Luisa." He still had her hand. "I have to see you," he repeated stubbornly. "It's time I told you something—something important."

"You can tell me in the park tomorrow. Please let me go."

Abruptly, he pulled her toward him into the shadow.

"Please, Nicólo," she begged.

Tio stepped forward, with a cigarette in his hand. "My friend," he said calmly, "do you, by good fortune, have a match?"

The boy released the girl, muttered savagely under his breath and vanished into the street. After a moment, the tall man standing in the shadow of the arch followed him, which, to Tio, was an interesting coincidence. Also, there was something vaguely familiar about the set of the man's shoulders and head against the street light. Tio put the picture away for later cogitation. Beside him, the girl's breast was rising in agitation.

"He is impetuous, that young man," he said to her soothingly.

"Yes." She added shyly, "Thank you for helping me."

"It was nothing. You sing well, señorita."

"Thank you. I love to sing. I would like to be a singer."

"That should be possible."

"I am told I would have to start in the cabarets. But I am alone. I know almost no one."

"Your family?"

"I am an orphan," she answered simply. "I have been brought up in the Asylum of Beneficence. Two months ago the nuns found a family here that would take me in."

Tio was not a man to volunteer a helping hand to others. People had to make their own way through the difficulties of living. With a little luck they could do so; without the luck—well, life, after all, was nothing much to lose. But something about this girl appealed to him. Somewhat to his astonishment, he heard his voice saying: "Perhaps I can help you, señorita. I run a café called La Mosca, and one of my customers has a night club. But it is a cheap one, in a tough section."

"That does not matter."

"It is Charro's, on the street called Las Fritas."

"If I could sing there, I wouldn't mind."

Off the highway that leads from Havana to the beaches is an isolated dirt road of honky-tonks and dives called Las Fritas by the Cubans, and known to the Americans as Hot Dog Alley. Most tourists visit it once, but not twice. It is by day a dismal place of littered gutters and a perpetual rank smell of hot peanut oil; by night it acquires a dubious glamour compounded of rum, the blare of music, the drifting girls, the glimpse of dancers through a dim-lit doorway. As often happens in such a section of a city, there is "a dive behind a dive," known only to the sophisticates—a dark, thatched, rum-soaked dance hall called Charro's—where the entertainment is more genuine: a banjo player of supreme dexterity, a hot trumpeter, a rumba dancer or a singer—and where Charro himself demonstrates his mastery of the off-beat on the drums.

The financial backer of this palace of pleasure was José Rosan, formerly a rum-running partner of Tio's and a long-time patron of the Café Mosca.

"I can arrange for you to meet him," Tio said.

(Continued on Page 86)

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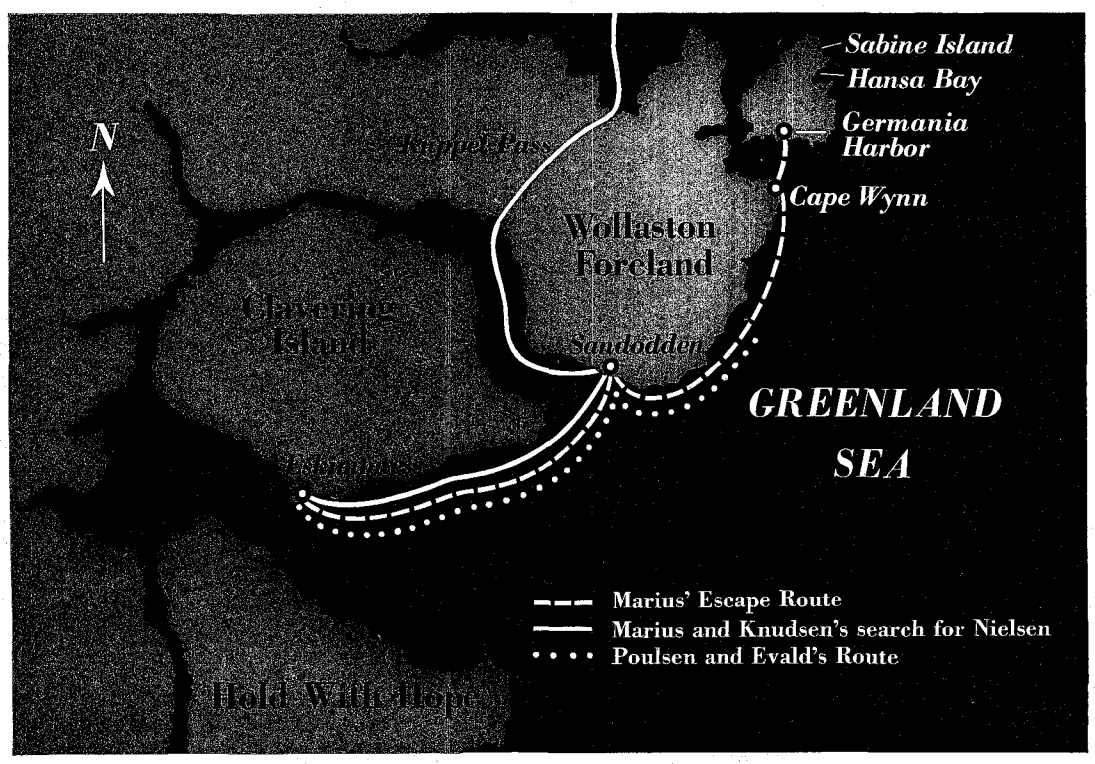
Eskimoness, headquarters of the Sledge Patrol, as it looked before the war. The German attack here was the first armed clash ever to take place in this arctic barren.

Secrets of the Unknown War

Cruel invaders came to a vast, lonely land that had never known war. Nothing stood between them and conquest but a seven-man army carrying only hunting rifles.



Between Cape Wynn and Eskimoness lay fifty-six miles of frozen sea and a fjord-gutted coast line.

By David Howarth

Part Two

Marius Jensen tried hard to explain to the Eskimos, William and Mikael, that the green jacket with the swastika that they had found in the hunters' hut was the sign of the enemy. The Eskimos thought it was all very interesting and rather exciting, but the notion of war and human enemies in the arctic was completely unreal to them and neither of them knew what he meant.

Marius and the two Eskimos were members of the North East Greenland Sledge Patrol, a fifteen-man organization charged with the mission of patrolling the northeast coast of Greenland. On March 11, 1943, more than six months after the Germans had established a weather-reporting station, the patrol had found its first evidence that the Germans were nearby.

All three of them poked about inside the hut at Germania Harbor and looked at the

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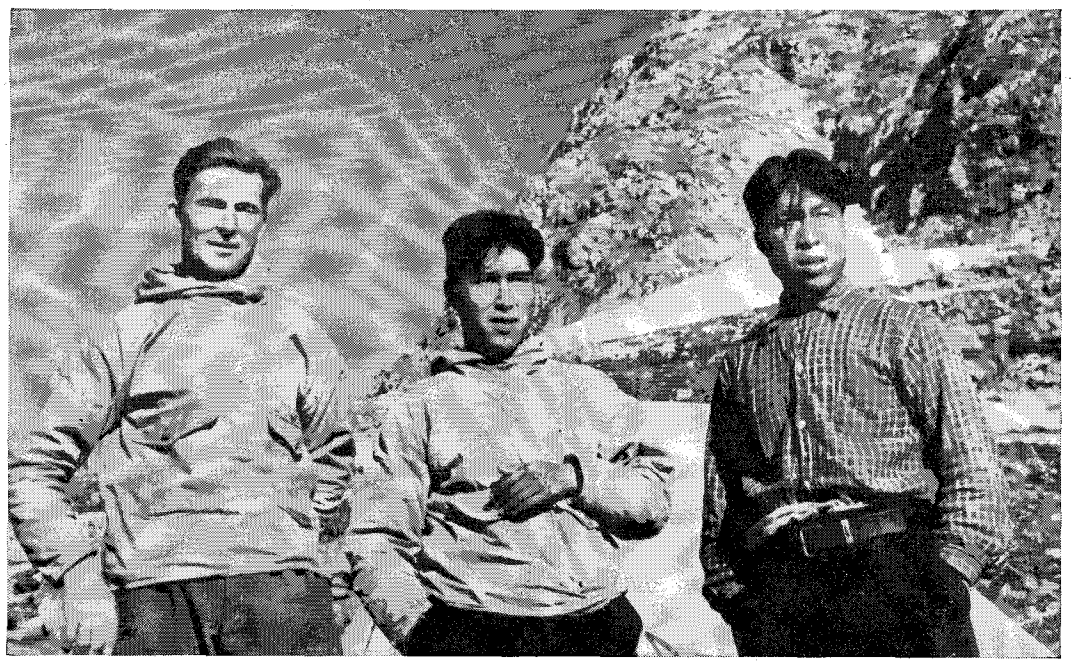
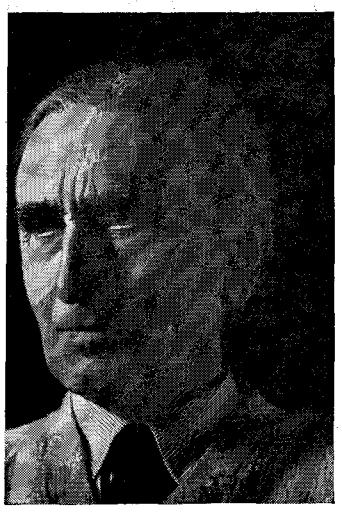
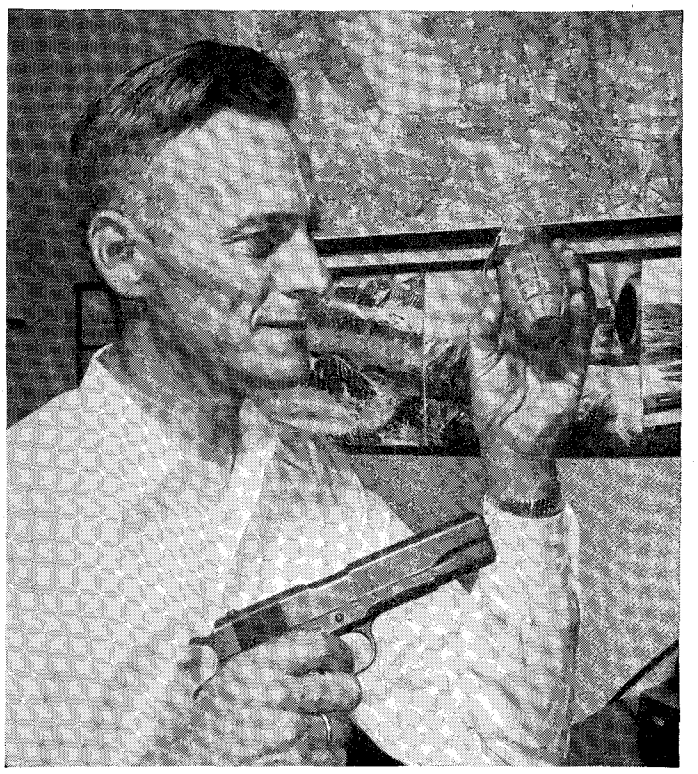


Captain Ib Poulsen and two Eskimo members of the patrol. Poulsen knew that the Eskimos, to whom war was unthinkable, could never bring themselves to shoot at the Germans.

Eske Brun, former colonial governor of Greenland, as he appears today. "Your main task," he told the patrol, "is to gain information and to eliminate enemy forces."

German commander Ritter became disillusioned with the Nazis in his party.





In his home in Copenhagen, Denmark, Kurt Olsen displays weapons he carried during the latter years of the war. At the time of the action, however, his only defense was his hunting rifle.

tracks outside it. There was an uncured bearskin and half a bear's carcass. There were two eiderdown sleeping bags in the hut. There was very little food or fuel and no traveling gear at all. Everything suggested a short hunting expedition from a base not far away; and when Marius came to think of the map, and the direction the two men had taken when they had run away in the hills, there was only one place that the base was likely to be, and that was in Hansa Bay, five miles away.

Once he had come to this conclusion, Marius realized they could not hang about at Germania Harbor. They stirred up their tired dogs and started to drive slowly back across the sound. It did not occur to any of them to take the swastika jacket or the German daggers. In the ethics of war, one talks of capturing booty, but in the arctic, war or no war, stealing was stealing.

Even at that stage, the things that really mattered to Marius were the things that always matter in the arctic: the state of the ice and the weather, and the welfare of the dogs. It was getting dark by then, and ahead of them was all the difficult ice they had crossed in the morning. Eskimoness, the headquarters of the sledge patrol, was sixty miles to the southwest. The dogs had to be rested somewhere, and the sooner, the better. The first hunting hut on the way home was straight across the sound, on the point of the mainland which faces Germania Harbor. It is called Cape Wynn; and there, Marius, William and Mikael decided to spend the night. None of them really had any idea that the information they possessed was about as dangerous to live with as a time bomb.

The routine of a night stop in the arctic is always the (Continued on Page 58)

In this hut at Germania Harbor, Marius Jensen found the first evidence that German forces were in Greenland: two daggers and a jacket with a swastika.

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Bandit in the Sky

The strange story of a fateful battle fought at the fringes of space.

By ROBERT CRAIG

Lt. Edward Polnick stepped into the hangar and a wind of ice shrieked out of the arctic night to slam the door behind him. The sign-in board told him he was the first to report on this watch—White Watch.

He knew Red Watch was winding up a mean poker game in Hangar I. White Watch would play poker too. Finally Blue Watch would take over from White and another poker game would start in still another hangar. Red, White and Blue! Red, White and Blue! Until the end of time! "Two pairs." "Three of a kind." "Straight flush." "Your deal." When he had signed in, he went into the main hangar to check the bird.

The hangar was wide enough to hold four interceptor fighters, wing tip to wing tip, and the big doors in front and behind each bird could drop away in seconds. Except for those who built, serviced and flew them, nobody actually knew much about these silver-gray birds with the needle snouts and the knifed-edge wings. They were scarce, secret, jealously guarded and lavishly cared for. The heat in the hangar was carefully regulated to keep their engines at starting temperature, and cables from auxiliary power units were plugged into their bellies like umbilical cords nurturing them in their steel-and-concrete womb.

The first bird "belonged" to Maj. Barney Stengal, and the second was Eddie's. If the bell rang, Barney would fly Number I position with Eddie for wing man—White Falcon Leader and White Falcon 2. If "Mother" decided to put another team into the sky, Capt. Milt Nunnemaker and Lt. Jimmy O'Tool would take off in their birds—White Fox Leader and White Fox 2. That's the way they wanted it to happen, but it wouldn't be that way. They'd just sit in the ready room until twenty-four hundred, fighting with cards.

There was nothing else for the lieutenant to believe. He'd been playing poker every duty night for almost two years. Once Strategic Air Command had tried to slip a Hustler by them, but that had happened on Red Watch. Later a jet passenger liner had wandered off course, but the men on Blue Watch had had all the fun. Now and then, of course, White Watch had a practice scramble, like everybody else, but that interrupted the poker game for only thirty minutes.

As he walked up to his own bird, Technical Sergeant Boissart crawled out from under the shadowed belly, a lean little man with intense black eyes.

"How are you feeling, lieutenant?"

It wasn't a casual greeting. It was the same anxious question he asked every night. One thing about Sergeant Boissart—he was always at war. Was the aircraft ready to fight? Was the lieutenant ready? The shock of Boissart's razor-sharp readiness almost cracked the depressing calm in which Eddie lived.

"In the pink," Eddie told him. "How do you like this weather?"

"Better than slippin' in the bathtub and bleedin' to death," Boissart said. "How many days you got left?"

"Thirty-six now."

Boissart had twenty-two years of service behind him and he couldn't understand Eddie's wanting to get out. He shrugged and turned away from him.

"Form One is layin' on the wing, sir," he said.

Among other things, Form 1 contained the report of crew chief to pilot on the aircraft's condition, and Eddie studied it carefully before he pulled out his check list and began his walk-around inspection.

He moved around the bird, running his hands over its skin as if he were (Continued on Page 40)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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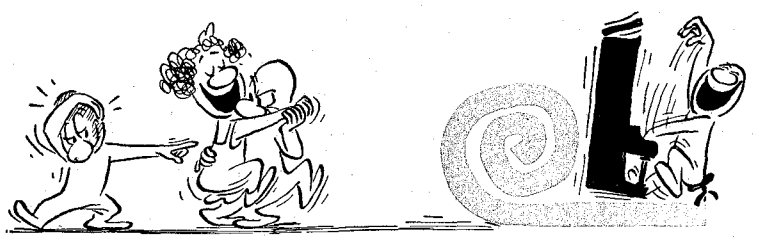
Post Scripts



I Guess it Isn't Too Good a Selling Day

Hello; Kelton 3-0307? . . . Is Mr. Corey there? . . . Oh, I see. Well, do you know when he might be in? . . . You say you'll be in touch with him very shortly and could he call me? . . . Is this a telephone-answering service or something? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Well, no; I'll try to reach him later. . . . Well, no; I'm sort of hard to reach. . . . Thanks. . . .

Mr. Threlkeld there? . . . Mr. Threlkeld! . . . This is Kurtz down at Varnell and Company. . . . Did you receive the brochure I mailed you—the one we talked about on the phone last Thursday? . . . Brochure. I mailed you a brochure and a price list. . . . Well, I don't know, sir; I have it written down here as Threlkeld—T-H-R-E-L—— Oh, you say there's a possibility that I talked with your son? I see. Is your son in, Mr. Threlkeld? . . . Oh? In the Bahamas for a few weeks, eh? . . . Nassau. . . . I will, Mr. Threlkeld. I'll be happy to call him in a few weeks. Thank you very much. . . .

Mr. Oliphant, please. . . . Mr. Oliphant? . . . Kurtz, of Varnell and Company. Survived the storm, I see. . . . Boy, I know what you mean, Mr. Oliphant. Mr. Oliphant, did you receive the brochure and price list I mailed you the other day? . . . Good! We're certainly looking forward to serving you, Mr. Oliphant, so the first thing that I'd like to call to your attention is the fact that all of Varnell and Company's prices are —— I beg your pardon? . . . You say you feel they're too high? . . . I didn't quite catch that last, Mr. Oliphant. . . . Oh; exorbitant. . . . Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, Mr. Oliphant. . . . Remove your name from our list? But we don't keep a list, Mr. Oli——

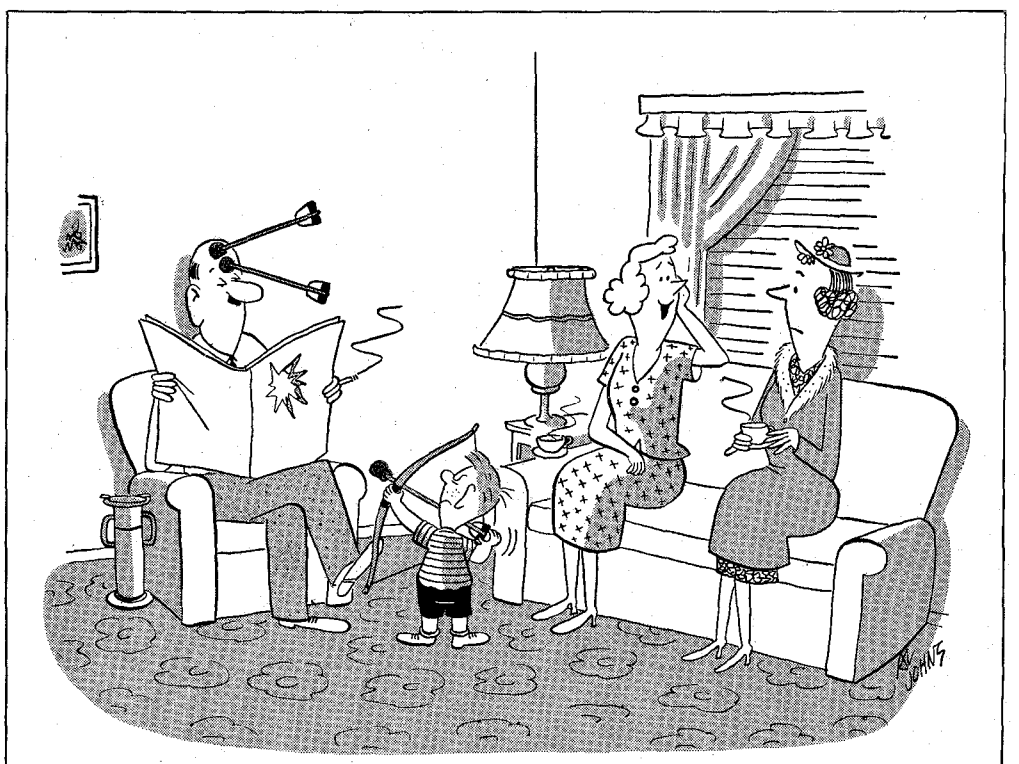
Mr. McGruder, please. . . . Mac? . . . Vern. . . . Say, Mac, I thought I'd call to see if I could sell you ten more of those —— You kidding? . . . But we've never had any complaints on them before. . . . Nine of them, you say? . . . You mean sploink, just like that, they broke? . . . Why, sure; you know as well as I do that we'll make them good. . . . Sure, Mac, I'll make a note of it right this minute. . . . You bet. . . . I will, Mac, and you do the same. . . .

Hello; is this Smith, Heggem, Arnold, Foster and Crupp? . . . Is Mr. Smith in? . . . Mr. Heggem? . . . Mr. Arnold? . . . Mr. Foster? . . . Mr. Crupp? . . . Oh? . . . Well, do you have any idea when ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It takes a while to get the hang of it, Sam."



"I think it was Fred's wonderful disposition that first attracted me to him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Somewhere Along in There I Lost You

"When you barbecue ribs try my recipe for sauce. Man, do they go for it! Jot this down as I give it to you. You take catsup and horse-radish and garlic—let's see now. . . . Helen, what all do I put in my barbecue sauce? Oh, yeah, paprika and lime juice. . . . How much lime juice, Helen? . . . No? . . . Well, anyway, you toss all this stuff together —— Wait, I forgot to tell you. You heat oil in a skillet first, and cut up an onion ——"

"To use separate antennas for VHF and UHF reception on your set, start by removing the two jumper leads from the VHF terminals, fasten the transmission-line wires of VHF antenna under the screws designated in Diagram 2a, matching *w* with *y* and *x* with *z*, then fasten the UHF transmission-line wires to correspond with the ——"

"I've been wanting to discuss a problem with you; hesitated to mention it because it might or might not strike you as significant. However, I'd like your reaction; we could sort of toss it back and forth—matter of sharing our thinking at the executive level."

"Darling, am I glad you're home early. The gadget on the what's-its-name came loose and keeps going kapulty-kapult-klomp-whzzzzz; then it quits, and I can't find that twisted piece of steel you use for tightening nuts on bolts, so ——"

"The whole thing is available to you for the nominal cost of only twenty-six thousand ——"

MM PORTERFIELD

Food Feud

I know it's dream stuff, but how I wish
They'd invent a cream puff that didn't squish,
And while they're at it, a boneless fish,
A squirtless grapefruit, some cube-shaped peas,
A crumbless cracker, and please, oh, please,
Asparagus stalks that don't bend in the knees!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Dinner at Seven

Many husbands become confused about what time to be there when they and their wives are invited somewhere for dinner. For instance, when the Bakers invite the Chesters to dinner at seven o'clock, Mr. Chester aims to get there at seven o'clock. You would think the Bakers were awarding a free convertible to the most punctual couple, the way Mr. Chester carries on, and when he finds Mrs. Chester at five minutes to seven having a facial in the bathtub as she begins another chapter of War and Peace, he starts to panic.

As a matter of fact, the ladies are meshing very nicely. Mrs. Chester knows that when Mrs. Baker said seven o'clock, she meant she would be finishing feeding the children at seven o'clock, which is a little later than she'd planned, but Billy had this baseball game he hadn't told her about, and then, the baby is at the age where he throws his food around something awful, so that takes a while too. Mrs. Chester also knows that at about 7:18 Mrs. Baker will be doing something to whatever is in the oven, and at 7:22 she'll be seeing to the salad, and at 7:38 she'll be checking to make sure she didn't forget the butter plates. Then, around 7:45, Mrs. Baker will start wondering if there are really enough ice cubes, and before she starts to get dressed she will ask Mr. Baker, who is walking up and down the living room, swiftly filling up the ash trays because he thought the people were coming at seven o'clock.

Mrs. Chester reads all this loud and clear, and if Mr. Chester will only relax, everything will work out just fine. Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Baker will both be putting on a coat of nail polish at approximately the same moment, and dinner will be served at the Bakers' around half past nine.

On the way home, Mr. Chester may ask Mrs. Chester why their hostess didn't say half past nine if she meant half past nine, and Mrs. Chester will explain that then they wouldn't have had anything to eat until half past eleven or so, which is awfully late for dinner.

The truth is, men just don't have any time sense, and it is a good thing they have wives around to keep them from making the terrible social bloopers they'd be making if they didn't have wives around.

PAT MC QUESTON

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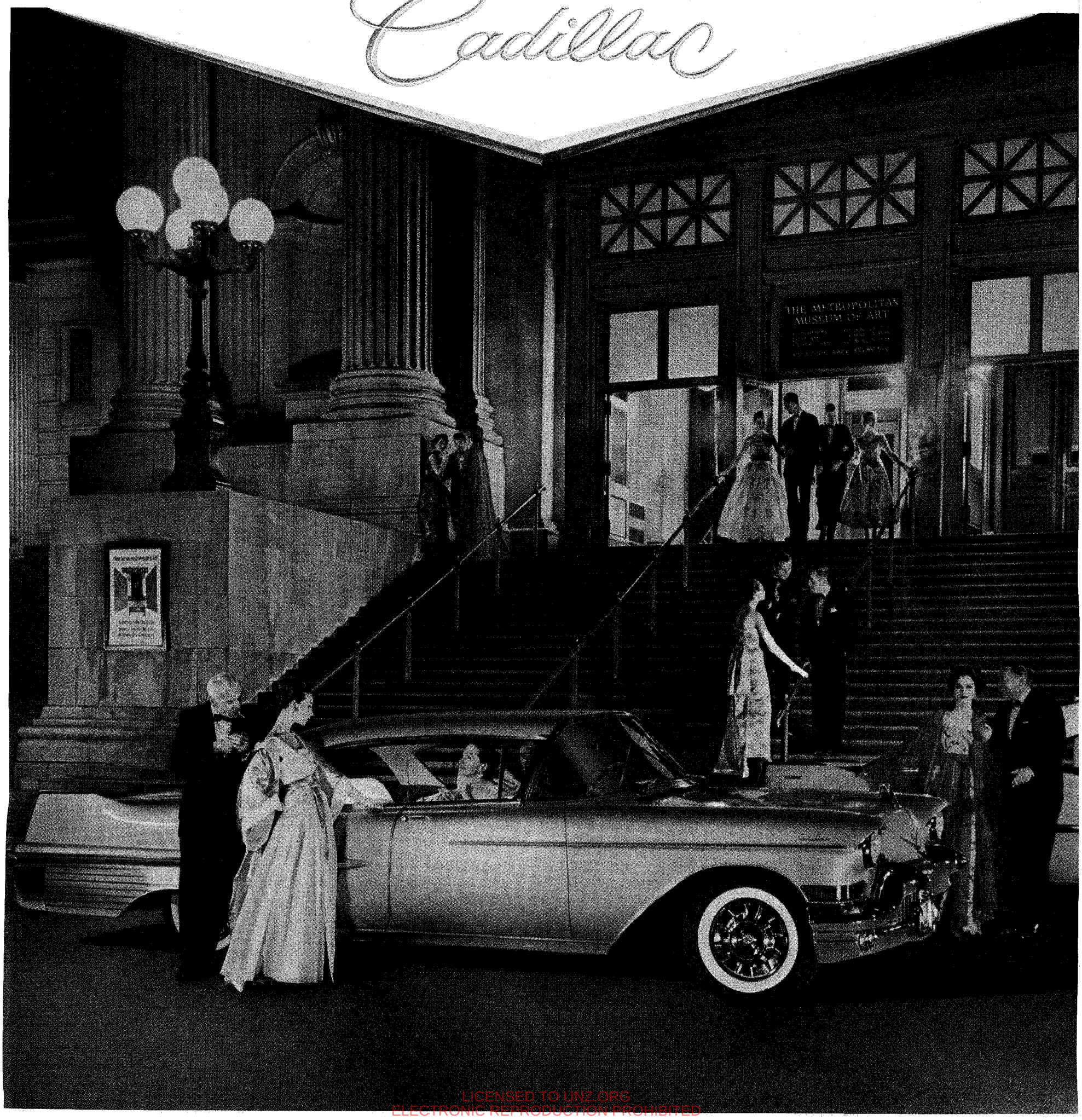
gowns by Lanvin-Castillo

No Man Is Ever a Stranger...

. . . to those who behold him as he sits at the wheel of a Cadillac car. For wherever it goes, the "car of cars" tells a wonderful and revealing story about its proud and happy owner. Its great beauty and elegance, for instance, leave no doubt as to his personal judgment. Its renowned safety and its luxurious Fleetwood coachcrafting reveal his concern for those who travel as his passengers. And its extraordinary economy of ownership and operation tells you all that is necessary about his practical wisdom. In fact, a Cadillac tells you so many things about its owner that you almost feel you know him—even before he alights at the curbside. If you are still a "stranger" to these many Cadillac virtues, we urge you to visit your dealer soon and take the wheel for yourself. He'll be happy to show you why this is the "golden moment" to make the move—from a standpoint of both economy and delivery. Why not stop in tomorrow?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac



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Bandit in the Sky (Continued from Page 34)

fondling it, inspecting every visible detail from intake ducts to eyelid valves.

Once, looking down the line, seeing the shadows of the interceptors silhouetted by the harsh hangar lights, he was aware that the other pilots were there too. He saw Milt Nunnemaker's back, and Jimmy O'Tool's legs beyond. Behind him, Maj. Barney Stengal was checking his speed brakes. Each of them was as solemnly engrossed in his business as Eddie. It was as if they were preparing for a great ordeal instead of an evening of five-card draw.

He skinned off his parka, put on his helmet, climbed in and began his cockpit check. Rocket heat switch, ON; rocket arming switch, OFF; rocket firing selector, AUTOMATIC. He checked the operation of electrical systems, hydraulic systems and control surfaces.

Sergeant Boissart dropped the rear door of the hangar, and as the cold air flowed inside, Eddie depressed the starter switch. The engine began whispering to itself as if it were slowly waking. When he added ignition and fuel the whispering changed to a low, moaning scream. He cross-checked instrument readings and knew that the bird was now wide-awake, ready, cocked like a pistol.

He cut the engine, and as the scream died Sergeant Boissart closed the hangar door. Eddie had done all the work he was going to do that night, and his sense of depression rolled back over him. He left his helmet astraddle the windshield and climbed out.

Boissart was waiting for him tensely and his eyes said, *Now what, lieutenant?* as if he knew the scramble bell would ring in nine seconds.

"O.K., Boissart," Eddie said, signing the Form 1, "you can go back to bed now."

It was a lousy joke, he decided, and he felt sorry for Boissart. Picking up his parka, he waved to Barney Stengal and climbed the stairs to the pilots' ready room.

The ready room was like any modern club for men, with overstuffed chairs, reading lamps, card tables and kitchen. A glass carafe of coffee was steaming on a hot plate. There in the silent room he could actually feel time pushing by him. Time he couldn't use, couldn't recover, and he felt bleak and angry.

He eyed the newspapers from New York, Detroit and Los Angeles; papers with pages of advertisements for aeronautical engineers, electronic specialists, mathematicians. Beginning salaries of eight thousand. Special benefits, opportunities! And all of it only thirty-six days away!

He and Annie were going to be married first, of course. He didn't have to look at a picture to remember the wild, boyish cut of her dark hair, the delicate lips and sassy face or the sweet, quick way she talked. She was part of him already—part of him for life! He had made them wait a long time. Two years. But he wanted this to be just right. No living in the arctic night for her.

The door opened and Major Stengal came in.

"Hey, Barney," he said.

"Hi, *amigo*," the major said, going directly to the coffee urn.

Eddie turned and watched while the other man poured his coffee. Barney Stengal was young in a physical way. He had blond crew-cut hair and a lithe swagger. But his face was deeply lined and his eyes seemed older yet. He was the only officer among them old enough to have flown a jet in Korea, and in that struggle for Mig Alley he had been known as "The Janitor." "A place for every Mig, and every Mig in its place," had been his motto.

But the major had his trouble too. There had been Liza, his exquisite, golden-haired wife. Liza was a butterfly—a butterfly that couldn't endure the deep cold and the northern night. Barney had had his choice. He could stay and fly the screaming bird or follow the butterfly. In the long dark months of last year he had made his decision. Liza was in San Francisco now, married to another man. Eddie felt he knew the major better than most and sometimes he could see Liza in the major's eyes, but Liza herself was never mentioned any more.

"The Air Force will fly you home to Detroit," Barney began quietly, "give you a suitcase full of money and kiss you good-by. You'll marry your Annie and get a job. Eight thousand a year. You're smart, kid. You'll do all right, but you'll miss the bird. You've built your life around it."

"Get off my back!" Eddie said, half laughing. "I've been here two years. A million minutes of doing nothing! Let somebody else sit out the next round."

"You'd make captain next round," Barney told him. "You'll have another station maybe. It could be California, or Florida, or ——"

"Or maybe Goose Bay or Thule!" Eddie cut in, but Barney didn't seem to hear him. Barney had something to say and he was going to say it.

"And someday," he finished, "you'll be a bird colonel."

"Like good old Joe Rigger!" Eddie's voice curled with bitterness. Colonel Rigger was famous for being suspicious of lieutenants who hadn't been blooded.

"I've known him for fifteen years," Barney said. "Joe's a good character."

"Great!" Eddie agreed. "He can bite the face off a wolf! And what's he got that I haven't? He's locked in the same freezer now!"

"I'm trying to be good to you!" Barney growled. He sipped at his coffee, and the ever-blanketing silence crowded around them again. "You could go on to higher math," the major went on finally. "The last course did a lot for you."

Eddie had his dream all worked out, however, and he didn't want it rearranged by anybody. He was getting tighter inside and his lips were thinning into hard lines.

"You're telling me to marry Annie and bring her up here? You, of all people?"

For a long moment, Barney only rubbed his face and pulled at his nose.

"Most women and all kids love it here," he said gently. "Where there's a long night there's a long day too."

The door behind them pulled open and Captain Nunnemaker and Lieutenant O'Tool tramped in.

"Hello, Eddie," Milt Nunnemaker said. His voice was far deeper than average and he was considerably taller than any of the others. In the air Milt was "White Fox Leader with flight of two." When he answered the telephone at home he was "White Fox Father with five." Maybe Milt didn't have great ambition, but among fighter pilots he was rated "Superior."

"What d'ya know, professor?" O'Tool shouted at Eddie. "Remember? You owe me three-fifty from last night's game!"

Eddie could get so fed up with this lieutenant from Boston he wanted to hit him sometimes. On the other hand, the raucous and endless banter broke up the darkness and the silence, and so it developed that Jimmy O'Tool had a value too.

Eddie paid out the three-fifty he owed, and Jimmy, in turn, paid Milt a dollar-twenty-five. Now that they were paid up they could play again, and Jimmy was already riffling the cards. As Eddie sat down at the card table he heard the major on the phone to Operations.

"Major B. H. Stengal here. White Watch reporting. Flight zero-two-one, White Falcon Leader and White Falcon Two, checked and ready. Flight zero-two-two, White Fox Leader and White Fox Two, checked and ready."

There was also a weather report, but nothing they didn't already know. When Barney hung up, he walked across the room, took his place at the table and the game was on.

They anted up, dealt, pulled out or covered. They cursed one another playfully. Once Jimmy O'Tool left the table only to change chairs to change his luck, and they laughed at him and called him "chicken." All in all, however, it went much like every game Eddie had played in for the last two years.

At a little after twenty-three hundred, with less than an hour to go, the major had sixteen dollars and fifty-five cents in front of him. Milt was second winner, and even Eddie, who was dealing, was a little ahead.

"How many cards?"

"Don't need any," the major said, with just enough smile at the corner of his mouth.

"You're bluffing!" Jimmy yelled. "I'll shoot you down!"

Milt asked for three cards. Eddie started to give them to him, and just then the bell rang.

Everything they had been thinking, doing or planning was lost in the incessant clangor of the scramble bell. The rush for the door only seemed like confusion. Actually cards were put neatly face down on the table, and one chair was knocked over. As Eddie raced for the door he saw Barney stiff-arm it. It slammed open, and they thundered down the stairs to the hangar.

In front and behind the birds, hangar doors were falling away. The alert crews were running here and there, doing exact things with practiced timing, and there was the steady roar of gas engines as the auxilary power units poured electric energy into the birds.

Sergeant Boissart was hanging into Eddie's cockpit from the far side, depressing the starter switch, and even as Eddie scuttled up the ladder he heard the engine begin its whispering. He slammed down into the seat and began checking instruments as he buckled in—helmet, harness, seat belt. He flipped on fuel switches while Boissart, with swift fingers, finished buckling him in, head set, oxygen hose and bail-out bottle. The tachometer reached 9 per cent and Eddie crowded the throttle around the horn. The bird began to scream and tremble.

Boissart clapped him on the shoulder and jumped free. Eddie was watching him unplug the auxiliary power unit when the tower came in.

"Tower Mary calling White Falcon Leader."

"White Falcon Leader. Over." Barney's voice on the UHF radio was utterly casual.

"White Falcon Leader with flight of two. Emergency runway zero-four is cleared for you. Take it!"

"Roger," Barney said. "White Falcon Two, this is hot. Stay with me, *amigo*."

"I'm with you," Eddie told him.

Boissart gave Eddie the O.K. to roll. Canopy clear. Canopy down and locked. Barney's bird screamed louder, lurched softly for the hangar doorway. Eddie released his brakes, and the birds rolled out into the darkness, one after the other.

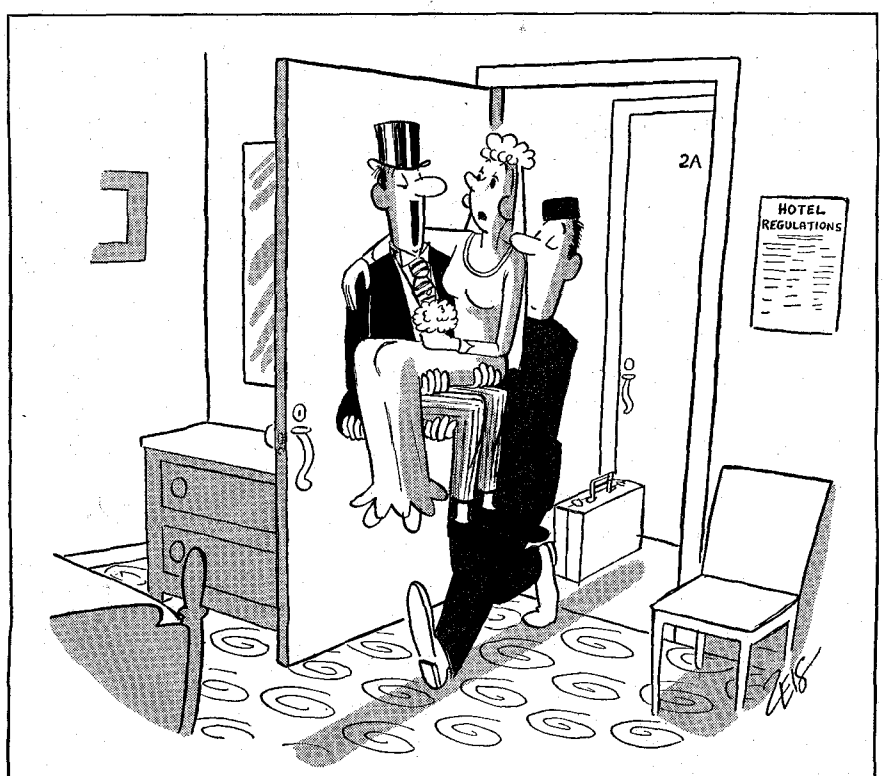
As they rounded the corner onto the lighted runway, Eddie watched Barney's tail flame brighten as he went all the way to Buster, and then explode with dazzling light as he went to Afterburner. Eddie banged into Afterburner with him and the runway lights swept by like a dotted line. One hundred seventy knots. One hundred eighty. Barney lifted them off the earth, and as the birds folded their gear into their bellies, the Tower was calling again.

"White Falcon Leader with flight of two," the tower was saying, "your vector is zero-one-nine. Climb to two-zero angels. Contact Gay Girl, Channel Ten."

As Barney repeated the orders, Eddie pulled the grease pencil from his leg pocket and wrote them down on the plastic pad strapped above his right knee.

An angel was only one thousand feet. They'd be to twenty angels almost right now. Barney swung them on the heading zero-one-nine and opened up on Channel Ten. Eddie flipped to Channel Ten just as Barney called him.

"White Falcon Leader to White Falcon Two, are you with me?"



"The service here seems good."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Eddie was watching him right then on the radarscope. Under the sweep that moved ceaselessly back and forth like a tiny windshield wiper, there was a bright dot of light.

"White Falcon Leader, I've got you dead ahead at two thousand yards."

"You fly pretty good for a beginner," Barney said, and then he went to Gay Girl. "White Falcon Leader with flight of two calling Gay Girl. Wheels up at twenty-three-one-one; climbing to two-zero angels; vector zero-one-nine."

"Gay Girl to White Falcon Leader," a deep, gravelly voice came in. "I know you, and I've got you painted here as a flight of two. Change vector to three-four-six and gallop upstairs."

Barney steered to the new heading and the birds careened on up through the black sky, cutting a great slanting curve until they were pointing only a little west of the North Star.

"Advise!" Gay Girl went on. "The Bogey is at six-four angels. Repeat, six-four angels."

For the first time Eddie's heart walloped him in the ribs and his breath caught in his throat. Sixty-four thousand feet! The Bogey certainly was not an airliner wandering off course. Not even the newest jet liner could get up there!

So it had to be a Big Friend from SAC. Strategic Air Command would like nothing better than to bypass Air Defense Command. SAC officers and men would laugh and brag about it in bars all over the world.

". . . Bogey heading one-six-six; range one-nine-five miles," Gay Girl was telling them, "ground speed five-four-zero knots."

That settled it. At that speed the Bogey had to be a Big Friend from SAC. And at sixty-four thousand feet! Damn! There wasn't a lot of air up there, but they'd make it! They'd get positive identification on Big Friend and the men in SAC wouldn't brag. Instead, they'd shake their heads and wonder. They were going to find out what this bird could do.

There was one more possibility. The Bogey might be an enemy bomber—a "bandit." That possibility was too small for Eddie to hold on to. That was why they were there, true. But still who would dare?

He kept White Falcon Leader on the center of his scope and they drilled a hole through the fifty-fifth angel. At sixty-two angels the vertical velocity indicator began to slow. Barney was cutting the angle of climb.

Sixty-three angels. Eddie's nerves were tightening. The bird was acting a little sloppy now, sometimes lurching drunkenly, sometimes yawing weirdly to port or starboard. Maybe it was seventy-five degrees below zero outside, but in the cockpit it was just above freezing. Yet perspiration ran down Eddie's arms and legs and back.

They were chewing on the sixty-fourth angel when Gay Girl cut in, "Gay Girl to White Falcon Leader. You should punch the Bogey now. Over."

"No joy yet, Gay Girl," Barney said.

Eddie looked out the glass bubble at the sky above him. The stars seemed more sharply cut than they had ever seemed, as if the rest of the universe millions of light-years beyond were actually a little closer.

"Turn starboard to vector three-five-six," Gay Girl growled, and immediately Eddie saw the blip of light on his scope that was Barney's bird begin to drift. Eddie turned with him and the blip *moved back to dead ahead.*

Then Barney cut in with the good word. "Contact!" Barney said. "I have the Bogey bearing fifty-five starboard. Range three-five miles. Judy!" He had locked his bird's radar eye on the Bogey.

"Continue identification approach." Gay Girl sounded relieved.

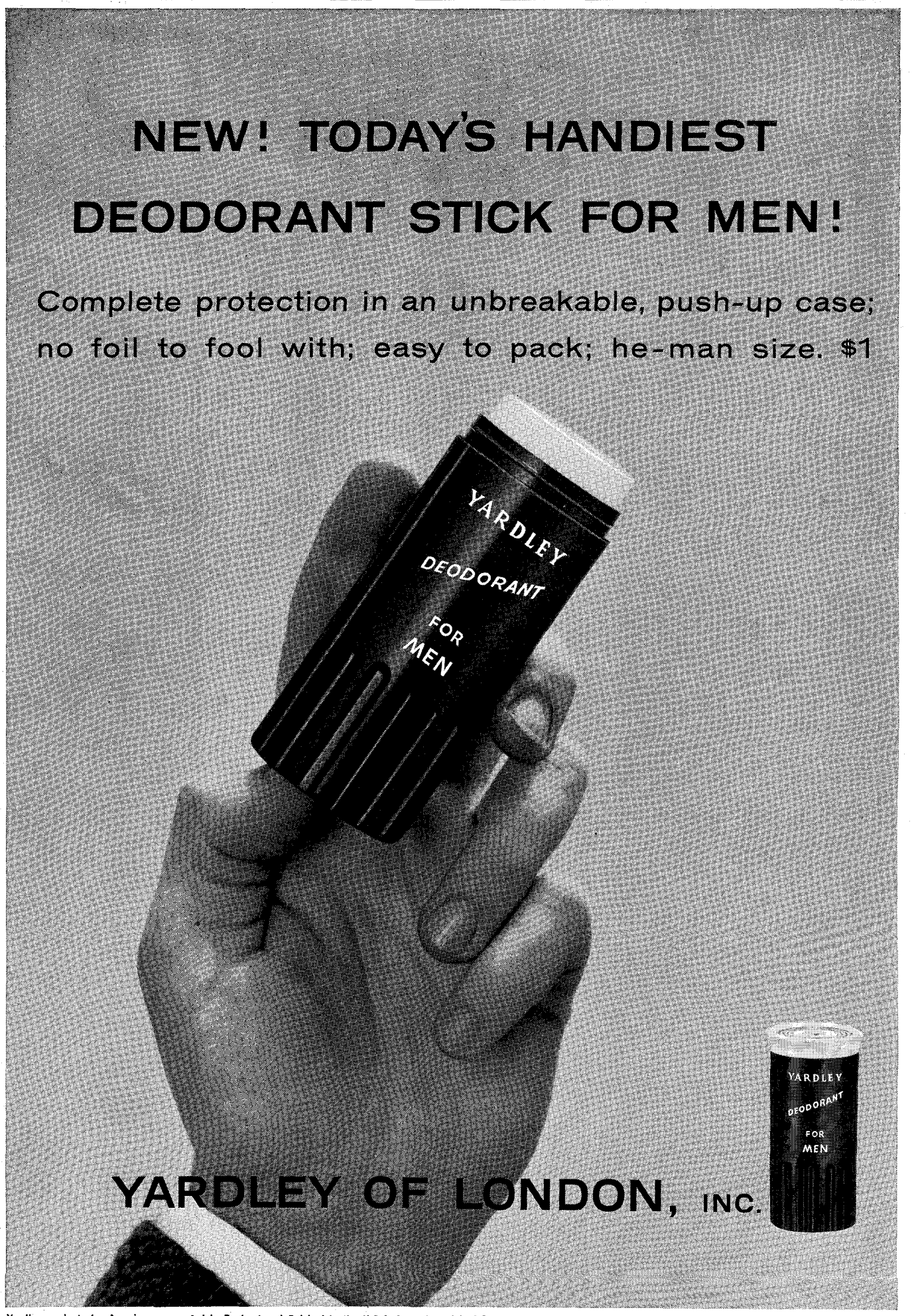
"Roger," the major said; and then he was talking to Eddie. "White Falcon Leader to White Falcon Two. Turn starboard one-eight-zero degrees. Stay wide, but keep me on your scope."

Eddie acknowledged. The plan was simple. They were going to turn back and fly along with the Bogey. Eddie was to stay a safe distance away and keep Barney covered. The major was going to slide in alongside the Bogey and take a close look.

Eddie wanted to lose a lot of speed now. He would turn back while Barney was to race ahead and turn wide. He hauled the throttle back from Afterburner to Buster, and eased it back still farther until the tachometer read 75 per cent RPM. Sound caught up with him again as the bird slowed, and again he could hear the high-pitched scream of his engine.

When he flipped the radarscope to long range he could see the Bogey, too, and he locked on to it. It was just a tiny light that flared brightly every time it was "painted" by the sweep. He banked his bird carefully to the right and watched the Bogey drift across the scope as he made the turn. It was on his port side now, and he saw the other blip moving in to merge with the Bogey. That was Barney rolling out of his turn.

As they pulled abreast of him and moved ahead, he could look out the left and with his own eyes see their tail flames—four for the Bogey and Barney's tail of fire moving in closer and closer.



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Eddie was waiting to hear Barney announce a Big Friend, and he knew Gay Girl was waiting too.

"The Bogey is a Boxcar," Barney finally said. He was telling them it was a four-engine bomber, but he sounded puzzled; and then it happened.

Eddie saw a light flash from the Bogey. A tiny ball of green fire that looked like a child's Roman candle sailed through the air toward Barney's bird and exploded into a dazzling white star. This was something new. Air-to-air gunnery with flak?

For a moment he couldn't see Barney's tail flame, and when he did pick it up, it was out of shape and horribly big.

"White Falcon Leader! Barney! Barney!" He was yelling into his microphone. "Get down and get out! You're on fire! Barney!"

There was no answer. Barney's bird burned into a beautiful flower pattern and dropped down and down through the vast, cold night. Even seeing it he couldn't believe. This was just a nightmare of the freezing sky. Maybe he was low on oxygen. Maybe it was —— No. No.

"White Falcon Two to Gay Girl," he said, and his voice was tight and choked.

"I'm reading you, White Falcon Two," Gay Girl said solemnly.

"The Bogey is a bandit!" Eddie said. "Splash White Falcon Leader."

"Gay Girl to White Falcon Two," Gay Girl's voice was shaky with excitement. "Continue intercept. Bird Dogs coming." "Bird Dogs" meant support. That would be Milt Nunnemaker and Jimmy O'Tool.

Eddie flipped the rocket arming switch to the ON position. His eyes and hands were busy with the problem of intercept. But a man's mind has many parts, and somewhere in a back room of his brain he could see Annie. It was as if she knew what he was doing. He could see the anxiety and the terror on her face, and he could hear his own voice explaining, apologizing, "I gotta bounce him. I'm sorry, Annie! Oh, I'm sorry!" It was like saying good-by, and there was an odd comfort in it.

"Tallyho, Gay Girl," he said into the microphone. "I'm beginning my run."

He had already firewalled the throttle back to Buster and now he jammed it through the Gate and his Afterburner banged into life again.

He held the bandit dead center on the scope and boiled in on him, the range closing fast. Nobody knew what his bird could do, least of all the bandit. He estimated he was doing one-and-a-half times the speed of sound when the bandit fired his first Roman candle.

Eddie watched it arc over his head to explode well behind him. He saw the flash from the explosion, but he did not feel the concussion or hear the noise. He was much too fast for that.

The bandit's second shot was closer, but still a little high, and he never got a third one off. Eddie wasn't making like a friendly duck, snuggling in for a look, the way Barney had had to go in. He was coming in now at almost twice the speed of sound.

The range was now thirty seconds from impact, fifteen, five! There was a flicker of light when his rockets fired off. The Get Out signal flashed and he yanked back on the stick, but the bird handled sloppily in the thin air.

A cloud of fire burst up ahead of him, *and for a tiny nick of time he saw his own* bird mushing right into it, belly first. But the knifed wings did catch and the bird lurched upward, slewing over the burning bandit so close that Eddie wanted to pull up his feet.

Even as he went over he wanted to go back. Drive the bandit down! Drive him down if he had to crash him. He was turning hard and, even with the bird slipping in the half-airless sky, centrifugal force beat him down into his seat. His viscera were crowded down into his pelvic cradle; his jaw was forced open; his head became enormously heavy, too much for his neck to hold, and it pressed like a great stone into the headrest. He could not raise his arms. His hands were being slowly torn from the stick. His eyeballs wanted to fall from their sockets and all he could see was a deepening gray fog. But he was young, and as the bird came out of the turn he shook his head, took a new grip on the stick and looked for the bandit.

It was off to the starboard now, burning in one fuel tank, slipping, curving, dropping like a great bat, gut shot and dying. He chopped back on the throttle until he began to lose altitude at the same rate the bandit was losing it.

"White Falcon Two to Gay Girl," he said. "Splash one bandit." Gay Girl wanted to know how long it would take the bandit to die. "He still has fight," Eddie called in, "but losing two angels a minute. Fire spreading along right wing."

Then a familiar voice cut in on Channel 10. "White Fox Leader to Gay Girl," Milt Nunnemaker said. "Contact. I have two Bogeys at forty-five miles. One at sixteen starboard; one at five starboard."

"Guns tight, White Fox," Gay Girl told him. "One of those is White Falcon Two. White Falcon Two, come home and pancake. For you home plate is vector two-zero-two. Check altitude and fuel."

When he had checked fuel and altitude with Gay Girl and turned to his home heading, he took one more look at the

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burning bomber, but it was long gone now. Nunnemaker and O'Tool were circling it somewhere in the dark, to watch it die.

He, First Lieutenant Edward Polnick, had made the kill, and now that it was over, he felt proud, sick, confident, tired and spooked at the same time. This was the first fight in the world at sixty-four angels. Barney should have had the honor. He'd earned it. He'd deserved it, but he'd lucked out. He'd given up a wife and a spot in God's country to die at sixty-four angels. So all right. So maybe it would be Lieutenant Polnick's turn next.

He saw the runway lights, and the tower brought him in. When his wheels touched down, and when he had braked the rocketing, teetering bird to taxi speed he looked at his watch; 2351. He had been in the air forty minutes. He tried to think of what it meant to fight for forty minutes out of a million, but an order came through from the tower like a steel nail through a plank.

"Lieutenant Polnick, proceed directly from aircraft to ready room. Speak to no one, by order of Colonel Rigger." This was unusual, but everything tonight was unusual.

The rear door of his hangar was open and, inside, Boissart was standing under a harsh light guiding him into position—into position for another take-off if necessary. The alert crew was standing by waiting to refuel and rearm the bird as soon as he cut the engine. He edged the screaming, tiptoeing bird through the hangar door, and when Boissart gave him the signal to stop, he locked his brakes, cut his engine and opened the canopy.

Boissart scrambled up to the gunwale of the cockpit to help him unbuckle. The sergeant made little cooing noises, like a mother hen, but he didn't say one coherent word. Obviously he had had his orders too.

In the ready room, Colonel Rigger; Lieutenant Colonel Wilson, a red-headed, wizened man; and a master sergeant waited for him. They were sitting around the card table, and for a foolish second Eddie thought they were playing poker, but they were studying a map.

"Come in, Polnick!" Colonel Rigger said, and waved him to the empty seat—the chair in which Barney had sat. "Pull up!"

Eddie did what he was told to do, and the colonel kept looking at him as if he were going to fight him. Joe Rigger was an unusually tall man with a bald head, and although he must have been in his fifties, he had the flat stomach of an athlete. The impersonal gray eyes, the undershot jaw and a quick, ruthless way of action had marked him as the toughest officer in the Command.

"Are you shook?" he demanded.

"No, sir," Eddie said.

"Sergeant, get the lieutenant some coffee!" The sergeant jumped. . . . "All right, lieutenant, let's begin with your flight plan!"

The debriefing was a long, microscopic searching for facts. Eddie told everything he'd seen, detail by detail, and the sergeant wrote it down. When they had finished, Eddie had emptied his big mug of coffee, sip by sip.

"They wouldn't have sent a single bomber," Lieutenant Colonel Wilson was saying. "They'd have sent a hundred."

"It must have been an electronic reconnaissance job," Joe Rigger told him. "When we dig it out of the snow, we'll know!"

He banged his fist on the table and his chilled eyes went from one man to another as if to subjugate each of them, one by one.

"In the meantime this is the hard word," he said finally. "This incident never happened. Get that? It never happened! It was a practice scramble. Stengal and Polnick fired on a preset target. Stengal had an electrical-system failure. He tried to come back on magnetic compass, and augered into a mountain." He paused and looked at each of them again. "Got it?"

"Yes, sir," Eddie said, and the two other men echoed him.

"You were on the ball tonight, lieutenant," Joe Rigger told him. His thin smile was like a Presidential Citation, but it lasted only a second. "Just make sure you stay on it," he added.

Eddie saw the edges of Barney's poker hand sticking out from under the flight map. He pulled it out, turned it over and slowly fanned open the cards with his thumb.

"Barney had a full house," he said softly.

The colonel picked up Barney's cards and studied them for a long time, two queens and three nines. He didn't say a word. He simply decked them together and put them in his pocket, and it reminded Eddie that Barney Stengal and Joe Rigger were old friends.

"Your time is up next month, isn't it, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're going to sign up again?"

Eddie was going to say "No, sir" because he'd planned to say it, but he couldn't. It was suddenly apparent to him that he belonged here; that he wanted to live with men like Boissart, Stengal, Nunnemaker, O'Tool, even with men like Joe Rigger. Annie would like these men. She'd even like Jimmy O'Tool.

"Yes, sir," he said. THE END

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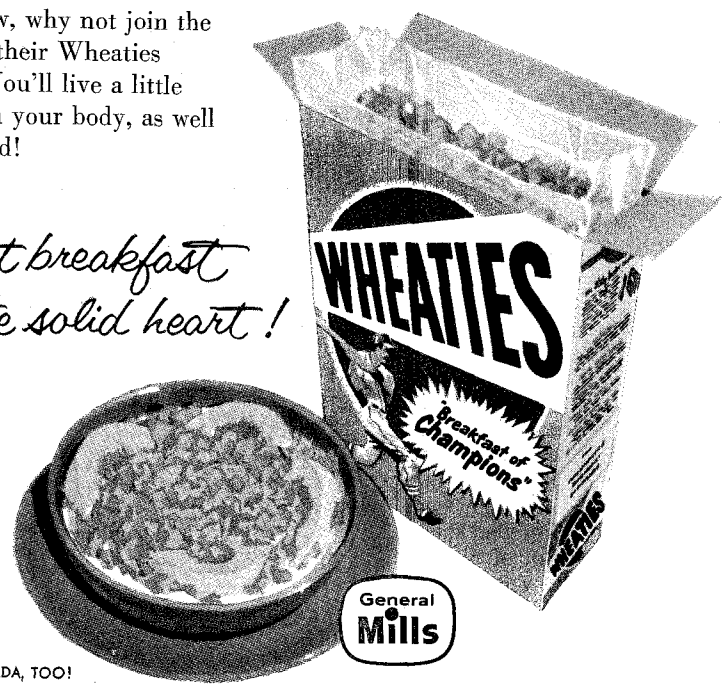

IN CANADA, TOO!

"That's a wonderful idea, Ethel! In fact only this minute Harry was saying, 'Why don't we go dancing tonight?'"

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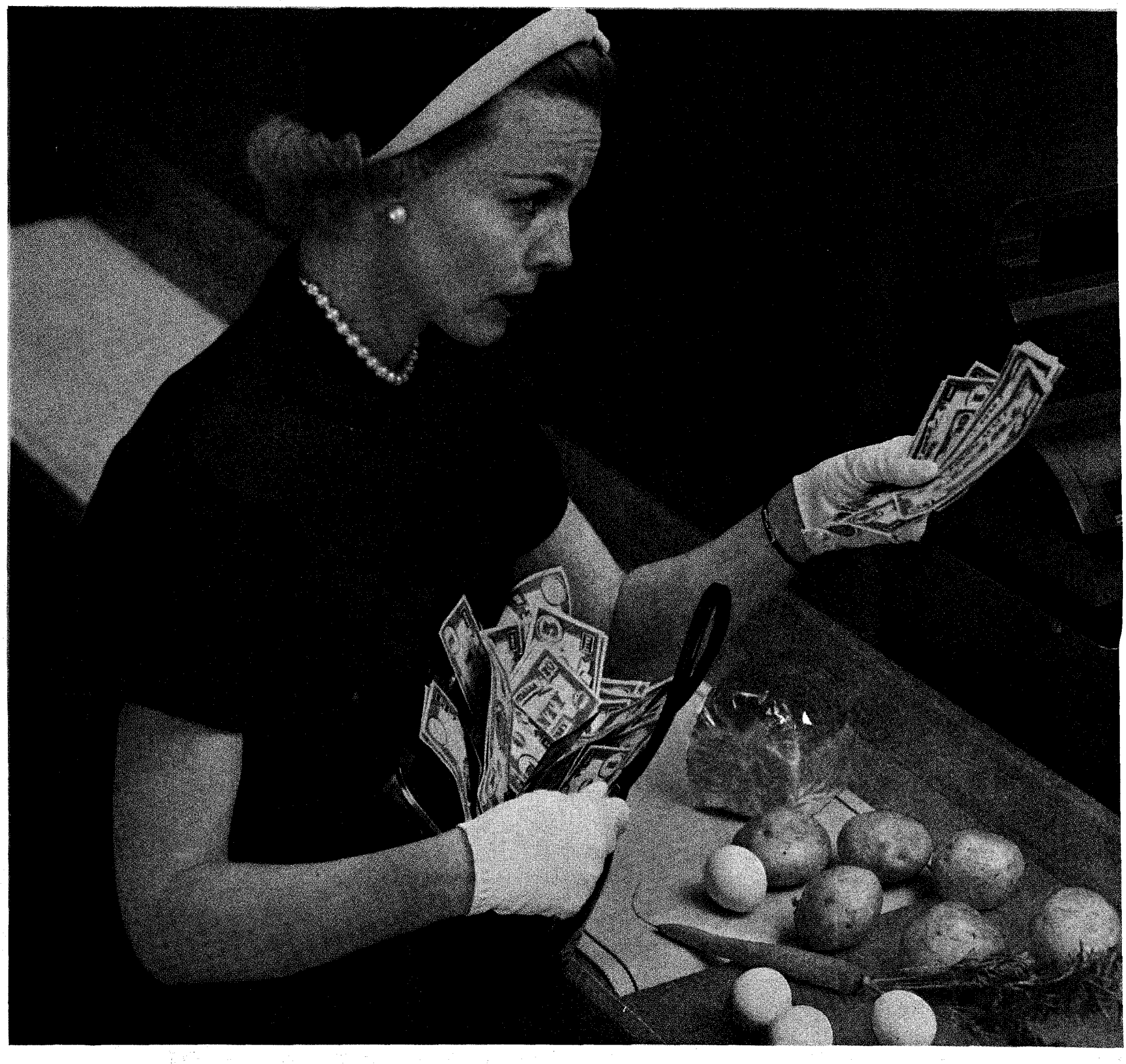

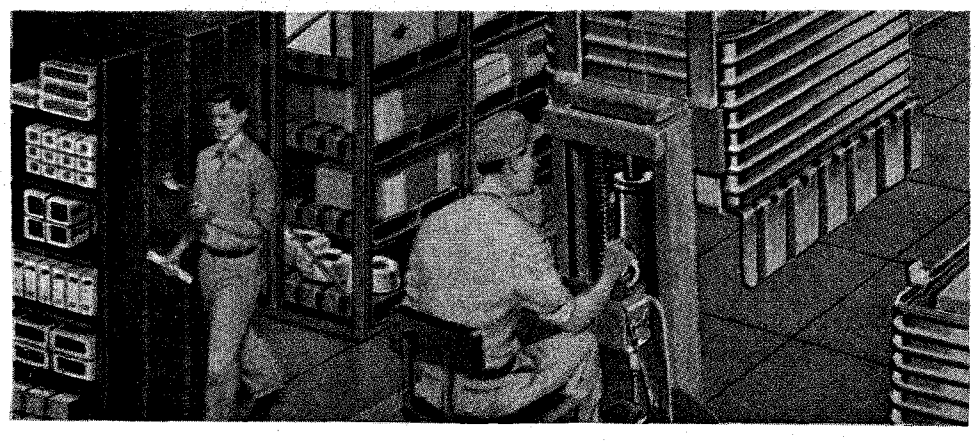

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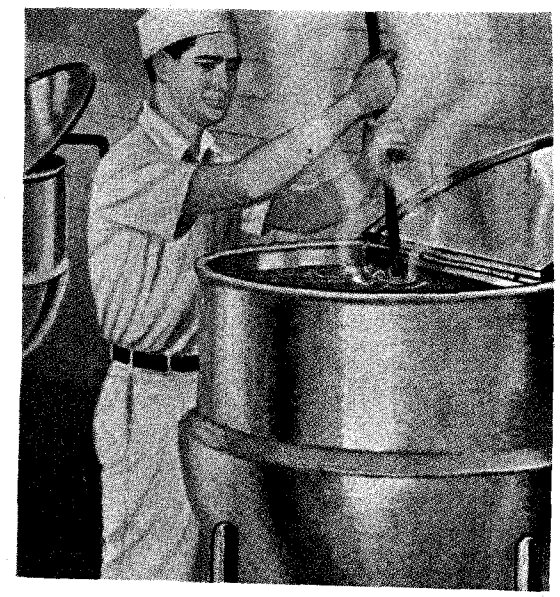
WIDELY USED in both military and commercial aviation, Republic Titanium offers great promise for other industries as well. Food and meat processors find titanium attractive because of its total immunity to the corrosive effects of salt or brine. Titanium's outstanding corrosion-resistance is helping to improve production techniques and provide long-range economies in the chemical industry. Lightweight, high strength titanium is well suited to many applications in the transportation industry. Republic's current titanium research and expansion program will make more of this remarkable metal available.



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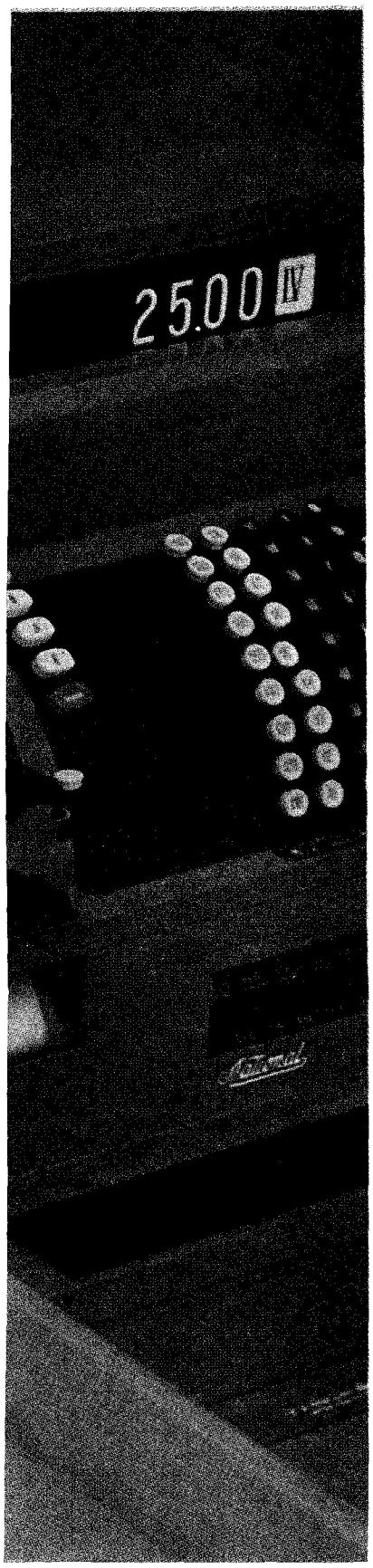

Want more for your money or just more money?

It's a simple economic matter to give *everybody* twice as much money. Just arbitrarily double everybody's pay.

But that would necessarily boost the cost of everything to cover it!

And who would be better off then? Nobody!

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Progress is made in three steps:

1. People's savings are invested in business—through stocks and bonds.
2. Managements then use this money to build new plants, and to buy more productive equipment.
3. This modern equipment turns out more goods with no greater effort from the same number of employees. This is how the cost of things has been brought down and the pay check made to buy more.

A true pay raise for the whole nation comes when the things we want cost less in work hours—rather than when more money is distributed. Raising the nation's ability to buy more with its dollars is a management contribution to social progress.

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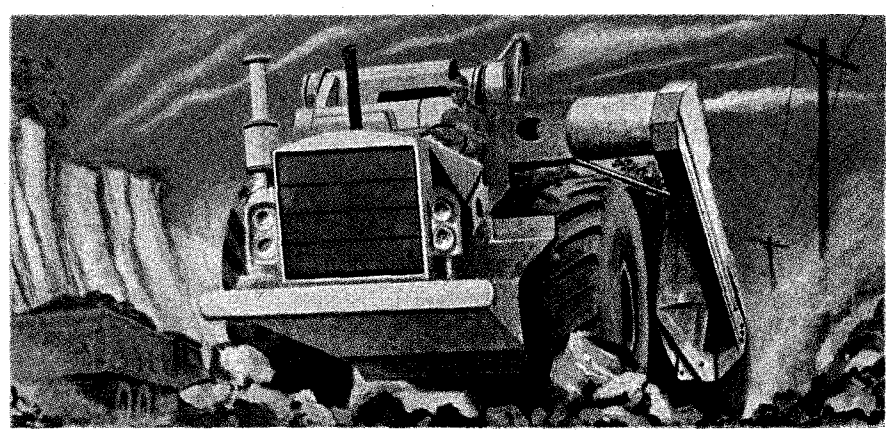

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(*Continued from Page 44*) her neck. In those days her neck was like an apple which you wanted to bite very much, but you never had taken this bite, account of it being such a very great liberty. But here was Mike Sjoblom that night, looking at those holes too. So pleased by them that he let the dish of beans go by and had to get up and chase it. After Mike had caught up with the beans, he sat watching for Bibby to come by again, and it was the stare of a man who would peek over a hotel transom. Mike Sjoblom was very interested in beauty, which, of course, is only skin deep, provided there was lots of skin. Though there was not even this kind of beauty to Mike; he shaved only once in two weeks.

So here was Mike, looking eager, and Bibby was fetching in the pie. There was this big crisp bow at the middle of her back. It was what tied her apron on, and all the miners had wanted to pull it, but there was something about Bibby which didn't allow such fooling. But the spirit of spring had laid hold of Mike. He reached out and pulled this bow, and there he went with his chair on top of him, and your hand hurt for a week.

Bibby had been very quiet in the kitchen after that business. She said finally, "I don't like fighting, Bud, and I won't have it."

Bud said, "What did you expect?"

"I expected rebuke for Mike, which I was quite capable of giving, but not broken dishes and a broken chair."

Bud wanted to tell her what it was that had roused the wildcat in Mike Sjoblom, but he didn't know how to go about it, women's gear and tackle being a dark level to him. So he didn't mention this peekaboo arrangement.

Anyway, she'd changed to something else on the next day, which was a Friday. Bud had helped two weeks with the pots and dishes, so he asked, "Can I take you to the dance tomorrow night?" There was always a dance on Saturdays at the Miners' Hall. She'd exclaimed, "Bud Pease, how sweet of you! Of course you may!"

Next night he was at the dance with her. He'd never danced much before, but it was very easy to dance with Bibby Reynolds. But he'd worried, because the waist she wore above her red skirt was another peekaboo combo, and this one had nine holes in it. And here came Mike Sjoblom. His eyes looked as if lit by a seven-foot vein of silver. He clapped Bud on the shoulder. Bibby told Bud it was that way at a dance, a certain amount of cutting in was to be expected. But after Bud got her back, here came three more gents, and Mike for a second helping. Then the three others for another round.

Bud took two of these outside after they'd had their second apiece with Bibby and he was not marked a bit, but there still was Mike Sjoblom and one more that he would see after walking Bibby home. He was pretty thoughtful while walking her up the steep street to the American House because he was nerving to kiss her good night. Which he did and she didn't pop him for it, but only twisted loose, after a while, for air. So he took the back of her pretty head between two fingers and turned it like a drill to where he wanted it, and held true. She was limp when that one was finished, which was a long time after.

She murmured, "Bud." She murmured, "Oh, Bud." She said, "You're not to go back and quarrel with those men who were nice to me."

Ma Pease used to talk that way to Bud's pa. Bud said, "Please, Bibby, let's not start this, yet."

She said, "It is an excellent time to start it and to settle it too. No fighting. I insist."

"Listen," Bud had said, "I washed all those dishes tonight, including the mustard off Mike Sjoblom's plate, and you know how it is with mustard. And what did four gents do tonight? Cut in on me. Twice apiece."

"Bud Pease, I won't be battled over like a prize-fighter's belt. Promise what I ask. It's now or never."

"Never what?"

"Never ever."

Bud tried to kiss her again. She uppercut him with the top of her hard little head. He bit his tongue half through, and you know what this does to you.

He hollered over his lump of chopped tongue, "They were around you tonight like wasps to a side of bacon!"

"Oh, so now I'm a side of bacon! Is that it?"

Bud shouted, "It was the waist with the buttonholes where holes got no business! Unless you like Mike Sjoblom and such gents to think their eye is a button and that is just the place for it!"

"Shame on you, Bud Pease! This is an up-to-date, very modish, mail-order waist from Spokane, and the nicest one I own, and you are a wicked, sinful person! Also it is me inside these holes, and not you, and furthermore, you yourself must have been doing some spying on me down over my shoulder that I never imagined, and finally you are trying to domineer me, that's just what it is, and in conclusion, sir, that is one thing which nobody gets away with. I am glad this trait of yours has shown up in time. Good night, Mr. Pease." The door was closing and she was inside. "Good-by." The door shut hard. It opened an inch. "I mean it." The door shut again, and stayed.

Bud went down to Sam's Place and attended to those two appointments, which was a pleasure, account of how his tongue hurt, though Mike Sjoblom got one in on him. He worked on it when he reached the bunkhouse, but it needed a piece of steak, and in a bunkhouse there is no steak. In the morning Bibby saw what had happened, so it was really forever.

Next day, while he was seated under that drip in the mine, eating his noonday dinner and feeling low, Pete Humber had sprung this drillers' contest on him.

Now it was June and one month to go. Pete said, "From here on we practice four hours daily. You for glory and me for this honeymoon to Boise."

"Does your girl know about the honeymoon yet?" Bud asked.

"No, but a diamond is a great convincer," said Pete. "By the way, the purse is now up to fifteen hundred dollars."

"Keep it all," Bud yelped, "and take her to Seattle, even!"

"Why, that is one of the bee-utiful thoughts I been thinking on. Bud Pease, I'm purely glad I dragged you out of the adit that day."

"I wish you'd left me in!" Bud yelled, because he was not nearly as happy as a man ought to be who has slung all his stricken memories down the shaft. "Anyway, we haven't won yet. Fifteen hundred dollars will bring in teams all the way from the Black Hills. From Arizona, even."

"Which we will make to look like potato diggers," said Pete. So from then on, four hours a day it was, until the top of that mountain looked like an acre of stone buttonholes. Bud wished the acre didn't look that way. The word "buttonholes" brought the ruckus with Bibby back to mind again.

It was the first of July. Stands for spectators were being built around a big chunk of hard blue granite in front of the American House.

The second of July. Bunting was up on stores and houses. Hundreds of people were coming in. They slept in shifts in the hotels and they camped out.

The Fourth. Hard-rock men from South Dakota, Arizona, Alaska even. The cream of the West.

"How you feeling, kid?" Pete Humber asked.

"Awful," Bud told him.

"Buck fever? It'll go away when you kneel behind that starter drill."

"It isn't that, Pete."

"Son," said Pete, "this day is important. The purse is up to two thousand dollars."

"Keep it all," Bud hollered, "and take her to San Francisco! Let's win this purse, and then leave me alone!"

"San Francisco! The Cliff House, Fisherman's Wharf—her and me! Son, I'm going to show you what this means to old Pete Humber. The girl I aim to put this

"Well, I don't think it makes him look any taller."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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diamond on, she is watching us this very minute. Just now I spotted her. She is up there on the roof of the American House porch."

Bud looked. There were two hundred people on that roof. One hundred and ninety-nine of them he didn't even see. For Bibby Reynolds stood there.

"Ain't she lovely, Bud," asked Pete, "this girl I been telling you about?"

Bud thought, *This is where I drop this sack of drills. Right here I drop this sack.*

"Fill your eyes, son. I don't mind. Ain't she the ore in a load of country rock? Ain't she prettier than two aces back to back? Now you see why I am counting on you today as one real miner counts on another real miner. Are we going to win that purse?"

Bud had to remember. He had to remember the day he and Pete had stuffed the holes in that ground-level drift with enough powder to lift half the top off Wardner Mountain, and the lightning storm busted outside. The pair of them left real fast. They left fast because you don't hang around charged powder holes

... ...

Lovers

By Lee Golden

Shrill-voiced and demanding
As spoiled, thwarted children,
We cry for love.
With ungentle hands,
We clutch and plead,
Grasping nothing.
O my lover,
At once my victim
And my destroyer!
We must learn together
The giving of love
And the love of giving,
Or with our passion
Perish.

... ...

when lightning is looking for a place to light. But into the tunnel came the blue bolt, zinging like a No. 2 pool ball looking for a pocket, and it caught you on the knee. Your leg turned under in a funny bend. You were down. Pete stopped running. He came back and took hold of you. More blue pool balls, a whole frame of them, but Pete didn't leave till he had you on his shoulder. He stepped over buzz bolts and hung onto you and laid you down outside. You remember this.

"Hold true, turn sweet and grab fast today, won't you, Bud?" Pete now was saying.

"Yes, I will, Pete," Bud replied.

Bibby Reynolds, up on the porch roof, stood close to its rail.

So it's for her and Pete I am helping to buy this honeymoon, thought Bud. *How dumb can a man get?*

"We're the eleventh team, Bud. The main thing is, don't us let our minds go drifting."

The first team was summoned to the rock. It was a pair from the Pend Oreille country and was very strong and hairy. It made a lot of hole in its allotted fifteen minutes, and Pete said to Bud, "We'll have to do thirty inches, son, to be in the money."

There were teams from Wardner, from Butte, from the Mother Lode, from the Black Hills and the Fraser River and the Yukon, even. There was a timekeeper, an announcer, a judge who measured depth, and a referee who counted the drills. Each team was allowed sixteen drills that somebody had spent all night sharpening; they were seven-eighth-inch drills of graduated lengths; there were three thousand people looking on, and as Team No. 2 took its turn, and Team No. 3, excitement mounted until it was greater than when Lizzie Tabor's house of mirrors burned down.

And now it was your and Pete's turn. You take off your shirt and you burn to think how once you scolded Bibby about nine small holes at the top of her waist at the back, but your mind must not be drifting. You lay out fifteen drills handy and hold the starter drill true and steady. Pete lays his hammer behind his shoulder.

The timekeeper yells, "Strike!"

Bam. Up, bam. Up, bam. Pete reaches with that sledge and it's an eagle dropping on a swallow. You throw out the ten-inch drill and drop in the fourteen-incher. The eighteen-incher. The twenty-two. The crowd is screaming. Three other Coeur d'Alene teams are already out of the money, but Pete is an old Coeur d'Alene champion and your old man was once a holding champion and you and Pete are the last home team. Every blow Pete lands is on a spot no bigger than a buckshot, and he is just getting limbered up.

And you hit this dutchman. It is a bump in the hole that's not like other spots. The drill doesn't bite. It flips. You turn it a hair. It bounces again. You try to get the feel for this extra-hard spot, but the drill sails out of the hole.

"Let me hold!" yells Pete. He is down behind the drill. "Lay on it, Bud Pease!"

You've grabbed the hammer. You swing. Pete knows how to churn up that dutchman. It's flour now; it's chips. Pete grabs for the twenty-six-incher, the thirty, the thirty-four. By the screams of the crowd, you are back in the money. Making hole. Hitting as Pete never hit.

The ripping sound behind you is like somebody tearing a shirt. Like a string of firecrackers. It is timbers cracking. It is the porch coming off the American House and going down the steep slope for the excavation where Lizzie Tabor's house of mirrors used to be. It is two hundred people riding that roof like a skip on a busted rope, and three thousand other people screeching.

You've dropped your hammer. Bibby Reynolds was on that roof. With a hundred others you dive for the jackstraw heap of nails, boards and slivers. You drag people out, look at them, pass them along and dive some more. Until you find Bibby. She is on hands and knees, with a chunk of the roof on her back, and you raise it off and make sure how it is with her. It is very good with her.

She says, "Thanks, Bud. But you and Pete were winning."

"Winning what?" you ask.

"Why, money and glory. That's all you've been thinking of for ten weeks, isn't it?"

"They'll need the money for the injured," you tell her, "and can keep the glory. And you'll have to take your honeymoon right here."

"Why, I never wanted anything else," she says, when here comes Pete.

He has been wriggling like a mole, and now he has somebody in his arms like he had you the day of the lightning. He's saying, "This is Amy, Bud. She used to be my wife. We split the blanket. I thought a diamond ring might get her to sew it up, but now there's no diamond and she's going to marry me back anyway. She came all the way from Spokane to tell me. Look at her—kind of scratched, but isn't she lovely?"

"Sure, Pete, sure. Like two aces back to back," you say. How dumb have you been?

You see Pete a couple hours later. He is washed and has his shirt and store suit on, and so have you. He says, "Come hold and turn Amy for me, Bud, while the preacher says the words."

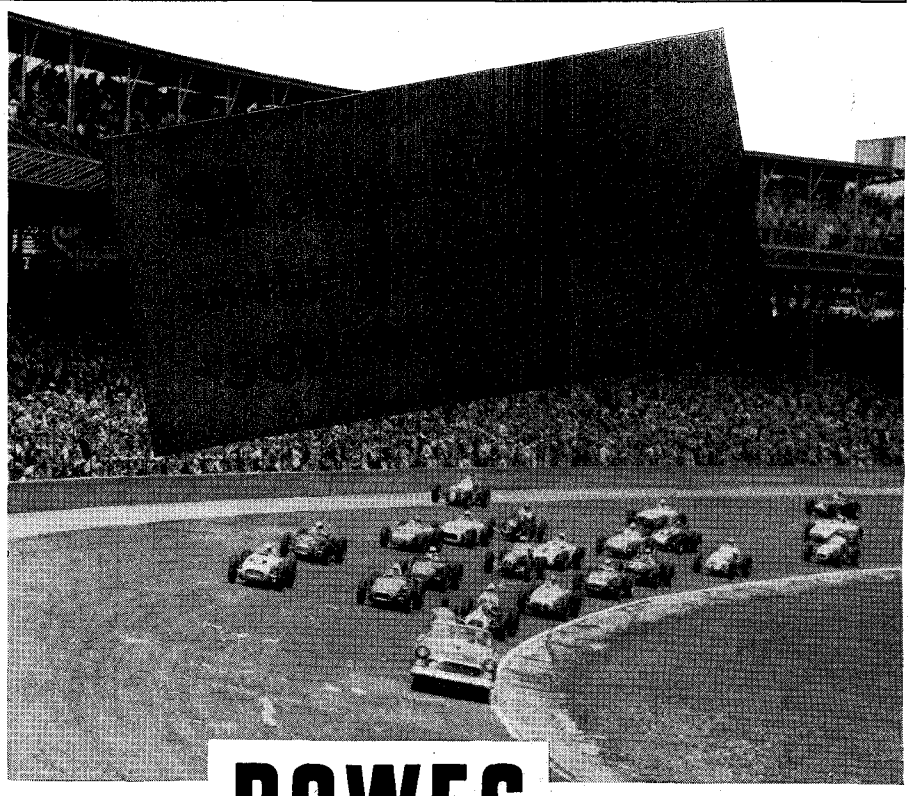
You say, "Do I get to kiss the bride?"

"Well, one short one. Durn short," says Pete.

This, after the ceremony, you do. You also kiss the maid of honor. It is not so short. It is until the preacher taps you and says, "I have to close the church." Finally he says, "I happen to have the book still in my hand, if you have the license." This you have had for three months.

You climb back into the American House by a window and pack Bibby's suitcase for her for the trip to Wallace. You take everything off the hooks that she might want and you think how funny it is; she is only half owner now of this gear and tackle and you are the other half owner. There are four peekaboo waists.

THE END



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(*Continued from Page 52*) too early to get help for it, brought it to Long Island with him. Later, after calling Audubon headquarters, he got in touch with us. At home, I smeared its wound with a healing ointment, then offered it moistened dog food, which it wouldn't eat. But when George dug up some worms, it slurped them down like spaghetti.

The next day the account of the woodcock's accident appeared in the newspapers. One caption read: BIRD DISABLED BY SKYSCRAPER. In his story, a reporter called the bird "Woody," referring to it as a male, so we did too. However, since male and female woodcocks look alike, its sex was really unknown.

Short-necked and bobtailed, Woody was a chunky bird about the size of a pigeon. Against the dead leaves in his cage, his velvety brown feathers were almost invisible. Handled gently, he soon got used to us, but for a wild bird he was very finicky about his four daily meals. He would eat only on a table, taking his fifteen worms from a paper plate. When finished, he swished the mud from his three-inch bill in a dish of water, then fell into a blissful after-dinner reverie. I tried to break him of this habit by putting his worms in the cage. However, he stubbornly refused to pick them up and stalked off to a corner while the worms wiggled away through the large-meshed netting.

Believing he was impatient to get to his breeding grounds, we released Woody as soon as his injury had healed. Besides, sixty worms a day meant a lot of digging. The day we freed him in a nearby swamp, he "froze" on a log in true woodcock fashion. Then, with a whistling sound of his rounded wings, he took off, heading northeast toward the shores of Connecticut.

Another bewildered migrant was a female grouse brought to us by a policeman. She had been found in a busy traffic center, madly dashing around for cover. In captivity, the hen seemed as tame as a pet chicken, letting me stroke her red-brown feathers or pick her up. Fed on cracked corn and oats, she was staying with us until the weekend, when we planned to take her to a bird sanctuary. Meanwhile, because even our largest cage seemed small for her, I thought she would welcome some exercise. So, putting a long string on one of her legs, I began walking her in the garden. One whiff of the air of freedom had her racing around our yard, trying to get away. As she made a dash for the street, I grabbed her, but caught only a handful of feathers. Somehow I was able to reel her in. Then, suddenly taking off like a kite at the end of my cord, she flew onto our garage roof. I waited and waited for her to come down, but she decided to sit it out, and I was afraid I'd break her leg if I jerked her down. At last I had to call my neighbor, who got a ladder and prodded her into my waiting arms. A grouse does not lead well on a leash!

However, for a crippled or exhausted bird, exercise is out of the question. In fact, adult wild birds sometimes go into shock and literally die of fright if not kept quiet after being injured. A fair-sized cardboard carton holding food, water and a perching stick makes a good temporary home. Covered with some removable netting or screening, the box can easily be kept clean. If handled gently, the bird usually senses that you want to help it. It is kindness to release a wild bird as soon as it gets well—and what a thrill to see a former cripple soar into the air!

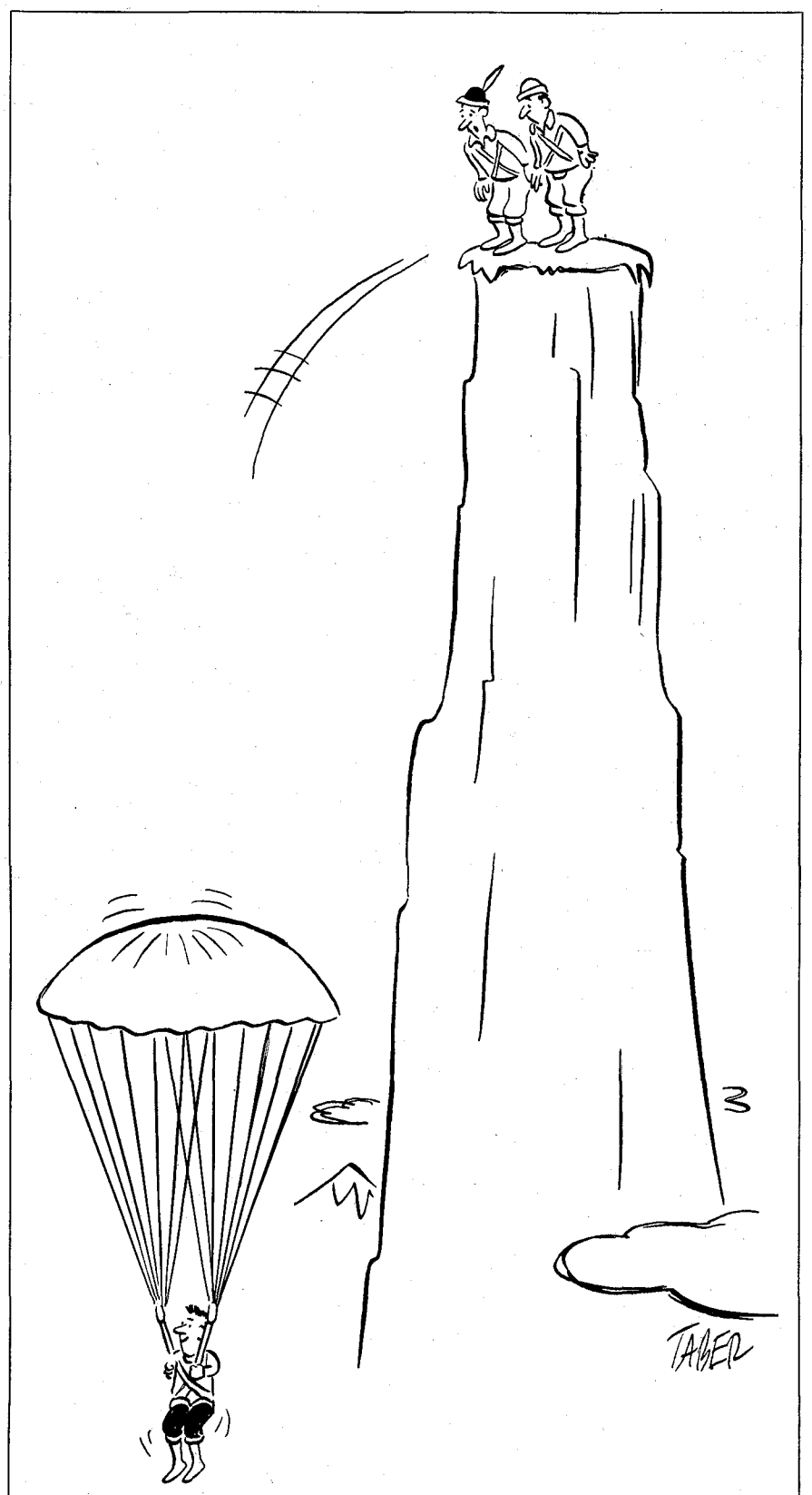
Baby birds are not usually afraid and readily open their mouths for food. They should be fed every half hour by putting small bits of it into their mouths. When they've had enough, they refuse to swallow. A good rule is not to put any more food into a bird's throat until it has swallowed the previous morsel.

Never give a baby bird water or milk from a medicine dropper. They don't need any liquid and, if given forcibly, it may kill them. When they're old enough to perch, offer them water in a shallow dish.

Songbird nestlings will thrive on a basic food of equal parts of hard-boiled egg yolk and finely sifted bread crumbs. Mashed together and slightly moistened with milk or cod-liver oil, the mixture agrees with robins, catbirds, orioles, bluebirds, thrushes, tanagers, cardinals and towhees. It is also fine for woodpeckers, flickers, sparrows, starlings, waxwings, and other small garden birds, as well as the injured adults of all of these species. Good supplementary foods are canned dog food, bits of grapes, cherries and bananas, small worms and bits of scalded chopped beef. But no birdseed for baby birds; they can't digest it, even though their parents may be seed eaters.

Birds of prey, such as the hawks and owls, have a different menu, however. One evening an excited garage owner phoned to tell us an owl had flown into his building during a snowstorm and he wanted it removed. From the brief description he gave, we couldn't tell the kind it was, except that it did not have ear tufts like a screech owl, the one most commonly found in this area. Expecting anything from the great gray to the huge barred owl of the deep woods, George took heavy gauntlets to handle it. I went along in case he needed help.

Tiptoeing into the garage, we both strained to get a look at the fierce unknown—then burst out laughing. There, sitting on a box, was our smallest eastern owl, a tiny saw-whet, named for its call: a soft, rasping "scree-kaw" like the sound made by filing a saw. A mouse hunter from Canada, this midget had probably come south looking for food, as saw-whets often do in winter, and had injured a wing.



"Why didn't we think of that?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At home, when we opened the carton, the little owl hopped out and tried to fly across the kitchen. However, his drooping wing wouldn't support him, so he glided to the floor. Standing there like a brown-and-white elf, he drew himself up to his full height of seven inches and gazed at us with quiet dignity. We named him Coco and for a month knew the charm of his owl personality.

Although baby owls should have three meals a day, as a grownup, Coco needed only one. In late afternoon I fed him strips of raw beef. Holding the meat in one claw, he tore off small mouthfuls with his hooked beak. Twice a week I got him a chicken head from my butcher, which he ate, feathers and all. Like all birds of prey, he had to have some fur or feathers every so often to clean out his stomach. Some hours after swallowing it, he spat out an oval pellet, consisting of feathers with the indigestible matter neatly wrapped inside.

Until his wing drew back into place, I kept him caged; later I often let him fly in the kitchen. Although at first he seemed rather reserved, I soon learned that he had a bump of curiosity bigger than he was. After skimming silently around the room, he usually perched on the curtain rod. From there he watched with intense interest everything I did; all my daily chores fascinated him; and the time I baked a cake he got so excited he could hardly stand it.

Sitting on the rod, he stared in amazement when I laid out the ingredients, bobbing his head, as owls do, when I walked to and from the table. When I broke the eggs, he looked at me, startled, as though surprised by a jack-in-the-box; his yellow eyes, always big, popped open even wider. Finally it was just too much, and he flew down onto the towel rack to get a closer view of the curious goings-on. I picked up a spoon and started to stir. At that his head, moving back and forth, seemed to jump from one shoulder to another, as if disconnected from his body. At last, throwing caution aside, he flitted lightly over my head and perched on the edge of the mixing bowl like an inquisitive sprite.

If startled, Coco made a clicking sound with his beak, ending up with his "scree-kaw" cry. At times he seemed very aloof until I found a way to melt him—scratch his head. For that he'd stand perfectly still while I sank my fingers into his downy feathers and rubbed his scalp. After I finished one side, he'd turn around and have me do the other, meanwhile fluttering his eyelids in owlish bliss.

When it came time for him to leave us, we took him to a distant hemlock grove where there were plenty of white-footed mice. There George perched him on a limb and stepped back beside me. Against the green branches, a perfect setting for his milk-chocolate-colored feathers, Coco already seemed to have lost his identity; he was no longer the little owl that had skimmed around our kitchen, but some wild creature out of the north. He stayed on the limb, staring in our direction, so I walked over with my hand outstretched to give him a farewell pat. For a split second I thought I saw a friendly flicker in his yellow eyes. Then the shutter dropped, and I was looking at a stranger who turned his head and glided off into the woods.

Like Coco, many of these wild birds become our friends during their stay. But when they're well again and can take care of themselves, we're always glad to see them go back to the outdoor life for which they were meant. THE END

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Secrets of the Unknown War

(Continued from Page 33)

same. The sledges are unloaded and everything is taken into the hut. The dogs are unharnessed and picketed on long chains, and then they are fed. Somebody lights the stove and somebody gets snow to melt for coffee. As the hut warms up, the traveling clothes are taken off and hung in the ceiling of the hut to thaw and dry. Everything begins to steam comfortably.

After they eat, the sleeping bag is overwhelmingly attractive, but the sledge patrol always had one other chore which Eske Brun, the colonial governor of Greenland, had ordered, and that was to write a log of the day's journey. It bored them. But that night at Cape Wynn, Marius at last had something of interest to put in his logbook, and after supper he settled down laboriously with a pencil.

It was midnight when the dogs began to howl.

When the two German hunters came breathlessly in from the outpost at Germania Harbor, Lt. Hermann Ritter, commander of the German weather-reporting expedition in Greenland, was in bed with a temperature, but the news which they blurted out soon brought him to his feet.

The story they told him was so stupid from a military point of view that it was almost funny. If they had only waited in the hut, they could perfectly easily have shot or captured the three sledge drivers as they approached across the open ice. But something of the arctic spirit had got into those two men. They had run away and come back to base, they explained, because they had not been able to bring themselves to shoot: and that curious explanation was one which Ritter, a veteran of the arctic, could easily understand. Even the Nazi, Schmidt, when he was told, knew what they meant.

Anyhow, Ritter wasted no time on remonstration. The main question was whether they had been seen. They said they were afraid they probably had, as they climbed the mountain. Ritter guessed the three sledges had come from Eskimoness, and he took it for granted that Eskimoness had a radio transmitter. Therefore, if the three drivers, or even one of them, got back to Eskimoness alive, the Greenland Government and the Americans and British would all know where his base was hidden.

Five minutes after the two hunters came in, eight Germans set off, in two separate parties, armed with submachine guns, rifles and revolvers, with orders to get the three sledge drivers and bring them in, preferably alive, but if necessary dead. One of the parties was led by Ritter, who was still feeling ill, and the other one by Doctor Weiss, the senior meteorologist. Schmidt was in Doctor Weiss' party.

When Ritter got to Germania Harbor, it was getting dark, and Doctor Weiss had already arrived with his party and discovered there was nobody in the hut. Nothing had been touched. On the face of it, it was ridiculous to try to catch sledges by following them on foot. Besides, Ritter's men were wearing leather boots instead of fur ones, which is one of the surest ways of getting frostbite.

But Doctor Weiss, who knew much less than Ritter about the dangers and had never seen a dog sledge, was eager to try to follow up the tracks, and he was supported by Schmidt and several of the others. Ritter knew that if anyone went, he ought to go himself, but even the five miles from Hansa Bay had taken a lot out of him, and he could not face the idea of going any farther. But he knew better than to argue, especially with Schmidt, who had made it plain that he suspected Ritter of disloyalty to Germany; so he reluctantly let them go while he stayed at the hut.

The Germans were halfway across the sound when they saw a light in the hut at Cape Wynn. Marius and the Eskimos, in their innocence, had not thought of blacking out the window.

The men spread out in a quarter circle and crept very quietly in toward the light. The moon was shining above the steep hills behind the hut but in the shadow of the hills it was dark. They stumbled through the shore ice. They heard dogs growling.

Suddenly the light went out. They all ran forward; the sound of the dogs turned to furious howls and they found themselves among what seemed a milling mass of dogs. In the darkness it was some seconds before they saw that the dogs were chained and that they could reach the hut by going round them. Weiss dashed for the hut. It was empty.

Weiss was annoyed and baffled. For the moment, the men had slipped out of his grasp, but he had firmly captured the sledges and the dogs. When he looked around more closely inside the hut he found three sets of fur clothes and boots and gloves. He reasoned that the three men would have to come back to get their equipment before they froze to death. He posted a sentry and he and the others went into the hut to get warm. They were hungry, and there was white bread and a pot of marmalade laid out for them, and coffee on the stove. They were delighted to discover American cigarettes. They amused themselves by trying to read Marius' logbook, which was lying open on the table. Confidently, they settled down to wait. That was the Germans' only mistake, because Marius, William and Mikael never thought of going back to get their gear.

Eskimoness was in one of its quiet periods; nearly everyone was away. Kurt Olsen, the young radio operator, was patrolling Hold With Hope with an Eskimo whose name was Aparte, and Henry Rudi had gone round Clavering Island. Ib Poulsen, the leader of the sledge patrol, was sending the weather broadcasts at six-hour intervals and was also teaching the job to Eli Knudsen, who had been in charge of the station at Ella Island all winter. The patrol had a radio set down there, but there had been nobody there who could work it. And so Knudsen had come north for a few weeks' lessons in Morse and maintenance, and he had brought his two Eskimos with him. The only other person near Eskimoness was the fourth of the Eskimos, Evald, and he was away hunting.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning of March thirteenth when Poulsen looked out by habit across the ice and saw a dark speck. He knew what it was even before he had reached for his field glasses—one man, about three miles away to the eastward, and he was walking. He shouted to Knudsen to harness a few dogs and go out to bring the man in, and he began to get first-aid things ready in the hut, because a man without dogs could mean only disaster. He went outside as Knudsen came across the shore ice, riding the sledge with an almost lifeless man lying on it—Marius, gray with exhaustion, tattered, dirty.

Poulsen and Knudsen helped Marius indoors and noticed he had lost his boots and had been walking in his socks. They worked over him and found he had nothing wrong except first-degree frostbite, which would cure itself; and they warmed him up and gave him a drink and some food and put him to bed, and questioned him harshly before he fell asleep because they had to know what had happened.

From the incoherent story Marius gave them, there seemed to be every chance that in less than six hours the Germans would be there at Eskimoness. The minute Poulsen had pieced the whole story together, he sat down and wrote a report of the events at Germania Harbor and Cape Wynn and began to work against time to put it into cipher. At noon, Scoresby Sound was on the air, and he started to send the first half of his message for onward transmission to Eske Brun. The second half of the signal had to wait till 1800, because he had not had time to encipher it.

Between the transmission of the first and second halves of this signal, quite a lot had happened, and the second half had been rewritten several times. The final version included the information that Poulsen expected Olsen back on Wednesday, and that, unless ordered otherwise, he would leave then for further reconnaissance. William and Mikael arrived in the afternoon, bedraggled and weary, but otherwise not much the worse. With so much to think about, it was some time before anybody asked Marius how he had got back to Eskimoness.

The bare facts make his journey unique of its kind in arctic travel. At the end of a very long day, in which he had already traveled something like forty miles, at one o'clock in the morning of March twelfth, Marius left Cape Wynn. In thirty-four hours, without any food whatever, he had walked fifty-six miles across the ice to Eskimoness. Somewhere on the way he had passed William and Mikael, who had stopped in a hut and gone to sleep. Somewhere his skin boots had fallen to pieces. But it always happens, when a man drives himself to the very limit of endurance, that his memory of his experience is dim, and nobody will ever know much more than that of the journey which Marius made.

Once Poulsen had got his signal away, he supposed the American Air Force would be getting under way and would take charge of the whole situation within a day or two. In the meantime, his first idea was to collect as many men as he could at Eskimoness. That same afternoon he went out on the ice to have a look toward the east. With glasses, a sledge can be seen at twenty miles; so far, there were no Germans coming. So he took the risk of sending the only other able-bodied man, Eli Knudsen, round toward Henry Rudi's hut to try to find the old man and bring him back, and during that same evening they returned; Rudi was anxious and rather more subdued than usual. There was nobody who could go to look for Kurt Olsen, and Peter Nielsen was so far away up north that he would have to be left where he was for the moment.

The first thing was a plan to retreat. They were not feeling defeatist, but they had no idea how many Germans there were or what their intentions were. Three of the four remaining dog teams were picketed some distance away from the house behind a hill. Poulsen's team was kept by the house as watchdogs for the night. A depot of tents and provisions and traveling gear was laid in the hills, so that if the worst came to the worst, they would be able to get away to safety. All the patrol's written orders, accounts and messages were hidden in a hole in the rocks and all the ciphers and codes except one were buried.

For the more active defense, they blacked out the windows and began to build breastworks of sandbags inside them, and bit by bit they put up barricaded firing points at strategic places around the house. That night one man was set on watch outside the house. It was the first time an enemy attack had ever seemed imminent at Eskimoness or anywhere else in Greenland.

Poulsen did not even try to sleep that night. The trouble was that he was only a civilian, and so were all his men. All he had been told to do was to try to find a German landing if there was one, and the general idea had always been that once it was found, the Americans would deal with it. To look for Germans was a different thing from shooting them. Personally, Poulsen was not yet in a frame of mind for shooting anyone.

The next morning an enormously long signal came from the west coast, and as Poulsen plowed through it with his cipher book his spirits rose.

To Poulsen Eskimoness March 14th
From Eske Brun
Your main task till further notice obtain fullest most reliable information and if pos-

"Oh, don't be such a prude! This may mean a big order for us!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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sible without prejudice to main task also to eliminate enemy forces by capture or shooting. You are authorized use any means to this end and your weapons should be used rather than run least risk of being captured yourselves, or at the least sign among prisoners of resistance or attempts to escape. Immediately you have in your own judgment assembled enough men at the station, you may make journey proposed with necessary companions. Keep radio watch for possible detection enemy radio in neighborhood. Be prepared for air attack. How many men will be at station when Olsen returns? Inform me, for sake of identification from air, how many men leave with how many sledges immediately on departure. Signal condition of fjord ice with regard to possible plane landing. Signal winter-ice and pack-ice conditions. Energy and judgment of great importance our future position in East Greenland. Remember enemy probably resolute, so take no chances, but shoot first. BRUN.

Some of the other men were out when he finished deciphering the signal, and to make sure that they all saw it, Poulsen stuck it up on the wall inside the door—an action with consequences which nobody could have foreseen.

The only Americans whom Poulsen had met in Greenland were the men on the United States Coast Guard ship which had supplied him in the summer, and one of the officers on board had told him he could count on American Air Force help whenever he needed it. Now, Eske Brun's signal seemed to confirm it, and the men at Eskimoness began not only to watch the ice, expecting Germans, but also to watch the sky. Everything Poulsen did in the next few weeks was done in the belief, which dwindled slowly, that the American Air Force must be on the way.

The truth was that Eskimoness was 750 miles from the nearest Air Force base, which was in Iceland. There were American air bases on the west coast of Greenland, but in actual distance they were much farther than the planes on Iceland. There were not very many aircraft then which could do a round trip of 1500 miles carrying bombs or even parachutists. There were no parachutists nearer than America or Europe, and nobody would have taken the chance of landing a heavy bomber on the ice. The only direct help they could have given might have been to drop a few machine guns. So Poulsen was really hundreds of miles beyond the range of help. But he did not know it, and he signaled the governor the local ice conditions and added that he was sure a plane could land safely.

In the meantime, Eske Brun had begun to worry about the order he had sent. What he had done, in legal terms, was to incite civilians to murder. When he thought it over, he hit on an answer which pleased him enormously. He decided to found an army—the Greenland army. He wrote out a set of commissions and appointments, and then sent a signal to Poulsen to tell him what he had done. Poulsen was made a captain, and the senior Dane at Scoresby Sound, Carlos Ziebell, a lieutenant. Kurt Olsen, as second in command at Eskimoness, became a sergeant. All the rest of the Europeans were made corporals: Marius Jensen, Eli Knudsen, Peter Nielsen, and even old Henry Rudi. In lieu of uniforms, Brun told them to make armbands for themselves in blue and white, with a number of stars according to their rank. The six Eskimo sledge drivers were considered as noncombatants.

The whole arrangement had a charming element of farce in it, but it also had a perfectly serious intention. The Germans on Sabine Island could hardly know that the Greenland army was on the small side and a comparatively recent institution. Also, if the worst came to the worst, its members could claim to be treated as prisoners of war.

Anyhow, the founding of the new army gave Poulsen an official rank at last, and it gave all the men at Eskimoness something to laugh about. When they had sewn their armbands and got tired of saluting Poulsen, they went back to work on their fortifications with extra confidence. The Greenland army. It did not want to fight, but if it had to, every man in it had a rifle and could hit a musk ox at a thousand yards.

Ritter had also sent a signal back to his headquarters in Germany, reporting that his base had been discovered. He also asked for orders, but the answer he got was not nearly so satisfactory as Poulsen's. It simply told him to use his own discretion, and in all the circumstances that was just what Ritter did not want to do.

Poulsen and Marius had been surprised that the Germans did not attack Eskimoness the very day that Marius returned. The reason was so simple that they had not thought of it. The Germans had captured three excellent dog teams, but they did not know how to drive them. The ten-mile journey back to Hansa Bay had been a series of comic accidents. Ritter would have liked to go to Eskimoness at once, but until his men had learned to manage dogs, it was impossible for him to get there.

The Germans set to work at sledging with enthusiasm. Ritter taught them the little he had learned about dogs in Spitsbergen, and also put in some practice on his own; and between his sledge practice,

"but not a drop to drink..."

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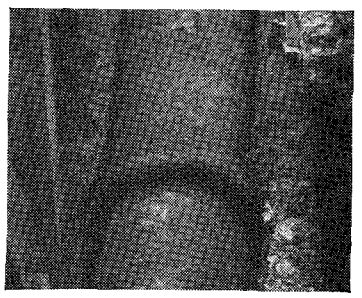

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Don't Let Medical Bills Bankrupt You

(Continued from Page 30)

might help her recovery. But in two weeks she developed an ulcerated leg and had to be sent home.

In August the ulcers spread to both legs, and we rushed her back to Cornell Medical Center. This proved devastating to her morale, and after two weeks the baffled doctors granted her anguished wish to go home to her family.

The infection was spreading. In October our family physician, Dr. John Cannon, called in Dr. Rockwood Keith, a surgeon who almost instantly spotted the anaerobic-streptococcus infection which was rapidly eating toward the bones of Sally's legs. He didn't wait to take her to the hospital, but operated in her own room. He saved her legs.

Then began the real nightmare. By this time Sally, who had been hospitalized immediately after the operation, was a living skeleton, her weight down from ninety to forty-five pounds. Special nurses were needed around the clock. Almost every day for nearly three months Doctor Keith spent from one to three hours on surgical dressings for her legs. Skin grafts from her abdomen and thighs to her legs broke down repeatedly, requiring new grafts.

There were endless blood transfusions—thirty-seven in all—provided by her parents, friends and the blood bank. The veins in her arms became so punctured, from these and from injections to deaden the pain, that Doctor Keith finally told us late in December they could not take any more. He also told us he could hold out little hope.

Christmas Eve we sat numb with despair in Sally's hospital room, engulfed in darkness, as a choir in the corridor sang carols. We shall never forget the agony of that night.

It looked like the end. But Doctor Keith called in for consultation a colleague, the late Dr. John Lockwood, one of the top surgeons at Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City. So, early in January, Sally was taken from our local hospital in an ambulance to New York, to the Presbyterian Medical Center.

For seven months there were more blood transfusions, more surgical dressings day after day, more skin grafts, and endless intravenous feedings with bottles of yellow liquid and their long tubes hanging above her head. For seven months my wife or I drove thirty-five miles every day to visit her, sometimes twice a day.

The tide finally turned. An operation did it, a new operation called a vagotomy, which Doctor Lockwood performed only after making a trip to Montreal to consult with other specialists.

The operation halted the ulcers. Sally received frequent injections of vitamin C—which doctors on the staff thought might be a key to her recovery. Slowly she improved and finally, in August, came home. For the next eight months, as her legs healed, we drove her to the hospital outpatient clinic—first daily, then three times a week and finally once a week.

Doctors say it takes a patient twice as long to fight the way back uphill as it takes to go downhill. We still had ahead of us seven years of psychiatric treatment, social rehabilitation and other adjustments. These involved the problems of an education and Sally's struggle to close the gaps caused by her missing so many important years of normal teen-age life.

Today she has completely recovered her health and, a recent bride at twenty-three, is far more mature in many ways than most people who are years older. She has compassion, a rare sense of values and a spiritual depth that can come only to one who has suffered so acutely and fought such a brave battle.

My wife and I, as well, have gained spiritually, even while we suffered monetary loss. We feel a deep debt of gratitude to our doctors and surgeons, to nurses and all the skilled technicians in modern hospitals for their devoted care, and to the research which has produced so many lifesaving drugs. And with full credit to medical science, we know the hand of God was near to support us many times when we were about to lose our grip.

How did we meet the costs? We haven't met all of them yet. We are still $8000 in debt, even though we were fortunate in having an income above average. Our savings had been put into life insurance, and we had a retirement-fund nest egg, built up over a fifteen-year period. These soon had to be thrown into the yawning financial pit. Our basic Blue Cross and Blue Shield protection paid nearly $3000 in benefits. I got loans up to the limit on my life-insurance policies, borrowed $4000 from three friends and mortgaged our home for all we could get—not once, but three times over the period of ten years. My wife earned extra money, working as much as time permitted. She had our other children, Cynthia and Peter, to care for.

Our experiences were harrowing, but no more so than those endured by the 1,000,000 American families who suffer the worst catastrophic illnesses every year. Take the case of Mrs. B.—an extremely acute illness which made its full impact within one year. Mr. B., now a printing salesman, is in his late thirties, with annual income of about $4000. Mrs. B. developed a critical heart condition involving long hospitalization and a mitral-stenosis operation. Here are the bills which bankrupted their future: Hospitals, $5302; surgeons' fees, $2000; nurses, $4010; convalescent home, $1400. Total, $12,712.

In his desperate attempts to meet the flood of hospital and other medical bills Mr. B. used up their personal savings and the proceeds from the sale of his nursery-supply business, borrowed all the money he could from banks and friends, pawned jewelry and other personal items. They had no health insurance. He will have to carry the burden of his debt for years.

Here are the costs for three more catastrophic cases, from the records of a large New York City hospital. Imagine the financial problems these families faced.

A housewife requiring treatment for spinal fusion; hospitalized on three occasions totaling six and one half months. Hospital bills, $7500; private nursing, $6500; doctors' bills and other costs unknown.

A businessman, married, in his fifties; diagnosis: tumor of the spinal cord; hospitalization for seven and a half months. Hospital bills, $9000; private nursing, $6300; doctors' bills and other costs unknown.

A housewife in her twenties; diagnosis: multiple sclerosis; hospitalized for three months. Hospital bills, $1800; private nursing, $3300; doctors' bills and other costs unknown.

Cases like these, multiplied thousands of times, can be found any day in communities straight across the nation. Major illness strikes without warning. What can you do to prevent a financial catastrophe which may affect your family for years?

The outlook is brighter than you may think. The chances are good that you can meet most of your medical costs without wrecking your finances, if you know how to protect yourself. Let me first draw on our experience in suggesting things to do.

We learned the hard way that the emotional strains accompanying a catastrophic illness often make people lose perspective and forget, or become unduly sensitive about, some things they would quickly recognize under normal circumstances.

At such a time nearly everything in a family's life gets off schedule. Many budget items can be reduced, but you can't shut off all spending for food, clothing and shelter, as you would turn off a faucet. Extra costs arise that are not directly medical, but they take dollars. And medical bills begin to pile up—hospitals, which must be paid at once, drugs the same, and doctors who will wait (thank God!). This is when common sense can ease the burdens of emotional and physical strains which might otherwise break your back and your morale.

We found it a mistake to forgo all entertainment and pleasures. You simply punish yourself by weakening your morale and physical endurance at a time when they are needed most. It is good judgment to seek some pleasure in which you can lose yourself, even for a brief period.

Don't shrink from explaining your financial situation to the grocer, the butcher and the milkman. You may be proud, but you owe them facts as well as bills. They will be considerate.

Discuss frankly with your doctors your finances and some adjustment in fees and payments over a period of time. Most people are reluctant to talk to doctors about these things. We were too. But, in all our experiences with many doctors, we never found one who was arbitrary about fees, or who pressured us about payments.

If you need substantial funds and can get long-term loans—on life insurance, from your bank, or by increasing the mortgage on your home—do so. Relief from the deadly pressures of urgent bills will help you maintain your emotional balance for the long pull.

If relatives or friends offer personal loans, say "yes" and be grateful. Helping you will be good for their souls.

Most of all, you will be gratefully surprised, as we were, to find there are always more good friends standing by, ready to help, than you realized you had. And also you will find ways to deal with problems you think can't be met until necessity forces you to be ingenious enough to meet them!

All of us have a common source for some financial relief through medical deductions allowed for income-tax purposes. But they provide only limited aid. A catastrophic illness is, by its very nature, unusual and involves many kinds of extraordinary expenses medical in nature, but not defined as allowable deductions in the book of regulations.

The experience of our family illustrates some inequities. We were denied deductions involving nearly $1000 in tax payments, even though these and the other expenses which were allowed had been documented as direct medical costs by three hospitals and four doctors. Counting only the standard items allowed for deductions, our medical costs were relieved by several thousand dollars in taxes—and we were grateful for that help.

Your best hope for financial help in a catastrophic-illness crisis is protection in advance. This can be provided by new types of health insurance now available under a variety of names, but most commonly referred to as "major medical" or "catastrophic." It will not meet all the costs of an extended catastrophic illness, but will cover a substantial part. This our family did not have.

Major-medical insurance picks up where basic protection stops—"basic protection meaning benefits which cover a substantial portion of hospital, surgical and medical costs during an illness that may continue over several weeks or even months. The so-called standard hospital and medical policies which provide basic protection are now held by 110,000,000 Americans either enrolled in the nation's ninety Blue Cross and seventy-eight Blue Shield plans or paying premiums to some 900 private insurance companies.

Catastrophic, or major-medical, insurance was held by only 689,000 people in 1952. By 1955 the figure had jumped to 5,240,000, and insurance officials predict it will be 10,000,000 or more by the end of 1957. More than fifty private insurance companies now provide it on a group or individual basis, and the number is rapidly growing. Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans are developing a new extended-benefits coverage. Almost any health-

"Oh, I can't complain. Sure would like to, though. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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insurance carrier will now write contracts for management or union groups. Major-medical insurance may well follow the rocketlike course of standard health insurance, which in fifteen years streaked from 12,300,000 to the 118,000,000 people now protected.

Many types of protection against catastrophe are offered, and among them they come close to fitting almost every family's pocketbook and need. I went through the list, in making a belated purchase for our family, and recently checked again with health-insurance authorities to summarize the facts on costs, amounts of protection available, benefits and restrictions which any purchaser should know. Detailed information, incidentally, is not difficult to obtain in the literature which reliable insurance representatives, hospital executives or physicians can provide. It will help you compare, first of all, the basically different types of health insurance offered by the insurance companies and by Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans.

The insurance companies provide protection on an indemnity basis, which means they pay you in dollars, and you use the dollars to pay your bills. Blue Cross and Blue Shield operate on a service formula. They agree to provide service and to pay the bills for you.

Protection through insurance companies ranges, as a rule, from $2500 up to $10,000. Some policies pay benefits up to a specified amount annually; others for the duration of an illness, no matter how long it lasts.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield extended-benefits coverage sets no dollar limitation. It is designed to offer subscribers, beyond their present basic protection, "730 days coverage for the same disease, ailment, diagnosis, cause or condition during the lifetime of the member." The limitation, therefore, is one of time—two years for each illness. The contract includes hospital, surgical and medical costs. The purpose of extended benefits is stated as "not simply to cover a limited listing of the so-called catastrophic diseases, but to develop a pattern of extension of the basic Blue Cross and Blue Shield coverage." The trend is for insurance companies, also, to combine catastrophic protection in one package with the standard protection which their customers now hold.

The benefits paid to the holders of major-medical policies seldom total a full 100 per cent of the cost of the illness to you. There are excellent reasons for this. Your payment of part of the costs keeps the premiums charged within the range of your budget; and the fact that you are paying, say, a fifth of the charges helps control overuse or excessive charges. When individuals overuse, or abuse, health-insurance privileges, hospitals become overloaded, insurance claims soar, the costs for handling claims increase and everybody pays higher premiums.

The insurance companies make use of the deductible feature so familiar in automobile-collision policies. Major-medical benefits generally begin only after you have paid the first $100 to $500 in costs. The larger the deductible amount, the smaller your premium will be.

Most companies, once the deductible figure has been reached, then pay dollars to you for 75 to 80 per cent of total hospital, surgical and medical bills, whether incurred in or out of the hospital. Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans, operating on a service basis, also take care of 75 to 80 per cent of your costs, and you pay the remainder.

The average cost for a family major-medical policy of the type offered by insurance companies is about $100 a year for $5000 protection. My family is now covered by a $500-deductible policy which will pay up to $5000 for each illness of any member of the family. It costs $96 a year, payable quarterly. Protection for $10,000 would have cost twenty-five to fifty dollars more. My premiums also would have been considerably higher if I had bought a $100- or $300-deductible policy, instead of counting on benefits from standard health insurance, or for payments out of pocket, to handle the first $500 of major-medical costs.

The extended-benefits protection being developed by Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans should bring low-cost protection to millions of families. It is estimated that the rates, in addition to the basic coverage already held by subscribers, eventually will be $1.25 a month for individuals and two dollars for families, paying for hospital, surgical and medical costs combined.

The Blue Cross and Blue Shield coverage "during the lifetime of the member" is likewise an important advance. A few insurance companies are beginning to issue lifetime policies, but the rule has been to grant an annual renewal of policies only to age sixty-five, sometimes to seventy-five. And you can't take out new health insurance with most companies after you are fifty-nine. This age limit probably will be increased as experience in protecting older people against the risks of chronic illness is gained.

Cancellation of policies has been publicized as one of the questionable practices of a few companies also charged with refusal to renew, reluctance to pay claims and tricky wording or interpretation of terms applying to benefits. Leaders in the health-insurance field, who are committed to correcting abuses, say fewer than thirty companies out of some 900 doing business have been accused of unethical practices, and cite a recent national survey which reported that cancellations among all health-insurance policyholders during the preceding year were only one quarter of 1 per cent. They point out that there always will be a few individuals who make false claims or abuse their privileges, resulting in justifiable cancellations.

Noncancellable protection can be bought from some companies. But it will cost you more and is often subject to a preliminary physical examination and a strict screening of applicants. The trend is toward guaranteeing noncancellation, except in cases of fraud—a practice which Blue Cross and Blue Shield have followed consistently.

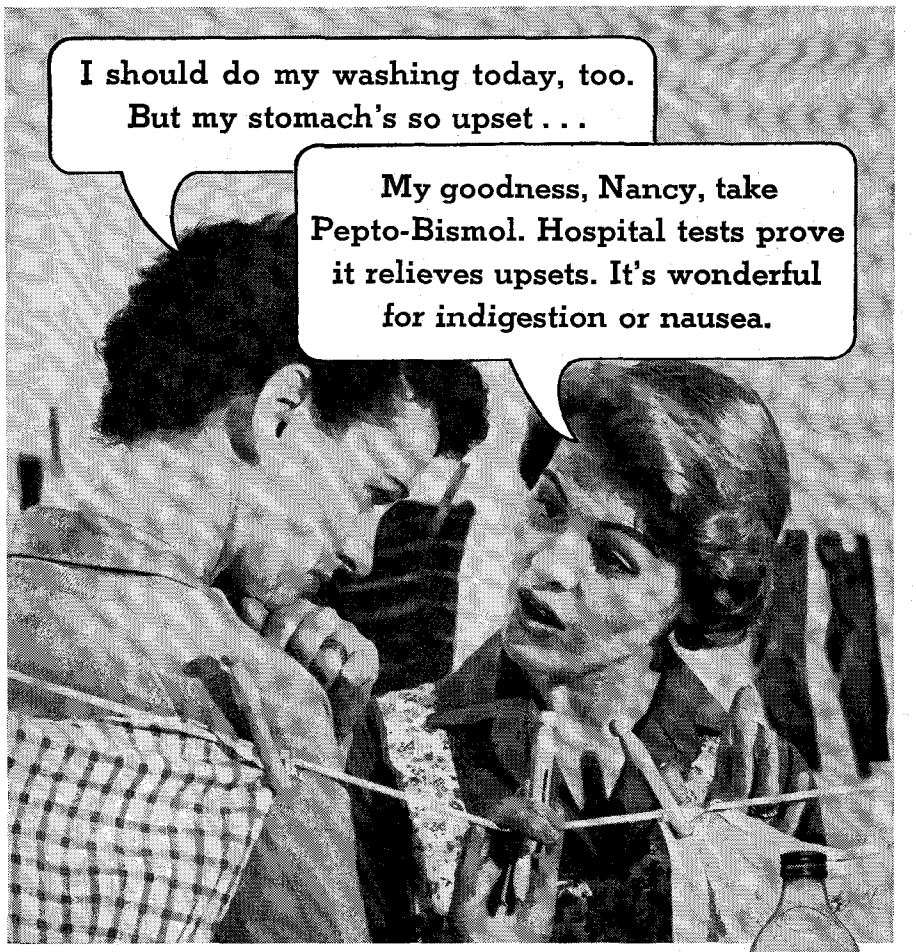
Many health-insurance policies in the past have listed "exclusions" and "waiting periods" for certain diseases and pre-existing conditions. These restrictions are becoming fewer as more and more people are protected and insurance companies gain experience. One of the keys to low-cost health insurance is spreading the risk as greater and greater numbers of people are covered. The history of life, fire and automobile insurance indicates a future of more complete health protection for many millions of people at lower premium rates.

THE END

Heat Rave

To love one's fellow man
Is not
So simple when the day
Is hot.

Leonard K. Schiff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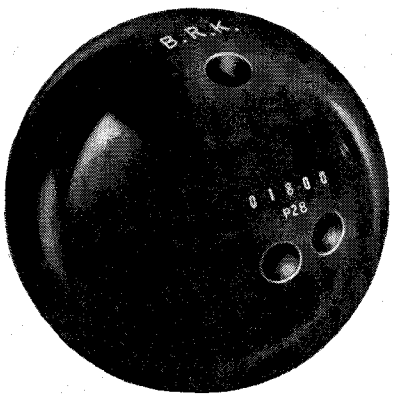

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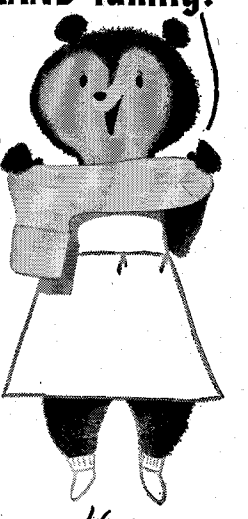

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High-Pressure Girl (Continued from Page 31)

horsepower. There was news of power steering, power braking, power windows, power seats. Silas sniffed and flexed his muscles. Ball-joint front-end-suspension systems intrigued him, as did torsion bars and certain safety devices. But a vehicle, Silas sternly reminded himself, is for the purpose of getting a man from here to there and back again. Color combinations left him cold, styling was for the birds, fancy upholstery seemed frosting on the cake.

So, on this Saturday afternoon, after Silas had buttoned up the Pre-Mix Company's equipment, he got into his car and drove up the street, thinking of a short beer.

He parked his car, got out, calculated how long he would be gone, and put two pennies in a parking meter. Then he turned around. He was parked in front of an automobile agency which handled a car which Silas, after his research into all makes, would buy if he were in the market. He peered through the great plate-glass window. He, at the time, was wearing heavy work shoes, sun-tan trousers, a blue chambray shirt and a jacket. His battered hat was festooned with bits of concrete, grease, oil, gasoline, hydraulic fluid and yellow paint.

Nothing to lose by looking, Jameson, he told himself. He pushed open the double doors and walked into the showroom. The first thing he saw was a convertible, long, low, sleek and shining. The second thing he saw was a young lady.

She, too, was sleek and shining, with one of those haircuts which look as if they had been cut on the fringe of a hurricane. She had large, dark eyes. She was wearing a white blouse, a cashmere cardigan and a skirt. Her shoes would have fitted into one of Silas' boots with room left over for a pair of socks. He noted that she was constructed according to exacting specifications. She smiled at him.

It had been a long time since Silas had been in an automobile showroom.

The girl said, "May I help you?"

"Help me what?" Silas said.

"Why, help you make up your mind to buy a car, I guess."

Silas peered at the girl. "You mean to tell me that they got da—— I mean ladies, selling cars these days?"

"Well, where've you been?" she said, "San Quentin? Women have been emancipated."

"They have?"

"You heard about women being able to vote?"

"Oh, yes."

"You heard about the airplane?"

Silas, who had flown so many missions that he turned gray when he thought of them, said, "Uh-huh."

"Well, women are flying jets these days."

Silas shuddered.

"So what's wrong with women selling cars?"

Silas thought it over. Automobiles, engines and related items were, he felt, as masculine as the poolroom, and he did not care to see the field invaded. It ain't right or fitten, Silas. There was too much distaff emphasis these days. Even an advertisement for hair tonic had some toothy gal admiring the shine on some character's hair. So now the automobile business. What this girl knew about cars you could write with a stubby pencil on a spark plug, he would bet.

"What's the horsepower on this wagon?" Silas said, indicating the convertible.

"In the standard V-Eight," she said, "two hundred and twelve. But we can give you two hundred and forty-five with three hundred and twelve cubic inches and a four-barrel carburetor."

Silas swallowed, fell back and regrouped. "H'm'm'm."

"This year," she went on, "we're using a combined centrifugal-vacuum mechanism for the distributor. This engine has never fully reached its potential and the engineers felt that the distributor was at fault." She walked around to the front of the car. The hood was unlatched and she lifted it. "This new air cleaner, plus the low-silhouette carburetors, gives us a lower hood line. Three inches. Better breathing this year, too, and a slightly hotter cam."

"Oh," Silas said. The sound was somewhere between a gasp and a moan.

She walked around to the back of the car. "This year we have a variable-rate rear-suspension system. You see, the semi-elliptic rear springs are longer, with the extra length going ahead of the rear axle. This cuts down rear-end squat under acceleration and there's very little nose dive in a hard stop. The main leaf is nearly twenty-five per cent heavier and the springs are now almost completely outboard of the frame rails. This gives increased stability and helps to lower the car. We don't claim sports-car stability, but this frame now has five cross-members, three of them tubular, so we're getting closer."

Silas reeled. "Well, for pity's sake!" he said. It was all he could manage.

"Zero to sixty in nine and eight-tenths seconds," she said. "Better than that with a straight stick if you know how to speed shift."

"I'll let you know," Silas said. He fled out the showroom door and went to the nearest bar for a short beer to quiet his nerves.

"Yes sir. What'll it be?"

Silas looked up. It was a lady bartender. He gulped and went out the door. He walked four blocks, finally found a pool hall with a long walnut bar, presided over by a bartender who looked like Tony Galento. Silas sighed happily and ordered a beer.

It was just gobbledegook to her, Silas decided, learned in some school for saleswomen. She probably had no idea what she was talking about, but was merely giving a memorized, prepared speech. A feminine trick—a sales gimmick, that's all it was. Fortified by the beer and by the gravel-voiced bartender, Silas decided that he had been—let's face it, Silas—run out of that show room by that little creature. If he wanted to look at a car, he was man enough, he hoped, to look at the car and not hit the ejection button just because she knew more than he thought she would.

Silas braced himself and walked back to the showroom. The first thing he saw was an overtime-parking ticket thoughtfully tucked under his wiper blade. Somewhat stunned when he realized that it would cost him a whole dollar, he put the ticket in his pocket and then squandered a nickel on the meter.

He went inside the agency.

"Back again, eh?" she said. "Couldn't resist?"

"I have no intention," Silas said stiffly, "of buying that car."

"Certainly," she said, "I understand." She looked at him kindly. Her beautiful, expressive eyes filled with compassion. "They really are expensive, but we have some terrific bargains in our used-car lot."

"Look," Silas said, "I can afford the car."

"Of course, you can," she said hastily, "it's just that when I took the course in selling cars, they told us to never oversell a customer."

"Just because I have on my working clothes ——" Silas began.

"That has nothing to do with it. I think you look very nice in your working clothes. It takes a certain lean and rugged look to wear working clothes well, don't you think?"

"I never thought much about it," Silas said.

"Would you care for a demonstration ride?"

Silas brightened somewhat. It seemed like a satisfactory way of spending some time on a Saturday afternoon.

"The mate to this car is right outside."

"This won't obligate me in any way, you understand," Silas said.

"Certainly not. My name is Molly McGuire."

"I'm Silas Jameson."

She led him outside and he climbed behind the wheel of a new convertible parked in the agency lot, started the engine and took off. Silas went out Jefferson, and on up to Canyon Road. When he got to Highway 26, he let the car out a bit. The car was quick, Silas had to admit that. When he touched the throttle, all two hundred and forty-five horses went to work in a hurry. He grinned.

"Now don't get carried away, Silas," she said. "One reason I wanted to give you a demonstration ride was so I could get you away from the agency and the omnipresent sales manager."

"What do you suppose he'd give me for a 1948 bucket in beautiful condition?"

"Keep it," she said. "Forget this dreamboat. What will it get you? Payments, carrying charges and depreciation. You look like a nice, solid, nine-hours-sleep, a movie-on-Saturday-night, and church-on-Sunday type. Buy this woman trap and what'll happen?"

"I dunno," Silas said. "What will happen?"

"You'll start keeping up with your convertible, instead of the Joneses. Are you married?"

"No."

She sighed. "You won't think it looks right to drive a new convertible wearing your working clothes. So you'll go on the hook for some new tweeds, one of those eighty-dollar sports-car coats and a ten-dollar cap. So right away all the girls who didn't give you a second glance in that 1948 job start thinking. Before you know it, you'll be married to some blonde and so far in debt you'll never bail yourself out. All because of a hunk of Detroit convertible."

"For crying out loud!" Silas yelped. "You selling these things or starting a one-woman crusade in restraint of trade?"

"I'm just trying to point out the pitfalls, so I won't be blamed when you start wondering what happened."

"I'm over twenty-one," Silas said. "I can take care of myself."

"No man," she said, "can take care of himself when he sees a new car. It's like catnip to a cat, mink to a woman, a puddle of water to a kid, a pair of high heels to a ten-year-old girl. Face it, Silas; you can't help yourself."

"You talk like one of those head shrinkers—a psychiatrist. An automobile is transportation. If and when I decide that I can go from here to there more

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

During intermission at the drive-in theater, Gertrude went to the refreshment stand. On the way back, groping through the darkened theater grounds, she walked into a speaker cord stretched from its post to a car. The resulting neck injuries put her in the hospital. Later she sued the theater owner.

"After urging people to patronize his refreshment stand during the intermission, he at least should have turned on the lights so we wouldn't break our necks," Gertrude argued.

"As it was dark, she should have known enough to be on the lookout for things like this," the theater owner countered. "Her injuries are due to her own carelessness."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Gertrude?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Gertrude lost. The court held that she was at fault for not avoiding the cord. The theater owner, it said, "could reasonably assume that his patrons would know that automobiles parked by the posts were connected by a cord or some other device to the sound equipment."

Based upon a 1955 Massachusetts case

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comfortably, cheaper, in this bucket than in my old crate, I'll buy. That's all there is to it, so don't make things so complicated."

"Yes, sir, Silas," she said. "Buy it, then. See if I care."

"And if you don't think I can afford it, just watch me."

An hour later he drove out of the agency in the new convertible. The sales manager, with what Silas thought was empty-headed generosity, had offered him four hundred and fifty dollars for his car. Molly McGuire saw to it that the convertible was filled with gasoline and oil, gave him an instruction booklet, a coupon book good for lubrication at stated periods, and a sad smile.

"Don't hate me, Silas," she said. "I tried—really I did."

"I am not a child, buying a tricycle with his allowance," Silas said. "You had nothing to do with my buying this car, so get a good nine hours' sleep tonight with a clear conscience."

"Yes, Silas," she said. "Good-by."

He drove home, which was a ground-floor apartment in a sixty-year-old house on the West Side which in better and happier days had been the mansion of a lumber magnate, long since deceased.

He got out of his working clothes, took a hot shower, shaved and changed clothes. He got into his flannel slacks, a

America's most outstanding public figure is the national debt.

JOSEPH B. YOUNG

pair of sport shoes, a shirt, tie and the ancient cashmere jacket. Then he stared out the window at his new convertible.

He reviewed the events of the past two hours: *Let's see, Jameson; you left work at around twelve-thirty, you drove up the street figuring on a short beer, you went by the agency and you walked in and started to put the girl in her place. Then you left, got the short beer and returned. Somewhere along the line you bought a new convertible. But the girl had nothing at all to do with your getting the car. You made that clear when you bought it. Then why in the name of Nikolai Bulganin, you chowderhead, did you buy a new convertible?*

The truth, which had been there all the time, nudged him with an elbow. *You bought it, Jameson, because the girl assumed that you couldn't afford a new car. You bought it out of pure masculine vanity, just the way a small boy walks a picket fence to show the little pigtailed girl next door that he can do it, that's why you bought it.*

This, Silas decided, changed the entire concept of the automobile business, which was practically the only one left in which the element of horse trading was still dominant. You connived, you pretended interest when there was none, you professed indifference when in reality you wanted a new car so much that your feet hurt. You bluffed, you concealed faults and emphasized virtues in your old car.

Now, however, dames were in the picture, who used devices no man ever could cope with. An Italian haircut, beautiful, expressive eyes, and superb bone structure took all the fun out of the game. You ended up looking at your new car, meanwhile wondering what had happened.

It was, Silas decided, a sneaky way of doing business. And it was also, he thought, as he looked out the window, a really beautiful automobile. Silas sighed, put on a hat and left the house. He got into his new car. The sun was warm and soft. He wondered what it would be like at the beach, just a couple of hours away, even at breaking-in speeds. He looked at the empty seat beside him, sat thoughtfully for a few minutes, then drove back to the car agency.

"Well," she said, when he walked in, "back already? Trouble? Transmission drop out, carburetor get bronchitis or did you decide that it was too rich for your blood?" She peered at him. "Just as I told you. Already out of your working clothes and thinking ahead to sharing the front seat with some girl."

"It isn't that way at all," Silas said, louder than he intended. "I merely thought that since it's a nice afternoon, you might drive down to the beach for dinner with me."

"Well, since I sold another car since you left—that's three today—the sales manager might let me off early. It was the strangest thing. This man came in and said he was going to buy a car from the people across the street, but that he wanted to check on what we'd give him for his old car. Before you could say, 'Roy Campanella' ——"

"Don't tell me," Silas said, "I know. He bought a car from you."

"Uh-huh. I can't imagine what made him change his mind."

"Try," Silas said. "It may come to you."

The sales manager was as affable as if he had just received an income-tax rebate. "Certainly," he said, "take the rest of the afternoon off or you'll sell us right

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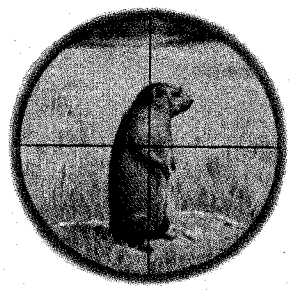

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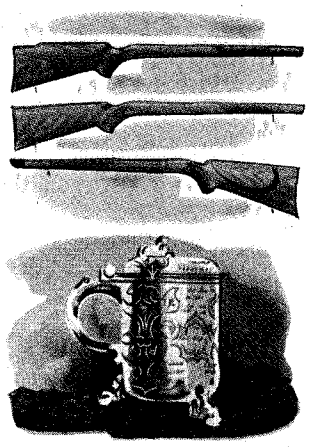

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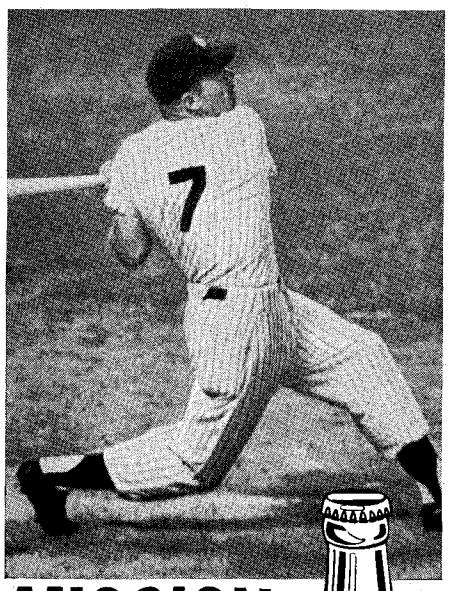

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out of our inventory." He grinned at Silas. "Know what the boys along the row told me when I hired a girl to sell cars for me?"

"I can guess," Silas said. "I can also tell them that they were as wrong as the man who said the horseless carriage was just a fad."

It was pleasant driving to the beach with Molly McGuire beside him. He learned, on the way down, that she was twenty-four, had graduated from the University of Oregon and had taught high-school English for two years. "Then I started thinking," she said.

"You were in the right business for it," Silas said.

"What I really want to do is get married and have four children."

"Why four?"

"It's a nice even number. Two boys and two girls. But all the men I met were teachers, and were either married, engaged, doing a thesis for a master's degree or writing a book."

"I see—I think," Silas said.

"So I heard about this job selling cars. You'd never believe it, but my dad owns a garage catering exclusively to foreign jobs. I've been brought up on a diet of torsion bars, fuel-injection systems, overhead cams and magnetos. And it came to me one day that there are more men in the automotive business than there are women. A captive audience, so to speak. Do you follow me?"

"You mean you started selling cars just to get a husband?"

"You are putting it succinctly, but well."

"Why, I had no idea that husbands were so hard to get."

"It's a cinch to get a husband, Silas. The trick is getting the right one."

"Ah-h," Silas said, "stop ribbing me. You have about as much trouble finding a husband as Ike does getting someone to play golf with him."

She slanted her eyes at him. "Thank you, Silas, for those kind words. Most men, when they find that I've been an English teacher, seem surprised that I'm not wearing a bustle and high button shoes. Then they ask me if I've read any good books lately and take off running, leaving me to read that good book which I haven't read."

Silas looked at her and laughed.

"And it isn't funny," she said.

"I'm not laughing at you," Silas said, "but with you. I also just got a mental picture of you wearing a bustle and high button shoes."

They had dinner at the Copper Room in Gearhart, walked the beach for a while and then drove back to town.

She directed him to her house; he pulled up in front of it and killed his engine.

"Thank you, Silas," she said. "I had a wonderful time."

Silas wrinkled his forehead. "I just started out, this afternoon, for a short beer. Somewhere——" He stopped.

"I know, Silas. Things will start happening, now that you have this new convertible. Just remember that I tried to talk you out of it, and don't go haywire. Stay away from clothing stores and blondes for a while, until the newness wears off. Get to bed early, go to church and——"

"I merely bought a new car," Silas yelped, "so don't try to make a Federal case out of it. Nothing is going to happen."

"M'm'm'm." She leaned toward him and put her hand on his arm.

She was very close. *If you try to kiss her, Jameson, you'll probably get your face slapped,* he told himself. *On the other hand*—— He leaned forward. She tilted her head. He put his arm around her and braced himself. He kissed her lightly, and then felt her arms go around his neck.

It was a rather long kiss. Silas felt himself coming apart at the seams. His heart acted as if it were going to burn a valve. Presently he released her.

"Yeow!" she said.

Silas was having a little lung trouble. He gulped the night air. "Molly, I——" he began.

"Now don't get carried away and say something you don't mean, Silas," she said. "To quote Lady Montagu, 'Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet. In short, my deary, kiss me and be quiet.'"

"Stop talking like an English teacher! I'm not one of your pupils. I'm thirty-one years of age, and if I choose to say something, I'll mean it."

"All right, then, say something."

"Oh, that's great. That's like starting a conversation by saying, 'What'll we talk about?'"

She looked at him sadly. "Silas, when I first met you, I thought you were solid, conservative, levelheaded. But now——"

"It's your fault."

"My fault?"

"You kissed me and that changes everything. I think I'm nuts about you."

"You don't know?"

"It doesn't seem possible. Just this afternoon I started out——"

"This is where I came in, Silas. Think it over and let me know. In the meantime, good night and good luck." She was out the door and going up the stairs to her house.

Silas watched her go, his thought processes as disordered as a load of scrap iron. He drove home. He got into bed and stared at the ceiling. *Things just don't happen that way, Jameson. You don't start out for a short beer, buy a car; then fall in love with the girl who sold you the car. It's just chemistry, that's all. Mix certain ingredients and you get an explosion, and that's all that kiss was, a transitory explosion. She's a lovely girl, she sold you a car, you took her to dinner and you kissed her. That's all that happened, and that's all that is going to happen.* On this comforting thought he went to sleep.

On Monday morning several things happened. First of all, his landlady, Mrs. Crowder, met him as he left for work.

"Pretty fancy new car, eh?"

"It's nothing, Mrs. Crowder," Silas said.

"Mr. Crowder said those things cost about thirty-seven hundred dollars. So that's nothing?"

"I didn't mean that the money is nothing. It's just that——"

"Always figured you for a hard-working, frugal young man. Thought you were having trouble making ends meet."

"Well, I——"

"That's why we never raised your rent. You been here four years now, Mr. Jameson. Things have gone up. Oil, electricity. We painted your apartment last year, you know. Painters don't work for nothing."

"I certainly appreciated it."

"Appreciation don't pay for the painters. You've only been paying sixty a month. I can get seventy-five any time—any time at all. Mr. Janowitz in the back apartment, he's paying sixty-five."

"I see."

"Of course, if you want to find something else for sixty, why——"

"No, I'm quite comfortable."

"Seventy-five a month, starting the first of the month, Mr. Jameson."

Silas drove to work, mentally deducting an additional fifteen dollars per month from his pay check.

When he got to work, he was greeted more or less cheerfully by a Mr. Wilson, who was from the Internal Revenue Service.

Mr. Wilson peered suspiciously at Silas' new convertible. Then he had a few questions about a deduction Silas had made on his income-tax return, claiming that he used his car one fourth of the time for business reasons.

"To and from work, Mr. Jameson? That's not allowed, you know."

"No, chasing parts. We don't carry a large stock. Something breaks down, I

"I call it 'The Non-Thinker.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"So much for statistics—now to a less interesting subject."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

need a part, I go get it. We can't keep a pickup around just for that."

"H'm'm'm. What sort of parts?"

"Rear axles, bearings, differentials, tires, tubes. You name it, I chase it."

"In that car?"

"Well, no," Silas said. "I just traded in my old one."

"I see. You going to haul rear axles, truck tires, differentials in that convertible?"

Silas scratched his head. He realized that he needed this convertible the way he needed a ruptured appendix. He hadn't thought of chasing parts when Molly sold him the car. He hadn't thought period.

"I talked to Mr. Olson, your boss," Mr. Wilson went on. "He said that you weren't compensated for chasing parts, so it would seem that your deduction is in order. However, if you intend to use this new convertible for that purpose, we'd suggest that you keep a record of your trips and mileage."

"Yeah," Silas said.

He and Mr. Wilson parted without affection. It was apparent that the new convertible would prove somewhat less than satisfactory for chasing parts. It was also apparent that the Internal Revenue Service was well aware of this. Silas mentally added several hundred dollars to his income-tax return, then went into the office.

Miss Martha Duskin smiled at Silas and said musically, "Hello, Silas."

Silas peered at her. "Hi."

"Somebody has a new convertible," she said coyly.

"Yeah. Where's Elmer?" Silas said.

"Mr. Olson had an appointment with some contractor," Miss Duskin said. "Some lucky girl is going to get a ride in that new car."

"Uh-huh," Silas said.

"I'll bet you a steak dinner at my place that it won't be me."

"Lemme know when Elmer comes back," Silas said, and fled.

He settled down to work, and as he did so, he started calculating his additional expenses as the result of his *new car. By noon he had made a decision.*

He walked into his boss' office and said, "Look, Elmer, I haven't had a raise for two years."

"Well, you are in good company," Elmer said. "Neither have I."

"Maybe you haven't heard about it," Silas said, "but the cost of living is going up."

"You aren't just whistling Yankee Doodle, buster. Especially with the price tag on new convertibles."

"For crying out loud!" Silas yelled. "You know I haven't had a new car for nine years."

"Then why didn't you go out in the back yard and dig up the coffee can full of hundred-dollar bills you got buried and buy one before this?"

"What you using for brains these days? On the starvation wages I get, I'm lucky to have a coffee can."

"Starvation wages!" Elmer screamed. "I pay you more than I take out of the business myself!"

"You should!" Silas shouted. "I do more work!"

"Just because you got yourself a fancy new convertible, don't get the idea you're the glamour boy around here. You don't like it here, you can always go somewhere else."

"Where would you suggest?"

"Man, you asked for that one. You want me to tell you?"

"It wouldn't look so bad after this sweatshop."

"Give the devil a ride in your new car while you're there. It might impress him, but it doesn't me."

Silas stormed out of the office, climbed into his car and spun the wheels going away from there.

A police cruiser hauled him down at the end of the third block.

The cop got out of his car, walked to the side of Silas' convertible, looked it over and said, "Forty-two miles an hour in a twenty-five-mile zone." He started to write in his citation book. "Seein' how fast that new crate will go? Lemme see your license."

Silas showed him his license. The quick burn that he felt at Elmer was now changed to a slow burn at himself. He sat, irresolute, behind the wheel and kept both his temper and his tongue in *check.*

The cop handed him the citation. "Just because you didn't give me any lip, I cut it down to thirty-five, but I'll tell you something. That car will clock at an honest one hundred and five, so now you know. And you don't have to find out for yourself."

"Yessir," Silas said.

The cop got into his car and left. Silas sat behind the wheel and stared out through the windshield. Monday afternoon, and from Saturday afternoon until now he had met a girl, bought a car, kissed the girl, had his rent raised, hassled with the Internal Revenue Service, had Martha Duskin making cow eyes, had a fight with his boss and got a speeding ticket.

Jameson, he said, *your life was at one time uncomplicated and running smoothly. You were solvent, single and gainfully employed at a job which you liked and did well. Now look at you.*

With sudden resolution, he started his engine and took off. He pulled up in front of Molly's automobile agency, recklessly put a nickel in a parking meter and entered through the front door.

Molly appeared, looking merely gorgeous. Silas looked at her and his legs trembled. He intended, when he arrived, to tell her that he wanted his old car back, no matter if it did cost him a few bucks, that he had had it, and that maybe he wasn't the convertible type.

But seeing her made him forget everything he intended saying. Instead, he found himself blurting, "Molly, I didn't even think it over, but now I know."

"You do?"

"Uh-huh. I know it may sound as if I should have my brains overhauled, since I saw you for the first time on Saturday, but I'm—well, I'm in love with you."

"You don't have to sound so miserable, Silas," she said. "Is it that bad?"

"I don't know. Things have sort of gone to pieces since Saturday."

"I tried to warn you, Silas," she said kindly. "I tried to point out the pitfalls of a new convertible."

"I guess I'm just not equipped to handle one," Silas said. "I'm sorry."

"And you want your old car back?"

"Yeah. You see ——"

"You can return the convertible. It's in your contract. We advertise and hold fast to a five-day free trial. You can return any car within five days and no questions asked."

Silas let out his breath. "That's great. I tell you, Molly, I've had nothing but trouble, and if I can get my old car back, then ——"

"Well, that may be a little difficult. You see, I bought it."

"You bought it!"

"Uh-huh. You were right. It's in beautiful condition. I'm going to keep it."

"I see," Silas said. "Well, maybe I can find another good used car somewhere."

Molly stomped her foot. "For goodness' sake, Silas, don't you want your car back?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, I own it and I won't sell it. Haven't you any idea at all how you can get it back?"

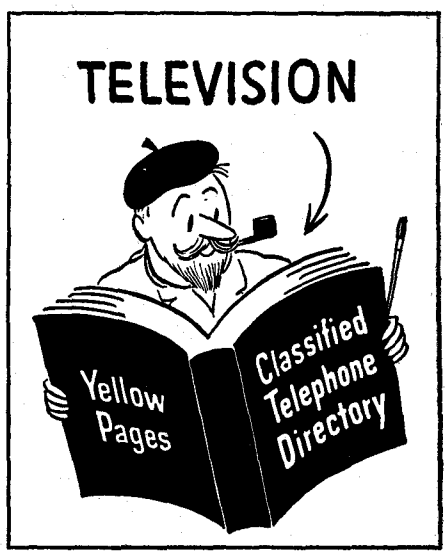
Silas looked at her, his forehead wrinkling. Then he beamed at her. "Well, for pity's sake!" he said.

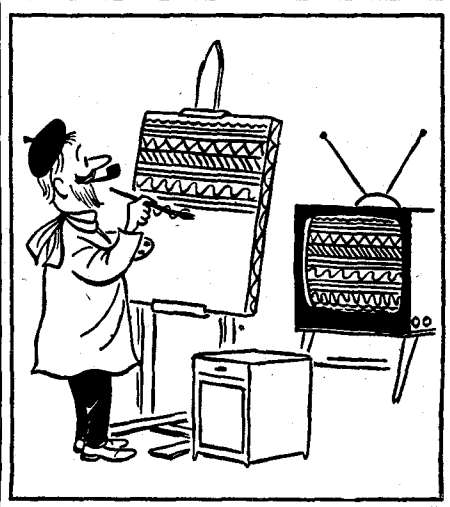
"You're catching on," she said. "I already made up my mind to have you turn your convertible back. With a wife, you can't afford such toys."

For a moment, Silas seemed stunned. Then he said, "Holy Toledo! Who'd believe it? Saturday afternoon I started out for a short beer ——"

She covered his mouth with her hand. "Don't strain yourself, Silas. You'll figure it out. Somehow, in the next five or ten years, it'll come to you. And if it doesn't, I'll give you a clue."

THE END





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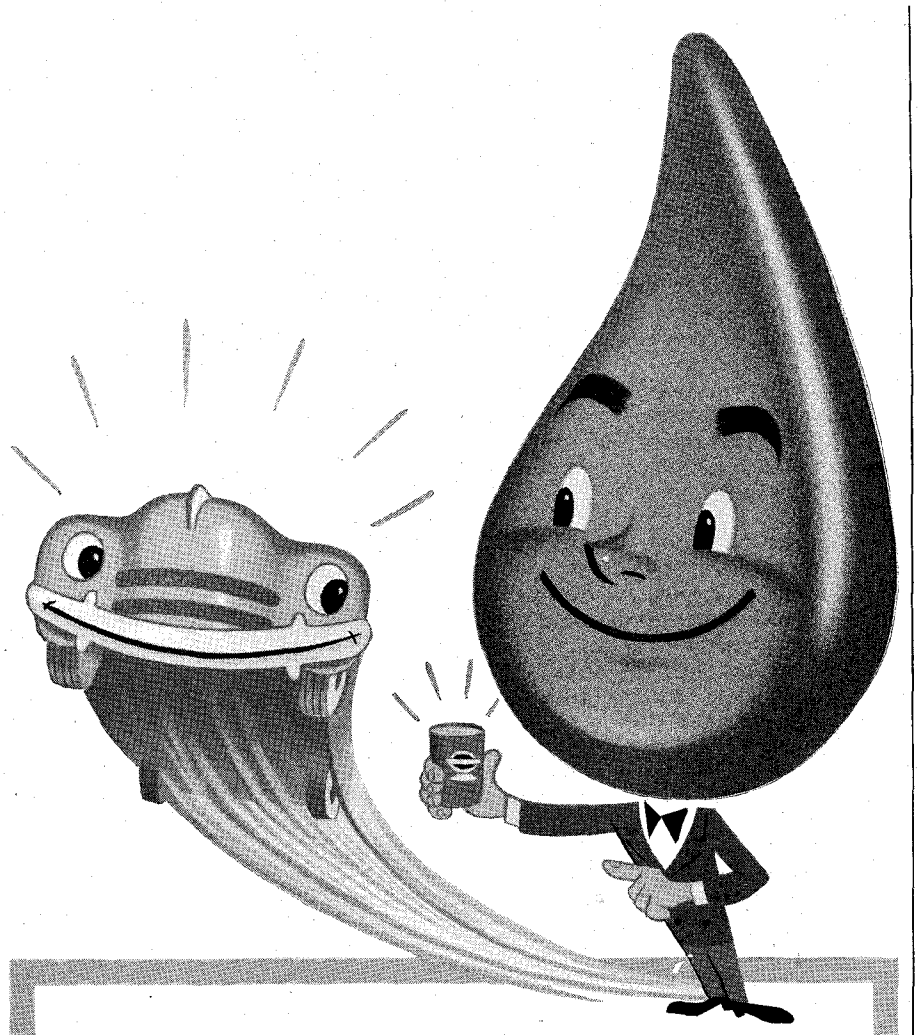

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Are We Driving Japan Into Red China's Arms?

(Continued from Page 19)

deteriorated to an eggshell that would crumble with the first hard blow. The military force that we and our SEATO partners have built up, principally in Thailand, is the only deterrent to full-scale Communist Chinese aggression.

Our whole Pacific defense structure centers upon Japan, partly because our bases here are so strategically located with reference to both mainland China and the Soviet Union, but even more importantly because Japanese industry has the capacity to supply and service military operations. It is significant that American troops stationed at Japanese bases are now substantially outnumbered by Japanese civilians whom we employ to keep supplies and equipment flowing to Korea, Formosa, Okinawa, Thailand and our other defensive strongholds. A typical operation is the rebuilding of old trucks and other transportation units. Without Japan, they would have to be junked. With Japan, we can use readily available facilities and low-cost labor to rebuild them to almost-new condition at a fraction of the cost of replacement.

Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, winding up a tour of duty as chief of the United States Far East Command, faces practicalities with the solid realism of a businessman. "We're spending enough of the American taxpayers' money out here as it is," he told me. "But if we didn't have Japanese industry available to us, the cost of doing what has to be done would skyrocket."

There's more than the budget at stake. Japanese industry weighs heavily in the Pacific balance of power. We dare not forget that Japan, on its own, built and supported a military machine that seriously challenged American and Allied might through four years of war. Add that much weight to Red China's own power and the balance might easily swing to the other side of the scale. The tiger knows what it is after.

Red China's current attempt to drive a wedge between Japan and the United States has undoubtedly been sparked by the remarkable resurrection of Japanese industry. Statistics tell the bare story—production up to 235 per cent of the prewar normal—but you can appreciate how spectacular the Japanese comeback has been only when you see the evidence with your own eyes. The drive from Tokyo to Yokohama offers a fair sampling of what has happened in other areas as well. For twenty miles, giant industrial plants, miraculously resurrected from the rubble of war, now hedge the road, jigsawed together in one of the most intensively industrialized areas anywhere in the world.

At the Kawasaki plant of Nippon Kokan, one of the country's three major steel producers, I saw a bank of new open hearths that have just come into production, a part of the expansion program that will, before the end of the year, raise Japan's total steel output to 12,000,000 tons annually. The Chinese Communists, despite their big push to build up heavy industry, and with all the help that the Russians have been able to give them, will barely reach a third of that total this year. Thus, a close alliance with Japan would, in effect, quadruple Red China's steel capacity.

Near the Nippon Kokan plant is one of the big Toshiba factories, sixty acres of roofed-over working space, solidly jammed with heavy electrical equipment under construction. If Mao Tse-tung could get his hands on only one order that I saw going through—four 160,000 kva steam-turbine generators, proudly described by my guide as the biggest of their kind in the world—he would be able to take a giant step toward solving the electrical-power shortage that is today one of Red China's most serious roadblocks to industrial expansion.

I tramped through some of the shipyards that line mile after mile of water front, awed by their 1956 record of having built more ship tonnage than the yards of any other nation on earth. You may forget that these are the shipyards that built the great Japanese fleet of World War II, but it's a safe bet that Mao Tse-tung has a longer memory.

But the Chinese Communist leaders are after more than steel and power and ships. They need consumer goods too. They are in trouble at home because they directed too large a share of their resources into heavy industry. There was serious internal resistance in China last winter because too many shivering peasants would not accept the hazy prospects of Asian domination as an adequate substitute for a warm coat. Japan's textile industry could supply millions upon millions of warm coats. Hundreds of other Japanese factories could pour out enough consumer goods of every kind to make the Chinese people think that Communism was really paying off. Then, with his people satisfied, Mao Tse-tung could safely concentrate on his all-out drive to build up the heavy industry upon which armament depends.

Is all this a Red pipe dream? Drive back into Tokyo and you'll see plenty of external evidence that it is. There are hundreds of ways in which Japan seems tightly linked to the United States. Ride the moving stairs up through the big American-type department stores that now line the Ginza and it's easy to agree with the tourist I overheard in Takashimaya's who said, "Honestly, if they'd just put all the signs in English, I'd think I was right back in Houston."

The vast majority of all city-dwelling Japanese men now wear Western-style clothes, and the manager of a big clothing department told me that he couldn't sell a suit that wasn't "American-cut." Rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, singing commercials and comic books are omnipresent. A Japanese university professor said, tongue in cheek, "As you can see,

... ...

Supermarket Rider

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Curls for a halo, see him come,
An angel sucking a stubby thumb,
A bunch of celery clasped to his heart,
Riding his mother's grocery cart,
And drowsily nodding himself to sleep.
Whoever would dream he would rise and sweep
The jars of jam from the counter lid
And bounce the bottles the way he did?

... ...

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our people are attracted by your American culture."

News from the United States dominates the front pages of most newspapers. Baseball is the national game and, more than once, I've been embarrassed by my inability to match my Japanese host's knowledge of the batting and fielding statistics of the Brooklyn Dodgers or the New York Giants. Japanese men are no less conversant with the current performance figures on American industry. A slump in Detroit's automobile production was the sole subject of major discussion at a round-table luncheon I attended last week. A Japanese banker said with a wry grin, "We're tied so closely to America that if a Wall Street broker sneezes, someone in Japan gets pneumonia."

One of the strongest arguments against the danger of a split with the United States is seemingly found in the prosperity that is evident everywhere you go. Nations rarely change horses in the middle of a boom and there's no doubt that Japan is booming. Stores are crowded with shoppers on a gigantic buying spree. Many things are seemingly priced far above the Japanese income level, but that doesn't keep the American-style cash registers from ringing in the best American fashion. Television aerials sprout from tiny wood-and-paper houses all through the cities. Night clubs are full of free spenders and a reservation for an evening party at one of the more popular teahouses is harder to get than a pair of tickets for a top Broadway hit—and, if you are successful, even more expensive. The geisha girls never had it so good. Expense-account entertaining is another evident adaptation of American culture.

As long as you stick to the tourist route, you will find a pleasantly acceptable attitude toward the United States. Nowhere in the world will you hear more vocal appreciation of American aid. The Japanese willingly volunteer that their postwar recovery would have been impossible without our initial help. Impressive, too, is the humility with which they almost eagerly confess the glaring faults of their nation in the prewar years, a confession that is easy to accept as the equivalent of an avowal of continuing friendship for the United States.

Wander off for a little unguided exploration on your own, however, and you are more than likely to face such an experience as being politely but firmly denied admission to a restaurant catering to the better Japanese trade. Your Japanese friends, worried that you may get the wrong impression, attempt to blame this discrimination on the past antics of a few misbehaving G.I. boys. There is far more than that involved. You simply have found yourself on the wrong side of another American import—the Jim Crow line.

But it was not my white skin, nor my green U. S. A. passport, that hampered me most in carrying out my first efforts to weigh how much success the Chinese Communists were really having in splitting Japan away from the United States. If my advance information was correct, the center of activity could be found among the Japanese Socialists, one of the nation's two major political parties. Seeking an interview with the top man, I called the office of Secretary General Inejiro Asanuma and was told that, unfortunately for me, Mr. Asanuma was going away for an extended trip.

Attempting to arrange interviews with other Socialist leaders, I found that they, too, were unavailable, and for the same reason as Mr. Asanuma. A newspaper announcement supplied the explanation: a delegation of ten high-ranking Japanese Socialists was leaving on a "goodwill" mission to visit Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai in Peking!

Thinking that the opposition party ought to know what their political opponents were up to, I contacted some leaders of the majority party. The Liberal Democrats, despite their party name, are essentially conservative and, with a substantial majority in the Diet, have kept Japan solidly in the camp of the free world, following the lead of the United States in denying diplomatic recognition to the Chinese People's Republic.

A Liberal leader regretfully admitted that the goodwill mission of the Socialists might be misinterpreted in the United States, but how could it have been prevented? Was Japan not a democracy with a constitution guaranteeing freedom to all citizens? And had not that constitution been given to Japan by our own occupation authorities?

Reluctance to criticize their political opponents aroused a suspicion that was easy to confirm—many of the Liberals had already done exactly the same thing the Socialists were doing. More than half of the members of the Japanese Diet, Socialists and Liberal Democrats alike, have recently gone on goodwill junkets to Red China with the Communists picking up the check for all their expenses.

Back in 1955 a few Japanese missions slipped over to Red China. They were mainly of the cultural type, a classic avenue of initial Communist approach. Since then there has been a constant build-up, increasing every month and reaching more and more deeply into Japanese life, now penetrating even the most conservative elements. At first the businessmen who accepted Chinese Communist invitations were mostly second rung. Recently, however, topflight men from the biggest manufacturing and trading combines have been going.

One of the most surprising aspects of the Japan-China interchange has been that it is largely one-sided. Relatively few Chinese Communists have come to Japan. Instead of employing the tactics of penetrating subversion—although they are not being neglected, particularly by the co-operating Russians—Mao Tse-tung is principally relying upon attracting his victim by dangling some juicy bait in his own lair.

What he dangles, of course, is the prospect of trade—and, to the Japanese, in their current situation, no bait could possibly be more alluring. They are being drawn into the Red camp, not by ideological attraction, but rather by commercial considerations, many of them arising from an easily understandable desire to break their economic dependence upon the United States. Despite the promised withdrawal of American ground forces, the continued presence of bases for the United States Air Force, Navy, and Army supply and administration personnel still makes the Japanese feel that they are under the conqueror's heel, a situation that grows more and more intolerable to a country rapidly regaining its nationalistic pride, but rankled by the knowledge that its economy would be hard hit if it were not for the dollars that those bases bring in. Mao Tse-tung offers what seems to be the only way out.

Eventually, I was able to reach a spokesman for the Socialists, Hiroo Wadoo, chairman of their Policy Deliberation Committee. He made it unmistakably clear that he and his associates have swallowed the Mao Tse-tung bait whole. What he said was such a perfect carbon copy of the Peking line that I suggested the possibility that the reason the Japanese Communist Party had dwindled to what appeared to be virtual nonexistence—at least above ground—was that the Socialists had taken over their function. Although denying that his party had actually absorbed the Communists, he blandly admitted that "we work with them on all common objectives."

One of these common objectives was, I knew, the prevention of the rearmament of Japan, a goal so important to international Communism that Red China and Soviet Russia made it a specifically stated primary purpose of their basic Treaty of Friendship, Alliance and Mutual Assistance. The Socialists have served the Red cause in Japan by using their votes in the Diet to block revision of the Japanese constitution to which, in one of the more misguided moments of our occupation, we had dictated the inclusion of a paragraph under which ". . . the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation . . . land, sea and air forces, as well as any other war potential, will never be maintained."

I asked Mr. Wadoo how the Socialists proposed to defend Japan.

"Japan needs no defenses," he snapped back. "We have nothing to fear from anyone." I then said to Mr. Wadoo that, in view of the long history of bad blood between Japan and both China and Russia, I found it difficult to credit his attitude and wanted to be certain that the interpreter's translation of his reply had been accurate. He unexpectedly replied in English—the first time he had used it—and said sharply, "There is no mistake. You did not misunderstand me. We expect to have very friendly relations with China and Russia." Then, with a rather clumsy attempt to make it seem an afterthought, he tossed out, "We also hope that it will be possible to continue to be friendly to the United States."

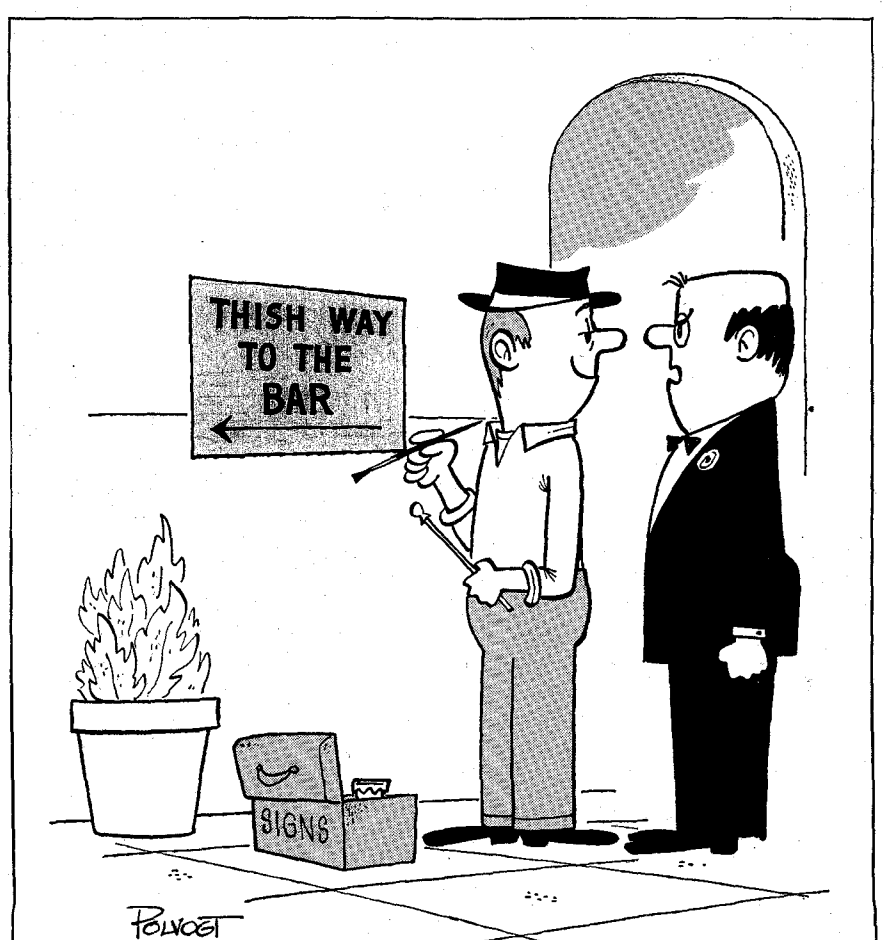
As a clinching question, I asked if the Socialists did not fear the economic consequences of losing the revenue—$503,900,000 in 1956—that came to Japan as a result of our bases in the area and our spending within Japan for military procurement. "We have our plans all made to take care of that," was his smug reply. Would he mind telling me what those plans were? Not at all. "China and Russia will much more than make up for any loss of your dollars."

I left Mr. Wadoo's office with the feeling that taunting an American was something he thoroughly enjoyed.

The Socialist Party, however, is not in control of Japan, and Premier Nobusuke Kishi, the head of the present government, has not only been outspoken in his opposition to all Communist-slanted proposals but also has been reasonably consistent in his advocacy of support for American policy. Kishi and the Liberal Democrats derive their greatest strength from big business, and today big business in Japan is becoming stronger and stronger, rapidly regaining a status approaching that of the old prewar days when the *zaibatsu*, a handful of enormously complex trading and industrial combines, virtually controlled the nation. It is impossible to gauge the future course of Japan without giving full weight to the attitude of the politically powerful businessmen.

An incident involving a small group of these leaders hit me harder than anything else that has happened since I came to Japan. One of these men had been most helpful to me. He had arranged to get me inside a number of factories, had given me detailed figures on his own company's operations and had acted as an all-important go-between in arranging meetings that were important to my purpose, one of them the dinner party at which this incident occurred.

The dinner party began in the same spirit that had prevailed all during the day, the atmosphere extremely warm and cordial. One guest had lived in New York for a time and our introduction touched off a pleasant flood of reminiscences about life in the United States. I said that I hoped the Socialist goodwill delegation to Peking would not pave the way for an outburst of anti-Americanism, a remark that was received with deprecating laughter and assurances from everyone that they and their fellow industrialists were strong enough and resolute enough to



". . . about this sense of humor of yours."

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keep Japanese-American friendship from being destroyed.

A question was raised about a statement that Premier Kishi had supposedly made during the day. In an attempt to check it, my friend unfolded an evening newspaper. Something on the first page caught his attention. My eyes happened to be on him at the moment, and I saw his easy smile flash off and his face suddenly harden into an expression of violently bitter frustration.

"The Socialists are right!" he suddenly exploded, hurling the remark directly at me. "China is our only hope. There's no future in going on with you Americans. The sooner we recognize that, the better off we are."

The paper was tossed around the table. The whole atmosphere, so warm a moment before, became as unpleasantly frigid as any to which I had ever been exposed.

Eventually, I saw the news item that had done the damage. It was a report from Washington that Margaret Chase Smith, the senator from Maine, in making a statement to support a Senate bill she was introducing, had referred to Japan as a nation "exploiting her cheap labor, paid coolie wages, for cutthroat competition against her benefactor United States."

My fumbling attempt to offer a calming explanation was met head on with the quotations of other similar statements recently made by American legislators, businessmen and labor leaders.

"You Americans are going right back to the attitude you had before the war," the explosive tirade went on. "You still hate us. If it weren't true, why would you pass laws in some of your states that require any store that sells Japanese textiles to display a big sign that invites a boycott? Do you do that with imports from any other country? No! Why not? Is it only because you are afraid that our goods have been contaminated by our yellow skins?"

I wished that some spokesman from the Alabama and South Carolina legislatures had been there to defend, if possible, laws that the Japanese feel are not only offensively discriminatory but grossly unfair.

What puzzles the Japanese is that both Alabama and South Carolina are cotton-growing states—and Japan buys more raw cotton from us than the total value of all of the Japanese textiles they export to the United States.

"I can understand that your textile-mill workers have many votes and can influence your legislators," one of the Japanese conceded, "but why is it that your farmers who raise cotton do not have votes too? Is it because they are Negroes?"

My explanation that our cotton farmers are not interested in export markets because they can sell their cotton to our Government at above the world price, whether there is a market for it or not, did not seem greatly to impress my grim Japanese audience.

They went on to hurl at me a barrage of the constantly heard claims that Japanese textile imports were forcing our mills to close and throwing American workers out of jobs. "How can that be true?" they demanded. "We have voluntarily limited our exports to you so that they represent only two per cent of your total yardage. How can that little bit possibly hurt you? Isn't it true that we are being blamed for troubles that aren't our fault, just because we are Japanese?"

A few days later I discussed this uncomfortable but revelatory dinner party with an American businessman, long resident in Japan and a calmly appraising analyst of the national temper. "I know how you must have felt," he said. "You probably thought you were up against the treacherous two-faced Oriental, one minute your friend, but the next minute your enemy. Believe me, it wasn't that. You were listening to desperately frightened men. They try their best to keep from showing the terrible pressure they are under, but sometimes the shell cracks, and then the pressure breaks through. That's what you saw happen."

Japan is indeed a nation facing a desperately dangerous economic situation. Its current prosperity could collapse overnight because it is based upon a top-heavy structure without a solid foundation. As a result of the war, Japan lost not only Manchuria but also Formosa and Korea, its three richest sources of raw materials and food. All it has left today are the homeland islands and the world's worst population problem. Before the war there were roughly 70,000,000 people. Today, the total is up to 90,000,000, all crowded into a total area no larger than the state of California. Most of Japan is ruggedly mountainous, impossible to farm. For every arable acre there are almost 5000 hungry mouths to feed. To keep its people from starving, Japan must annually import hundreds of millions of bushels of rice, wheat, barley and other foodstuffs. This must be paid for.

To buy food, Japan has very little to sell except labor. Raw materials for industrial production are either nonexistent or available in such limited supply that it is completely hopeless to support the country in any other way than by running a gigantic workshop, importing raw materials and selling the finished product, gaining only from labor.

Raw materials, like food, must be paid for in foreign currencies. The only way to get enough of those moneys is to sell a sufficient quantity of Japanese-made products overseas. The need to sell abroad has penetrated deeply into the consciousness of the entire public. Dozens of times, at least once during every day, I have heard someone say, "We must export or starve." This is more than a catch phrase. It is the cry of a nation fighting for survival. People whom I would not expect to have any consciousness of foreign trade—the room boy at a Nagoya hotel, an Osaka taxi driver, a florist's clerk—all asked me the same anxious question, wanting to know if I am here to buy Japanese products to export to America.

The average Japanese citizen is fully aware that his country is engaged in a do-or-die attempt to build up its workshop economy to the point of self-sufficiency. This represents a goal that, starting from scratch, seemed almost hopeless. When V-J day came, Japan's factories were in bad shape. Many had been bombed into rubble. Others were stripped of machinery that had been melted up to make armaments. Making the prospects even darker, our original occupation policy was quite the opposite of getting Japanese industry back on its feet. We ruled that "the existing economic basis of Japanese military strength must be destroyed and not be permitted to revive." Businessmen were purged along with military leaders, and the American reformers took drastic steps to break up the banking and industrial combines that, distasteful as they obviously were to a New Dealing enemy of monopolistic big business, had nevertheless proved themselves to be unusually effective under Japan's special circumstances.

It was not until the outbreak of the Korean War in mid-1950 that we really reversed our field and gave Japanese industry a strong upward push. What we needed then, of course, was precisely what we had originally set out to destroy: the economic basis of military strength within Japan. The Japanese people were understandably confused by our turnabout, but, groggily, they grasped at a straw and came up with both hands full of American dollars, enough to get industry going again.

It is highly important to recognize, if one is to view today's situation objectively, that most of the American dollars Japan has received in recent years have not been foreign aid or any other variety of handout charity, but simply compensation for services rendered, supplies purchased and labor hired. We did, in the beginning, pour in hundreds of millions to keep the Japanese from starving, but the commonly held view that Japanese industry has been built up with free-handed American aid is not true. Furthermore, American dollars come right back to be spent in the United States. In the last three years, Japan has imported a total of a billion dollars more goods from the United States than they exported to us. American resistance to allowing imports from Japan at least to match our exports to them is regarded everywhere as a prime example of our growing unfairness.

The neurotic pressure that I saw break through at the dinner party—and, later on several other occasions as well—is generated at least partially by the desperate gambles being taken by Japanese industrialists. They are putting billions of yen into new and rebuilt factories, taking chances that would make even the most optimistic American expansionist shudder. I talked to the head of a big Nagoya trading company about a new manufacturing enterprise that his company was underwriting, questioning whether it could ever be successful. "Maybe not," he said with a shrug. "But all we can do is try. At least it will give Japan something more to export."

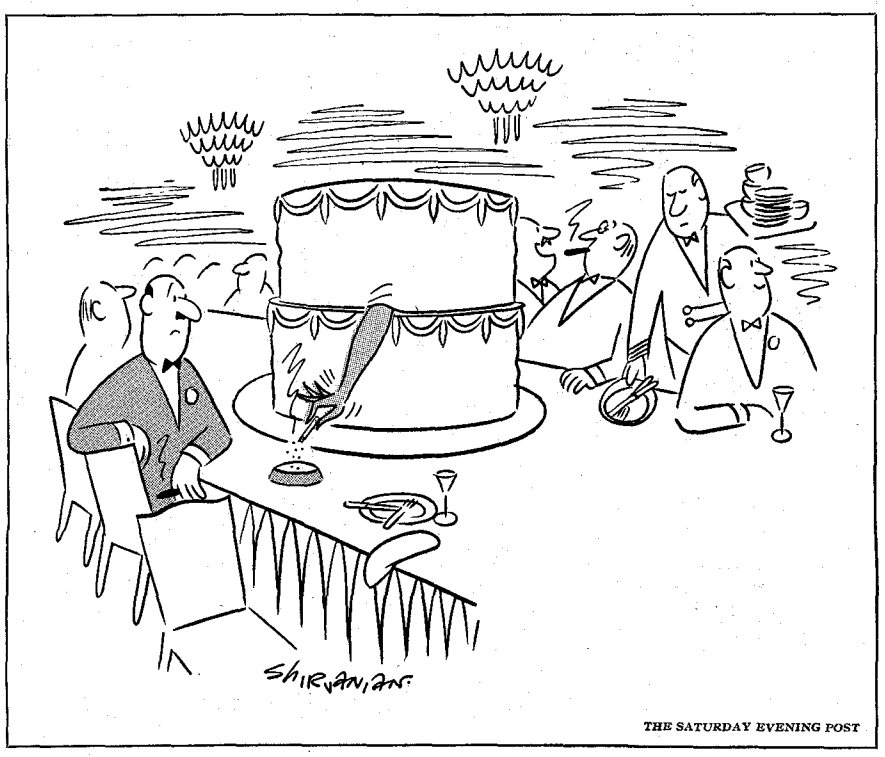
This all-out drive to expand export capacity is a national crusade, government-sponsored and substantially supported by public funds. In a revival of the old prewar system, the Japanese Government has relaxed the antimonopoly laws inspired by our occupation and re-established its financial partnership with big business. Through the controlled banking system, they are funneling an extraordinarily high percentage of the national revenue into the expansion of private enterprises. High interest rates—typically 10 per cent on a prime short-term loan, much higher where there is any risk—recapture a goodly share of industrial profit to reinvest in still more expansion.

There is danger ahead if the population rebels against this program of putting into private industry such a large percentage of the government funds that, in other nations today, are being spent on public-welfare projects. If exports fail to sustain the economy, the Socialist Party stands ready to capitalize on any downturn. Bulwarking the Socialists is the Communist-dominated federation of labor unions.

The pressure of the labor unions is another harassment that can easily be turned into anti-Americanism. Every Japanese industrialist remembers that the unions gained their power as a result of our sponsorship during the occupation. A factory superintendent in Osaka offered the wry comment, "All we got out of your attempt to democratize us was a lot of Dave Becks." There is substantial resistance by employers, encouraged by such moves on the part of the government as a restriction on the right to strike in public enterprises, but in the classic boom-time manner of businessmen all over the world, the Japanese industrialists keep trying appeasement in the form of wage raises, even though they know that they have already gone well above the pay scales of their Asian competitors in the world market. It seems an odd reversal of roles when you hear a Japanese businessman complain about being undercut by low-cost labor, indicting other countries in the same words that so often have been used against him.

Of all the pressures that haunt the Japanese, however, none is greater than the discrimination that they feel is practiced against them all around the world. They readily admit the justice of prewar complaints about such tactics as dumping goods abroad at ridiculously low prices, furnishing shoddy quality and pirating designs. All that has changed, they claim, and within the limits of feasible control, there is surely evidence of improvement. Various organizations have been set up to limit the volume of exports in different categories voluntarily, as has been done with textiles shipped to the United States, and there is at least partially effective policing of both prices and quality.

Yet, despite all that the Japanese feel they have done to erase old faults, they cannot escape the feeling of viciously unfair discrimination. A persecution complex unquestionably colors their thinking. They see the European Common Market as a move to close the continent to them. The British seem to be controlling Commonwealth trade to exclude Japanese goods. Southeast Asian countries seem adamant in their refusal to forget the war



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or are developing their own consumer industries so that they won't have to buy from Japan. If the United States keeps slamming the door in their face, where else can they hope to sell—except, of course, to Red China?

Mao Tse-tung offers something that is, however, even more appealing than a market of 600,000,000 people—one out of every four persons on earth. As the world market for textiles and handcraft products has shrunk, the Japanese have turned to shipbuilding, heavy machinery, big electrical apparatus, industrial equipment and similar products. Now, with a world boom on, they are able to compete, but they are realistic enough to know that it cannot last. When competition returns, Japan simply will not be able to compete in the heavy steel-consuming industries so long as it has to buy iron ore and scrap iron and coking coal at American prices and pay the ocean freight across the Pacific. It is at this point that Mao Tse-tung's bait starts to get really tempting.

As no Japanese steel man ever forgets, there is plenty of iron ore and coking coal no farther away than the Chinese mainland. A Tokyo steel-company executive almost licked his lips as he told me last week that he had been approached by a Chinese Communist representative who asked if his management would be interested in returning to Manchuria to reopen a mine that they had operated prewar. More openly, the Reds have officially approached the Japanese steel industry with a proposal that they work out a joint development of ore resources on Hainan.

The price to Japan? All very reasonable. Naturally, if Japan were to use Chinese ore and coal, Mao Tse-tung would expect to be able to buy in return all those items that the United States has insisted upon keeping under embargo. And, of course, Japan and Communist China could hardly work together without diplomatic recognition. Beyond that—well, nothing would be difficult to settle between two friendly neighbors, a status that could be achieved quite simply. All that has to be done, Mao Tse-tung said in a two-and-a-half-hour session during the Japanese Socialists' recent good-will mission to Peking, is to carry out the program that the Socialists have already set up: assert national independence by "breaking away from the control of the United States" and keep Japan from rearming. "Japan must co-operate with its friends," Mao specified, "in order to achieve the return of Okinawa to Japan and to abolish foreign military bases in Japan."

Is the price too high? Premier Kishi struck out against the returning Socialists, reavowing a friendship for the United States that would not be broken for all the ore and coal in China.

Significantly, the important voices of big business offered neither support nor censure. Yes, it was a good idea for Kishi to speak up—and to go to the United States to get what concessions he could from the Americans—but, on the other hand, it never pays to turn down any business proposition without thinking it over. And, after all, what was so bad about Mao Tse-tung's proposal? Japan can't afford rearmament, anyway—not without draining off money that should be going into industrial expansion. As for getting back Okinawa—why not? Isn't it rightfully Japanese territory? And it is about time, as Mao Tse-tung says, that Japan got the Americans off Japanese soil. Of course, it might mean the loss of a lot of dollars, but, still and all, if Japan had cheap iron ore and coal—and with more and more anti-Japanese prejudice showing up in the United States——

The bait is temptingly juicy. You can smell it in the air.

It would seem against all the rules of logic for the farthest right of the right-wing Liberal Democrats, the powerful leaders of Japanese industry, to play the Socialists' game, but sometimes the rules have to be suspended in a world where you must export or starve.

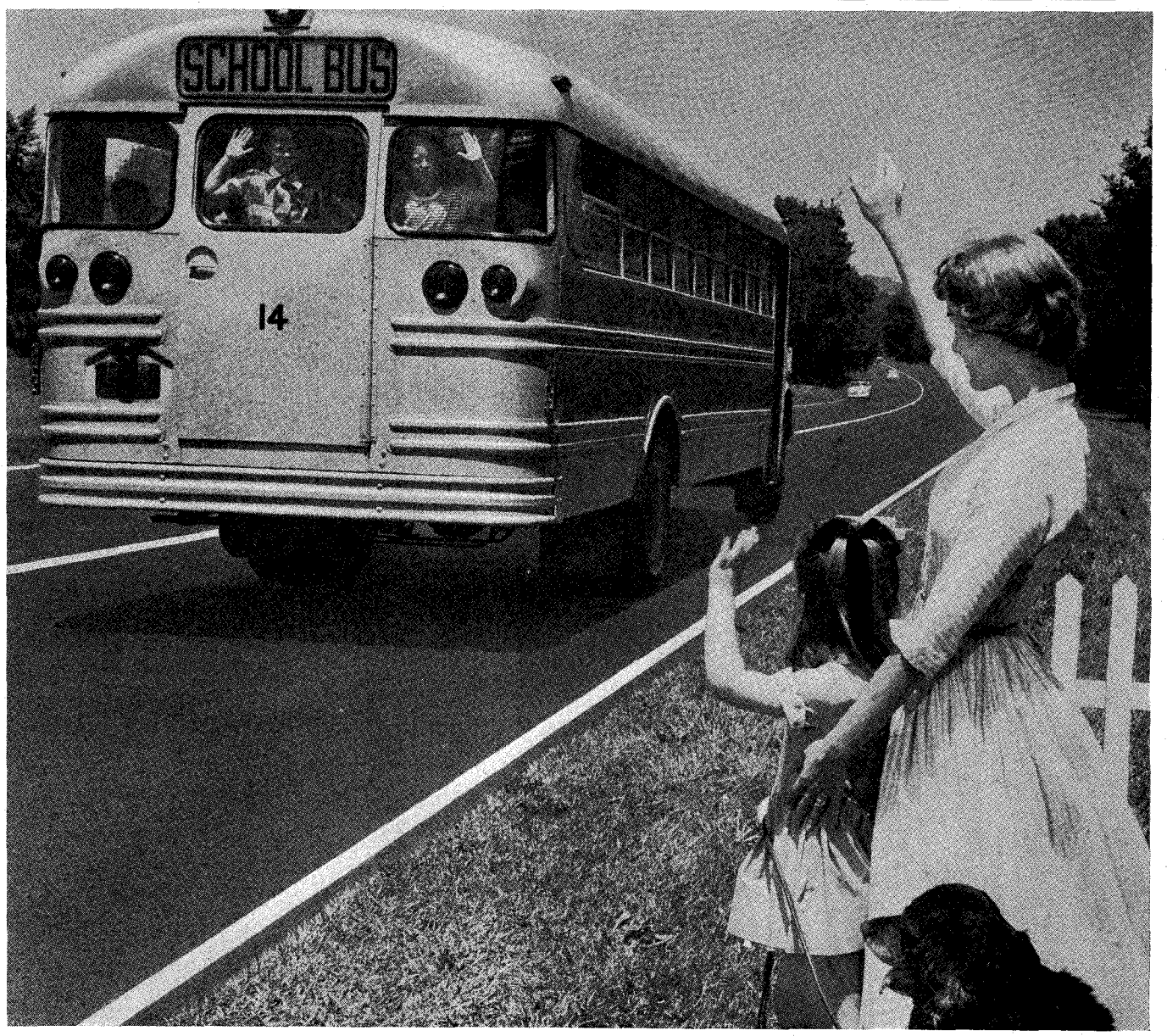
Yesterday, in one of my last interviews, I talked to a venerable captain of industry who has come through purging, bankruptcy and depurging to emerge as a chairman of the board of one of the big trading companies. Huddled in one of the white slip-covered chairs that furnish every Japanese conference room, he sipped his pale tea and said, "Japan's best future is with the United States, there's no doubt about that, but whether you will allow us to realize upon that future—well, that's something else again. Have you seen this?"

He put down his teacup and, with a tremor that I suspect may not have been caused by palsy, handed me a small booklet. "This was put out by some association in your country that is trying to cut our exports of hardwood plywood."

The cover of the booklet was illustrated with a bucktoothed, slant-eyed monster, carbon-copied from the hate-inspiring cartoons of World War II, towering over three cringing little American workers about to be smashed down by a sheet of plywood in the hands of the ogre.

"Your manufacturers may have a just cause for tariff protection," he went on. "I won't comment on that—my views are prejudiced—but it does seem that this is the sort of thing that will, in the end, force us to believe that if anyone is driving a wedge between the United States and Japan, it is some of your own people."

He may be right. THE END



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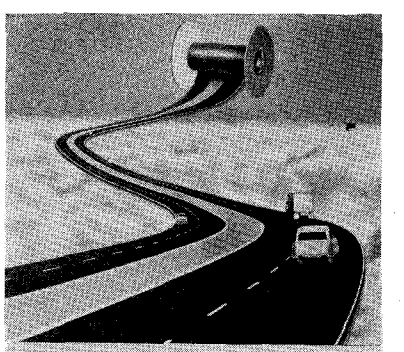

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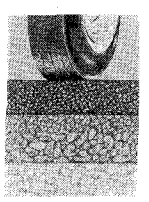

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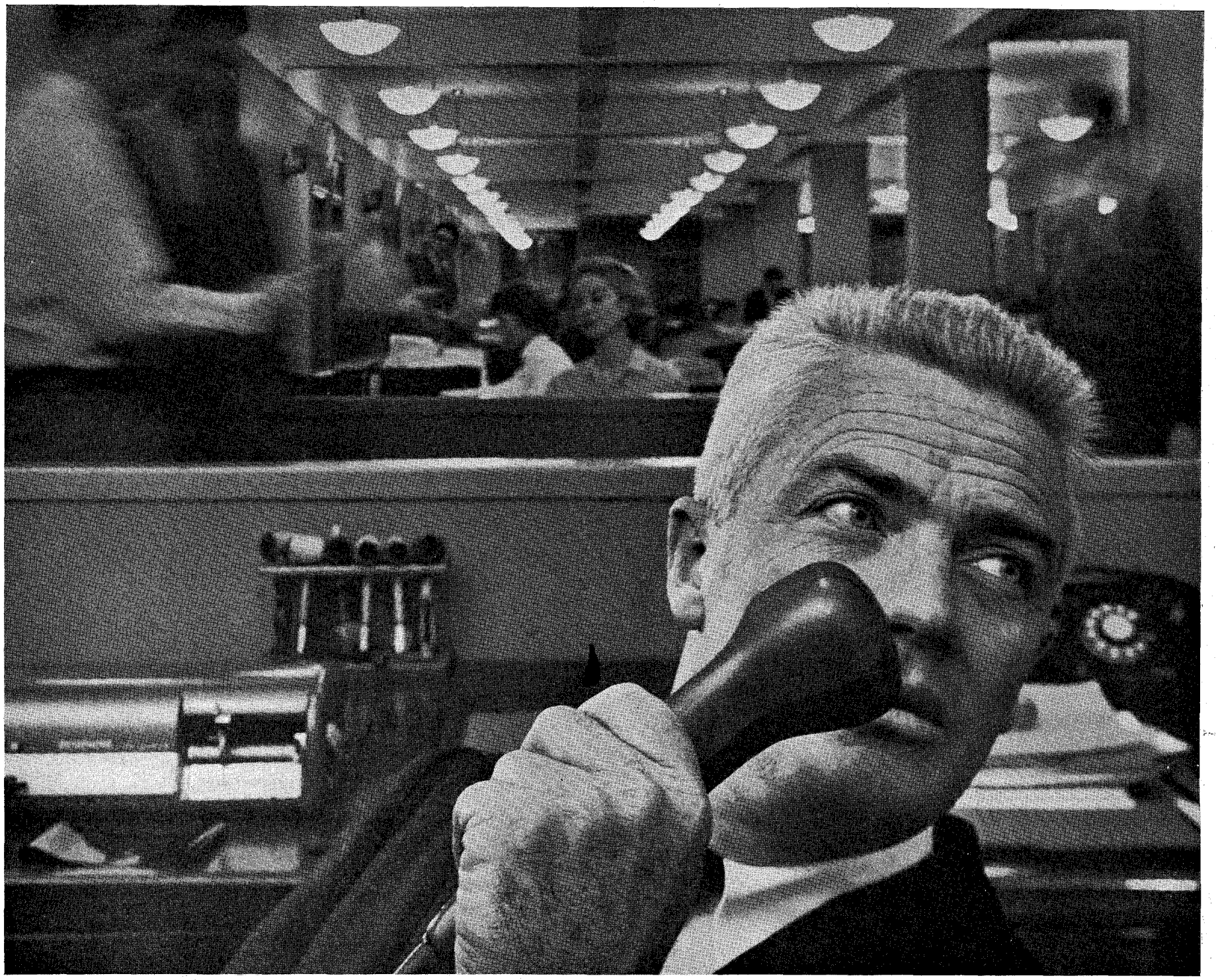

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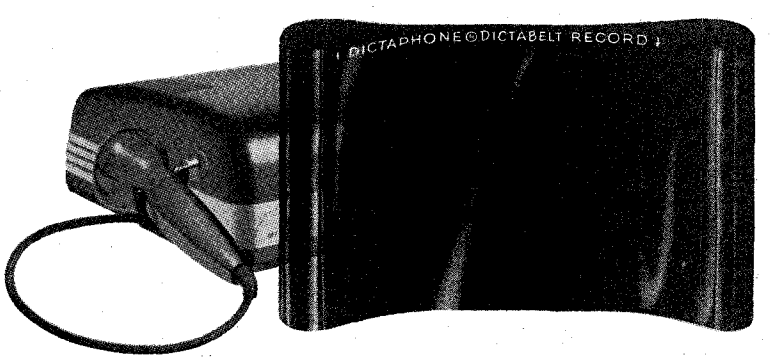

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The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 17)

wants to pool our interests. I don't want to sell unless he sells at the same time. Otherwise they'd have control and freeze him out. Mr. Garvin is out of town. He left yesterday. I can't find out where he is. His secretary hates the ground I walk on. She wouldn't even give me the time of day."

"How about Junior?" Mason asked. "Can't he find out where his father is?"

"Junior is East, attending a meeting."

Mason said, "Mr. Garvin might not like the idea of you dealing with this man. He may suggest that I have the personal contact."

"I know," she said. "But with me it's a matter of family pride. I'm going to carry on where dad left off."

"You'd like to see your father's murderer brought to justice?"

"Naturally. That's the second reason I came to see you. After this stock sale goes through, I want to retain you to do something about my father's murder."

Mason shook his head. "You don't need to retain an attorney to see that the police solve a murder case."

"What have they done so far?"

"I don't know."

"Neither does anyone else."

"Could this Mr. X have been implicated in the murder? He seems to have profited by it."

"Certainly he could."

"Then you should let Garvin conduct the negotiations."

"When Mr. Garvin got this stock," she said, "he thought he was buying something to give me as a wedding present. He thought I was to be his daughter-in-law. Now that situation has changed."

"Where can I get in touch with you?" Mason asked.

"You can't," she said. "I'll be in touch with you tomorrow morning. Will ten o'clock be all right?"

"Very well. Ten tomorrow morning."

Mason turned to Della Street as the exit door closed behind the young woman. "I'm going down and talk to that new secretary of Garvin's," he said. "Perhaps I can pry some information out of her."

"Chief, if she makes that sale, if Homer Garvin says it's all right, would you try to do what she asks and act as liaison man in this murder case?"

"I don't know, Della. I don't think she needs to retain a lawyer for that."

"Chief, I'm frightened. The pit of my stomach is telling my brain to try to keep you out of this mess."

Mason smiled. "Well, I'll go see Eva Elliott. Perhaps I can learn something from her. We'll cross the other bridges when we come to them."

Eva Elliott, a tall, blue-eyed blonde with penciled eyebrows, was seated at her secretarial desk. She had moved this desk to a corner which framed her blond beauty against the dark mahogany paneling. Drapes on the windows had been carefully arranged so that the lighting made the corner seem to be part of a stage set.

As Mason opened the door, the phone rang. Eva Elliott flashed him a smile, picked up the telephone, held it close to her lips and talked for a few moments in a low voice. Mason was barely able to hear the words.

"No, I can't tell you when he'll be in. I'm sorry. . . . Yes, he's out of town. May I take a message? . . . Thank you. Good-by." She hung up the receiver and turned to face Mason.

"I'm Perry Mason," the lawyer explained.

Her eyes widened. "Oh, Mr. Mason, the lawyer!"

"That's right," Mason said. "I see you've moved your desk."

"Oh," she said, "I moved it from where Marie had it. The light was all wrong."

"What do you hear from her?" Mason asked.

"She has been in twice," Eva Elliott said somewhat frigidly.

"What's her name now?" Mason asked. "I always think of her as Marie Arden."

"She married a man by the name of Barlow."

"Oh, yes," Mason said. "I remember. Tell me, Miss Elliott, where is Mr. Garvin?"

"He's away on a business trip."

"When did he leave?"

"I —— He wasn't in the office all yesterday afternoon."

"I see," Mason said. "I take it that you know I do all of his legal business?"

"I've heard him speak of you."

"I'd like very much to get in touch with him."

"Mr. Mason, may I ask if this is something which has to do with Miss Falkner?"

Mason's face became expressionless. "Why?" he asked.

"All right," she said. "I'll put my cards on the table. I —— Mr. Mason, it's very important that we shall not be interrupted. Would you mind if I lock the office door? Then would you step into Mr. Garvin's private office with me? We won't be disturbed there."

Mason followed her into Garvin's sumptuously furnished private office.

She turned to face Mason, her hands and hips pressing against the edge of Garvin's desk. Her pose was that of a movie star holding her chin up so as to present the best camera angle.

"Mr. Garvin is going to be furious with me if he knows I have said anything about it to you. However, you are a good judge of character and you don't need to have me point out that Stephanie Falkner is a very shrewd, very scheming, very selfish individual. Stephanie Falkner, as you probably know, was very friendly with Homer Garvin, Junior. Now Junior is carrying the torch for another girl, so Stephanie seems to be cultivating the father. Mr. Garvin is taking an interest in her. I don't know exactly what her game is now, but I do know that it is something intended to be for the advantage of Stephanie Falkner. Now then, Mr. Mason, are you going to accept this confidence in the spirit in which it is offered or are you going to tell Mr. Garvin what I said?"

Mason smiled at her. "I'm going to accept it in the spirit in which it was offered."

"Thank you," she said, and with a swift gesture moved out from the edge of the desk to extend both hands to Perry Mason. "I think you're wonderful!"

Mason left Garvin's office and telephoned Della Street.

"Della," he said, "do we have the address of Marie Arden, who is now Mrs. Lawton Barlow?"

"Hold on just a minute and I'll get it for you."

Mason hailed a cab and gave the driver the address.

At length the cab driver slowed, turned down a side street, ran for a couple of blocks and pulled in at the curb. Mason left the cab and walked up to the door. Before he could ring the bell, the door was flung open.

"Gosh, Mr. Mason, but I'm glad to see you!" Marie Barlow exclaimed.

"You're looking fine," Mason said.

She laughed. "Come on in, Mr. Mason. Don't kid me. The baby's due in nine weeks. I'm an elephant. I'm letting all the housework go and the place is a mess. Can I buy you a drink?"

"No, thanks," Mason said. "I'm trying to get some information about Homer Garvin."

"About what?"

"To find out where I can reach him, for one thing."

"He's away?"

"Yes."

"Have you talked with Eva Elliott?"

"I've talked with her."

"And you didn't get what you wanted?"

"I got virtually nothing," Mason said.

Marie Barlow laughed. "Well, then you'll know the way I feel when I go up to the office. I tried it a couple of times and then decided to forget it."

"Did you see Homer?"

"Neither time. She just wouldn't ring."

"What's the idea?"

"I don't know. Of course, I was with Homer for twelve years. You get pretty close to a business and pretty close to a boss in that time. After Homer's wife died, he really went all to pieces for a while, and then he was beginning to get back on his feet when I decided to take the matrimonial plunge. Believe me, Mr. Mason, I put it off for over three months just because I was afraid the job of having to reorganize the office, on top of everything else, would have a bad effect on Homer Garvin. Actually he found out I was putting it off on his account. So he told me to go ahead and get married before he fired me. Gosh, Mr. Mason! He's a wonderful guy!"

"Was Stephanie Falkner in the picture while you were there?"

She shook her head. "She came later. Eva Elliott was Junior's light of love at the time, but he was beginning to cool off. He goes overboard for long-legged models with poise and curves. I believe Stephanie was just coming into the picture. Junior got his dad to put Eva Elliott in the office at a whale of a salary. She's ornamental, unscrupulous and conceited. I'm a cat and I don't like her. Her sole secretarial training consists of a course in typing and in watching glamorous secretaries on the screen and on television."

"Then how can she handle Garvin's business?" Mason asked.

Marie said with feeling, "That's what I'd like to know."

Mason said, "I think Garvin may be in Las Vegas. Where would he be staying?"

She thought for a minute and said, "Nine chances out of ten it would be the Double-O Motel. That's one of the newer places. But surely Eva Elliott must know where he is."

"She said not," Mason said. "Of course, it may have been an act."

"May have been an act is right," Marie said, laughing. "But don't let me prejudice you, Mr. Mason. You know how it is after a girl gets married. She gets a whole new life of her own. But—well, I offered to stay there for a while, helping Eva Elliott take over, but she wanted to be on her own. I went in a few days later, said I just dropped in to have a talk with Homer and see if I could help. The atmosphere was formal and icy. She said Mr. Garvin was in a conference. Then the next time I went in was about two months later. She was frigidly polite. But she didn't ring Mr. Garvin's phone to tell him I was there, and naturally I didn't want to make an issue of it. So I left. I felt that, after all, he could get in touch with me if he wanted me."

"Did he?" Mason asked.

She blinked her eyes rapidly and shook her head.

There was silence for several seconds. Suddenly she said, "Gosh! Mr. Mason, there must have been a hundred problems that came up on which they needed my help. I can't understand why Homer didn't call up and ask me for information that I had at my finger tips."

"You never called Garvin on the phone?"

"No, I didn't. I'm not going to put myself in the position of having that new secretary of his turn me down more than twice."

"Well," Mason said, "give me a ring once in a while, and run in and say hello when you get in circulation again. Della and I will both be glad to see you."

"Find out anything?" Della Street asked, as Mason latchkeyed the door of his private office.

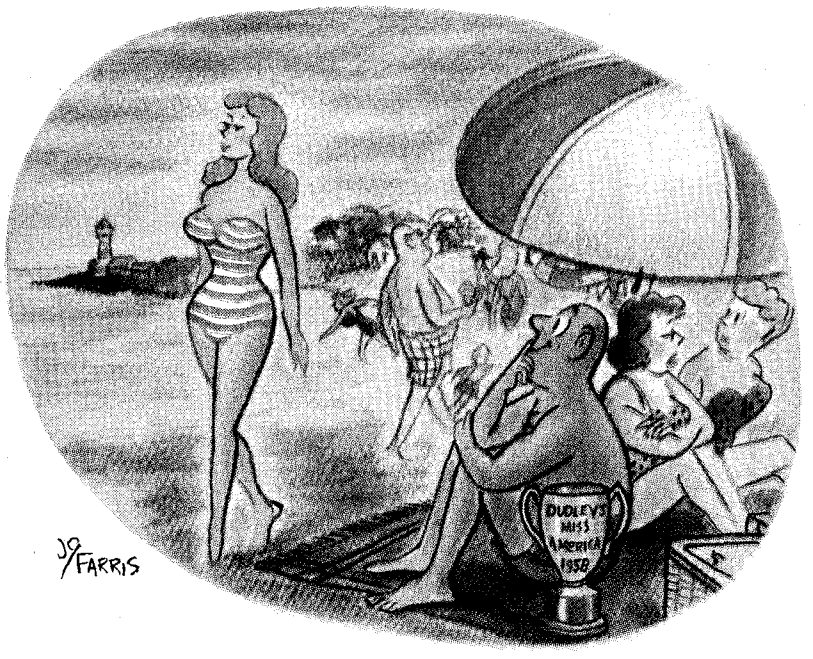
"Uh-huh. I don't know just how definite it is, but there's certainly something sticky in the atmosphere around Garvin's office. See how long it has been since we've heard from him, Della."

Della Street went to the outer office and was back within a matter of minutes. "It's been something over a year."

"In other words, he hasn't been in touch with me since he employed his new secretary," Mason said.

"He probably hasn't had any reason to get in touch with you."

Mason pursed his lips. "A lot of changes seem to have taken place in Gar-



"Every year Dudley picks his own Miss America."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 82*) voice a mere sigh, "You terrify me, Ellen. You are so calm about this thing, so matter-of-fact."

"I suppose I have lived with it too long to waste my strength on surface emotion," Ellen said. "I assure you I am not calm in my soul. And I have seen the torment in your own conscience, Abbie. You feel that it is your duty to expose me so that I can be turned over to the law. But you have been unable to drive yourself to it. For you are gentle as well as strong. And loyal. That is your burden."

"That is my burden," Abbie acknowledged. "You have a faculty for winning loyalty—and love, Ellen. Me, Luke Storm, Vance Cameron—you hold us all. I don't know what I will do. I don't know."

She arose then and left the wagon. Ellen knew that she wanted to pray on her knees alone in the darkness.

It was another hour before Luke's thoughts and memory really became coherent. His body throbbed, but that was easing. Abbie and Ellen and Emery Dixon continued cold-water applications, and that treatment seemed to be effective.

Meanwhile a grave had been dug not far from the stream. Men gathered there bearing torches, and Mack Sledge's body, encased in a hastily built coffin made of wagon boxes, was buried. Emery Dixon repeated the Lord's Prayer. Afterward the camp quieted.

Cameron spread his bedroll alongside Luke. "You never let her get far out of your sight, do you, my friend?" Luke murmured after a time.

Cameron said complainingly, "It's going to be colder than the frost on Hades' fourth door before morning. What a country! You roast in daytime and shiver at night."

"What is it you're after?" Luke asked. "The money?"

Cameron did not answer. He was pulling off his boots.

"Now I'm as beholden to you as I am to her," Luke said. "She saved my neck at Independence. And tonight Sledge would have finished me if you hadn't got him in time."

Cameron looked at him now, and there was no evasion, no lightness in his handsome face. "I will offer one of the prayers Emery Dixon is always uttering that you never have to make the decision between Ellen Jessup and me, Luke," he said. "You have your cross to bear. You are in love with her."

He then lay back on his saddle, which he used as a pillow, and brought the blankets snugly around him. He slept through until the deep darkness long past midnight, when he was aroused to go on the dawn watch. But Luke had slept only fitfully. He was still awake when Cameron and the late watch came in and aroused the company. Daybreak was near.

They were on the trail before full daylight had been reached. It was a gray, overcast morning, raw and cold. At midmorning a chill, driving rain set in. It rained for the next three days. Mud! It held back every footstep, every hoof. It caked wheels and hubs and running gear. Wagons sank to the reaches.

And, always and endlessly, tired men were putting their shoulders to the mired wagons.

They had the sensation of living in a nightmare where prodigious effort gained nothing. The oxen began to die. It became necessary to abandon one wagon, and then another, and then two more, and to apportion the available stock. But there was one saving thought in their minds. Each hard-fought step brought them that much nearer to Fort Relief, Menafee's trading station at Raft River Valley. The expectation of the comfort and the safety they would find there kept them going. But the mud held them back with malevolent antagonism. The three or four days in which Menafee had expected to reach his trading post lengthened to a week, and they were still twenty miles away.

Luke watched the desperation grow in Ellen's eyes. She fought the mud and she fought time and distance. It was as though she were seeking by her own sheer will to overcome the inertia of the creeping oxen and the great wagons.

Finally she said to him one night as they camped, "We will have to go on alone by horseback at first chance. There is no hope now that the rest of them will go any farther than the trading post. You have your horse. I'll steal Cameron's."

"We're in Ute country now," Luke said. "After we hit the Humboldt we'll have the Paiutes to worry about all the way to the big California mountains. They're horse thieves, but they wouldn't hesitate to try for two scalps."

From then on, Luke, like Vance Cameron, never left her far out of his sight. For he knew that she had made up her mind to make the attempt even if she had to go alone.

It was late afternoon of the ninth day when Menafee and Al Thorne, riding ahead, arose in their stirrups, waving their hats exultantly.

"Fort Relief!" the travelers shouted. "The trading post! We've reached it!"

Safety! Men let the wagons come to a halt and ran ahead to join Menafee. They were yelling with the wild joy of humans who have seen the shadow of death fade away.

Luke and Ellen were the only ones who had remained with the oxen. "You were right," he said. "They've had enough. This is the end of the trip for them—for this season, at least."

He watched her expression and saw that she was still determined. "I'll take Cameron's horse tonight," he said. "We'll pull out after the camp is asleep."

She turned, surprised, and gazed at him. "No," she said. "No. I—I can't force such a risk on you. I'll travel with Menafee's wagons if he sends them through."

"That's what he wants you to do," Luke said.

"Yes," she admitted. "That is what he wants."

"Be ready when I give the sign tonight," Luke said. "I'll try to take the pack horse too. I'll round up what I can in the way of food."

"You are doing this because you still imagine you are in debt to me because of what happened back in Independence," Ellen said.

"That was the way it started," Luke said slowly, "but now there's a difference. Maybe I'm bewitched. Maybe ——"

Then he became aware of the silence. The shouting had died away. The men who had hurried ahead to the sky line were standing there, staring.

At first glance, Fort Relief seemed to be friendly and sheltering. But now Luke became conscious of what the others were seeing. Nothing moved there. No human came from the open gate to greet them. Now he made out the sooty black shadows left by fire around the window frames. He saw now that the sod roofs were sagging and that the split-log gates themselves were charred.

Luke caught up his horse, saddled and rode to the scene, along with Menafee and Al Thorne. They pulled up in the stockade, gazing in silence. Luke found arrowheads and bullet holes in the door of the main building.

"They'd have been better off dead," he shrugged. "It must have been that Ute party whose sign we cut, east of here."

Menafee swore and smashed a fist angrily into a palm. "This is going to cost me a pretty penny!" he raged. "Look at my trading post! Ruined! All the supplies stolen or burned!"

Luke twisted around in the saddle to stare at him. "It's time to worry about those people we got out there," he said. "Not about money. Chances are you'll be counting your pennies in hell before we get out of this."

They rode back to the wagons. "Drive on!" Luke said. "We can make another mile or two before dark."

Men stumbled numbly to obey. Luke took charge of Ellen's team. He looked at her, then lifted her to the saddle of his horse, which walked along at his side. It seemed to him that all the hope had drained out of her. She rode limp and silent for a time. Finally she shook her head. "If Fort Relief had been in existence they would have been reasonably safe there for the winter," she said, as though answering his unspoken question. "But now they need help. There are sick people to be looked after. And there will be more. We must stay with them."

"This ship your ——"

She halted him abruptly. "We can't leave Abbie now," she said positively. "Nor her uncle. Nor Vance Cameron. It would be desertion now—desertion to save ourselves."

"If I could get my hands on whoever sent this."

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It was the answer Luke had expected. But he strode along, wrestling with a bitter problem. Again one of her first thoughts had been for Cameron. Apparently she still had no suspicion that she was the reason he was accompanying them on this journey.

At full dark they made a dismal, nervous camp on a wind-swept, rocky ridge that would serve as a good defensive position in case of attack. There, at Luke's insistence, they selected four wagons that were in the best condition. These they stocked with supplies from Menafee's merchandise. Menafee kept account of every ounce of flour and sugar and rice and said he would see to it that they paid for it. They cached what was left among the rocks. At daybreak they set out on the flight toward the Humboldt River.

The following morning, fifteen miles farther along, they found one of their number, John Rush, a soft-voiced little stampeder from the hills of Tennessee, dead with a Ute arrow in his body. Rush had been on stock guard. And three oxen were done for, hamstrung or skewered by arrows. Raiders had crept in just before daybreak. Now they fled down the trail toward the Humboldt with death at their wagon hubs.

Luke braced his heels, heaving at the wagon with all his strength to assist the oxen. The muscles stood out on his long jaws, and veins banded his temples. His eyes had receded deeper into the leanness of his face. A stubble of wiry, sandy beard glinted in the thin sunlight. The last of his moccasins had long since worn out, and he was forced to reconcile himself to the hide boots that he despised.

Side by side with him, Vance Cameron and Emery Dixon also strained to keep the wagon moving. They, too, were gaunt, unshaven and hollow-eyed. The oxen were bone racks now.

Ahead, Abbie and Ellen handled the team, encouraging the animals with voice and at times with prayer. And they, too, often put their shoulders to the wagon alongside the men. On this bleak day they wore skirts—the same comely dress-up affairs in printed cotton that they had found no opportunity to don since Fort Laramie. Strangely enough, it had been Emery Dixon who had advised this attire for the day's journey instead of the masculine breeches and butternut shirts that were their customary garb on the trail.

"It is going to be a windy day," the minister had said, with a reckless twinkle in his eye. "And also a day when men's minds must be kept off their troubles."

His wife had stared at him in mock horror. "Emery Dixon!" she had exclaimed. "You are a scandal!"

Then Martha Dixon had laughed and kissed her husband. Since Fort Relief she had been able to be up and about. Where others were weakening she seemed to gain in endurance each day, as though their need was her strength.

"Beauty was created to be seen," Emery Dixon had said shamelessly. He then turned to Ellen and bowed gallantly. "I speak from my experience, I assure you. I recall another windy day a long time ago on the Kansas prairie, Mrs. Jarrett."

But it was now midafternoon and there was no longer such gaiety to buoy them. It was November and the wind Emery Dixon had mentioned was an enemy. It was an arid wind as dry as sand, and it was cold and hostile and fought to hold them back. For of all the two thousand miles they had traveled, this day's distances were the worst. Around them lay the weird and lifeless Carson Sink, its white playas and alkali-powdered flats reflecting the pale sun. Only three wagons remained, and these carried six ill and

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exhausted members of the party. Only ten of them were still on their feet.

They had started this forty-mile, waterless march across the sink at dawn the previous morning, after spending a precious day at Humboldt Slough to permit the oxen to regain a measure of strength. They had loaded one wagon with marsh grass and had filled the water barrels and canteens. Now the last of the grass had been eaten by the oxen and the water was gone. The Carson River, where they would find fresh water and ample graze, was still half a dozen miles away and the oxen were failing fast.

At times what was palpably a great mountain range was miraged into view above the horizon ahead, standing there in a low, jagged, purple-gray line that they had mistaken for clouds until Luke spoke.

"The California mountains," he had said. "They call it the Sierra Nevada. There's where you'll find your gold."

Luke could see that the higher peaks carried snow, but that the lower passes seemed still to be clear.

"Maybe our luck will hold," he had said.

In that translucent light the Sierra at times seemed so wonderfully near that the end of the journey appeared as good as accomplished. Then the thin mist would close in and the great mountains would recede maddeningly from sight. And now, one by one, the oxen were dying.

Emery Dixon sagged to his hands and knees and remained there, his lungs heaving, half sobbing in his despair. But Luke and Cameron helped keep the wagon in motion until it reached firmer going. Then they returned, lifted the minister to his feet and steadied him until he had revived. Soon he had strength enough to keep up again, and when the next crisis came, he put his shoulder once more to the wagon, side by side with them.

Luke looked at him wonderingly and said from dry lips, "You mule-headed pulpit pounder! Why don't you quit? Why don't you ride in the wagons with the others that have given up?"

Emery Dixon would not quit. He even attempted to break defiantly into one of his marching hymns. His voice was an unintelligible croak.

Tracy Menafee looked back and snarled, "Save your breath, you old fool!"

Both Luke's sorrel and Cameron's black had been killed by Paiutes in a raid days in the past and many miles to the east on the Humboldt, but the saddle mounts of Menafee and Thorne had survived. They were riding them now. The horses were thin, but in far better condition than the oxen. Neither Menafee nor Thorne had ever offered to turn over their mounts to exhausted men. Only rarely had they given a hand with the wagons.

Menafee was no longer well-groomed nor affable. He had changed to a bitter, edgy, unkempt man; his need for self-preservation urged him to desert the creeping wagons, but he could not bring himself to the point of losing sight of Ellen, now that the end of the journey was so tantalizingly near.

Avarice bound Menafee and Thorne to stay within sight of Ellen, and mutual distrust held them to each other, for both knew that one would desert the other if it was to his advantage. In Menafee's case, the financial greed was even greater, for this journey had been disastrous. The loss of his Raft River trading station had been a hard blow to his resources. Now the last of his ox teams was dying, and what merchandise he had tried to carry beyond Fort Relief had been jettisoned to lighten the wagons and make room for the exhausted and ailing.

New disaster struck. One of the wagons, driven by Pete Rasmussen, veered off the route Luke was piloting, lured by the promise of more level going. But it was a trap. The wagon broke through the salt crust of what was an alkali sink. Beneath the crust was yellow mud that seemed bottomless. It slowly, relentlessly, began sucking the wagon down.

Luke and Cameron and others, racing to the rescue, cut the trembling oxen free and got them to safety before they mired, but the wagon was beyond saving. They moved the two sick men who were passengers, in with the other patients in the remaining two wagons, and salvaged what food they could. Then they plodded ahead again.

Abbie looked back at the abandoned wagon, which was now tilted drunkenly, like a ship sinking into the whiteness of the alkali flat. Suddenly she buried her face in her hands and began to weep.

Cameron was instantly at her side. He took her hand as he would a child's who needed comfort. "There, there!" he kept saying huskily. "There, there!"

Abbie looked up at him and her tears faded. Slowly she drew her hand away. Luke saw the stony neutrality that she had always shown to Cameron return to her eyes.

"I'm all right now," she said. "I'm sorry."

Cameron turned away, his mouth set woodenly against any reflection of his thoughts, his dark eyes blank and dead. But Luke sensed the seethe of emotion that was back of that mask.

They were all nearing the breaking point. Al Thorne's saddle horse stumbled over a small rock, fell to its knees, then lurched forward and pitched Thorne to the ground. Thorne came to his feet, his teeth showing in a wild snarl of unbridled temper, his six-shooter in his hand. All his killer madness was blazing in him, and he would have shot the horse dead wantonly to satisfy his anger, even though it left him afoot. Luke had seen such displays of temper in other men in the past. He sensed what might happen before Thorne had even made his move.

Luke snatched out his own pistol from its holster and fired. The bullet tore into the surface a yard from Thorne, sending a stinging spray of salt and alkali grit into his face.

"No!" Luke shouted. "No!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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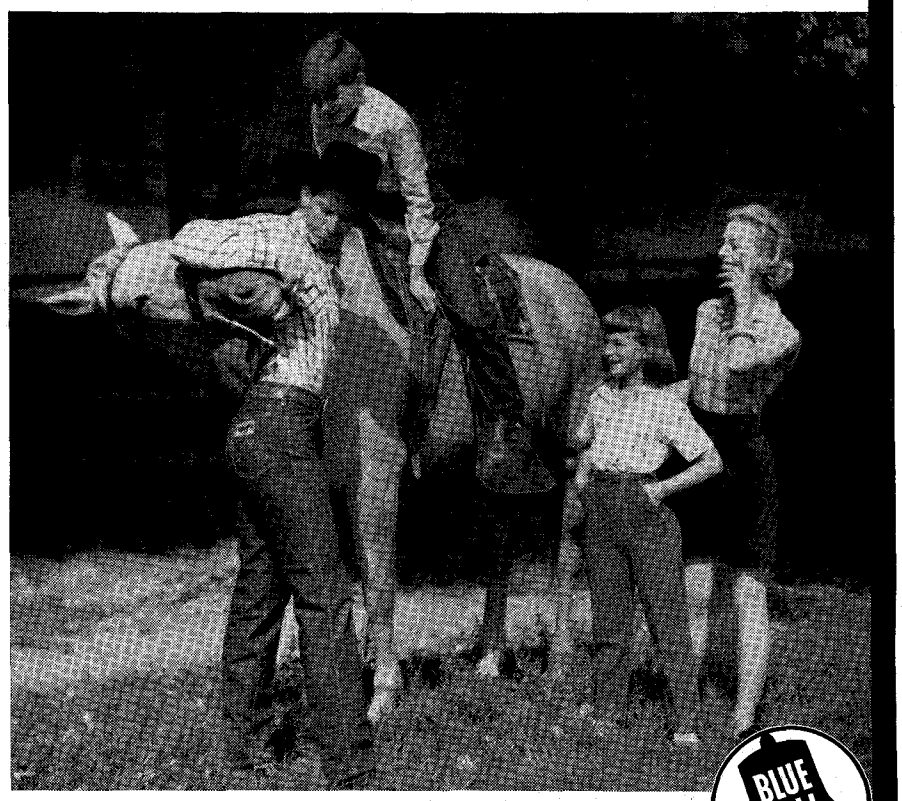

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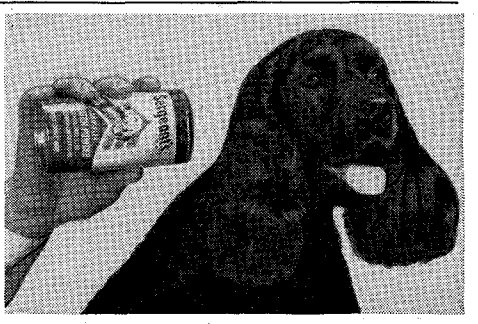

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Stroll Into Danger (Continued from Page 27)

"Oh, I would like to," she replied. "When could we do it?"

"Well"—after all, there was nothing to wait for, and he wouldn't have another free evening for a week—"we can go now."

They found one of Havana's battered touring-car taxis. "Charro's!" Tio called to the driver.

As he was entering the car, he saw the boy with the black hair and hawk face staring somberly at him, a few feet away.

"Why, it's Nicólo!" Luisa exclaimed with a note of apprehension.

"Tell me, is he important to you?" Tio inquired.

"Well, he says he's in love with me. But he is so jealous that it frightens me."

"You are not in love with him?"

"No. But he has tried to be a friend, and I don't have many friends. He's a student at the university, and his companions have been kind to me. They have some kind of secret club, and I keep the key to the room where they meet."

"Why should you keep it?"

"They say it is safer—that if one of them kept it, some other students would try to take it away."

"What do they do in the club?"

"He does not tell me. But it seems to make them feel important."

Tio glanced thoughtfully at the fresh and innocent face. "You know, señorita," he advised her, "you have spent your life in an asylum where people take care of you. Outside the asylum they are not so unselfish. You must not believe them until you are sure."

"I know. I am careful," she said.

"Also, you shouldn't get into taxis with strangers at night to go to places like Hot Dog Alley."

"Oh, I don't."

"But that's what you're doing with me."

She looked up at him sweetly. "Well, I trust you."

The remark touched Tio. "Well, that's more than I would do myself," he said. "But, anyway, don't trust the others."

Charro's was murky, lit by one electric bulb in the middle. There were perhaps fifty people at bare wooden tables along the walls, listening to the savage music of Charro's quartet. An unpleasant acrid odor ran like a thread through the cigarette smoke and the fumes of rum.

"This is it," Tio said. "No more, no less. Shall we go?"

"No. It's all right. I didn't know it would be quite like this. But I just want a chance."

They sat at a table, and José Rosan joined them. As Tio talked, José sipped coffee, his eyes occasionally straying to the girl.

"So perhaps you will listen to her sing sometime," Tio said, "to see what she's like."

"*Amigo mío*," José replied, "if you have heard her sing, that is enough for me. Let her sing."

"When?"

"Now."

"Ha!" Tio exclaimed with satisfaction. He looked at Luisa. Her face was pale, but she nodded.

"Charro will announce you," José said. "Tell him what the song is, and he will play it on the piano."

He walked over to Charro, who had his head on his thick chest, his eyes closed. When José spoke, Charro opened his eyes and looked at Luisa in her white dress, with her blond hair.

"A singer from Madrid!" Charro shouted hoarsely to the room at large. "A singer whom the young men love! *La Dorada*—the golden one."

Luisa walked out and stood with Charro a moment at the piano, then moved to the center of the floor.

She sang the same song Tio had heard her sing before, and it may have been the contrast between this virginal young girl and the dark and evil surroundings that made her singing so effective. The nightmare faces around the shadowy edges of the room cried bravo, and the tables banged.

She sang two more, and Charro rose and bowed to her and returned to his bottle of rum.

"She is your girl?" José asked Tio.

"No."

José shrugged. "Well, it doesn't matter. I'll take her, for a short run, at ten dollars a night. Soon she will do better in some bigger place." He rose. "I'll talk to her in my office."

Tio remained alone at the table, listening to Charro's drums.

From the semidarkness beside him a voice spoke sarcastically, "Did you get your match, señor?" Nicólo slid into a chair without being asked. "I do not like being interfered with," he said arrogantly. "I do not like it at all."

Tio looked at the taut white face. "Neither do I," he answered softly.

"What are you doing here with this girl? Decent women don't come to a place like this. Why did you bring her here?"

The boy was clearly under some great strain.

"It is really no business of yours," Tio said, "but there is nothing that need alarm you, my friend."

"The girl is mine," Nicólo asserted tensely. "You will go away now, and I will take her home."

"The girl belongs to neither you nor me," Tio corrected. "But I brought her here, and, naturally, I will take her back."

The boy's hand slipped under his coat and emerged with an automatic pistol. "You will go home," he whispered. "Now."

Fortunately, beyond Nicólo's head Tio saw the tall man who had been in the shadow at the Casa Ramba—identifiable now as Capt. Raoul Molina, of the Havana Secret Police. The captain, a shrewd and suave police officer, was an old acquaintance of Tio's; they had been for many years leaders, so to speak, on opposing teams. For once in his life, Tio was pleased to see him.

"Tell me," he inquired casually of Nicólo, "why are you being followed?"

The boy gave a start, but controlled himself from looking around. "Don't try to trick me."

"I'm not trying to trick you. There was a man watching you at the Casa Ramba. He has followed you here. It is Molina of the Secret Police. I know him well."

The boy glanced over his shoulder, and the arrogance drained from his face like air from a pricked balloon. "Do this for me, señor," he said. "I have to trust you." He scribbled a message on a piece of paper, took something from his pocket and slid both the paper and the object under Tio's napkin. "Give this to Luisa. It is a matter of life and death."

He rose and sauntered to the dance floor where the orchestra was playing and, pulling the gun from his pocket, leaped and smashed the electric bulb with the butt, plunging the room into blackness. Several women screamed. There was the sound of running feet, a table crashed. The door opened from José's office.

"*Qué va?*" José said to Tio. "What goes?"

"A young man broke the light with a gun."

"I did that once, but I was running from the police."

"So was he."

"Ah, that is better."

José calmly replaced the broken bulb and sent a rumba dancer out to dance, to allay the hubbub. Both Nicólo and Captain Molina were gone. Tio glanced inside his napkin. There were a key and a note saying:

Luisa baby:

Augusto and some others will be waiting inside the gate of the Cemetery Colón. Give them this before midnight. Do not fail me.

NICÓLO.

Experienced in the hazards of documentary evidence, Tio rolled the note into a pill and snapped it away on the floor. He was troubled. He guessed that these boys were part of the rebellion against the government. Certainly there was no doubt that Nicólo was wanted by the police. Unfortunately, Molina had seen Tio twice with the boy, and could build quite a circumstantial case against him, which, under martial law and for a man with Tio's police record, could be damaging.

Secondary only to his own security—which was as high a rank as Tio was apt to give anything—was the jeopardy to Luisa. If she were involved in Nicólo's antics, it could wreck her career at its promising start. He did not want her to get into trouble by obeying Nicólo's request to deliver the key—and yet in fairness, perhaps he should, at least, give her the message.

He was debating this in his mind when she returned to the table.

"I start tomorrow," she said happily. "Will you come to hear me?"

"If I can."

"You have been very kind to me, Señor Martinez. Would you take me home now? I've had enough adventure for one night."

"Indeed, so have I," Tio answered. "But there is one more thing, Luisa—Nicólo was here. He's in trouble with the police."

"I was afraid that was so."

"Do you know what the trouble is?"

"No."

"Good. It's better that way. He left the key with me and asked you to deliver it to Augusto at once at the Cemetery Colón."

"Then we must do so. This Augusto is his closest friend. Nicólo said if he ever gave me such a message, it would be important."

"What business would he have in the Cemetery Colón?"

"I don't know that. I only know his family has a vault there."

Watching her face, Tio was convinced that she was as innocent as she seemed.

"Well, we can drive past and see if we can find Augusto. But it would be safer if we forgot the message and went home."

"I would like to do this one thing more for him. Then I won't keep the key for these boys any more."

"All right, we'll take a chance."

Outside, Tio hailed a taxi.

While Luisa chattered about her future as gaily as a child, Tio watched the rear-view mirror in front of the driver. Two little beads of light appeared in it from somewhere near Hot Dog Alley.

The taxi turned right on the road leading to the cemetery.

"Stop here," Tio said, as they drew alongside a house. A car turned the corner behind them. It went smoothly past, and Tio leaned forward to read the license plate. It wasn't a police number; but then, that wasn't decisive.

"Life is full of hazards," he murmured to the driver.

"To live without risk is not to live at all," the Cuban replied.

"You are a philosopher."

"Thank you, señor."

The cemetery gates were still open. The taxi paused. There was only one car in sight—parked, apparently empty, with a different license number. "All right, here we go," Tio said to Luisa, but even as he told the driver to enter the archway he had a premonition of peril. There was a street lamp near the cemetery office, and in the half-light nearby stood several young men.

"Why, it's Nicólo himself!" Luisa exclaimed. She leaned out and called to him.

So swiftly that it was there before Tio was aware of its coming, the car that had been parked outside slid behind the taxi, and two policemen jumped out with drawn guns. *We are caught*, Tio thought with bitterness; he would be jailed, Amelia unforgiving; the restaurant closed. But he had not reckoned with the mad Nicólo. The latter, advancing toward Luisa, did not hesitate, but drew his gun and fired immediately. One policeman fell and the other jumped behind his car and began shooting. The taxi driver spun his car about and roared out of the gate, slowing to normal speed in the street. Behind them several shots sounded thin and faint.

"Ho-ho," the driver said. "I could hear that first one sing. There is such a thing as too much risk, don't you think?"

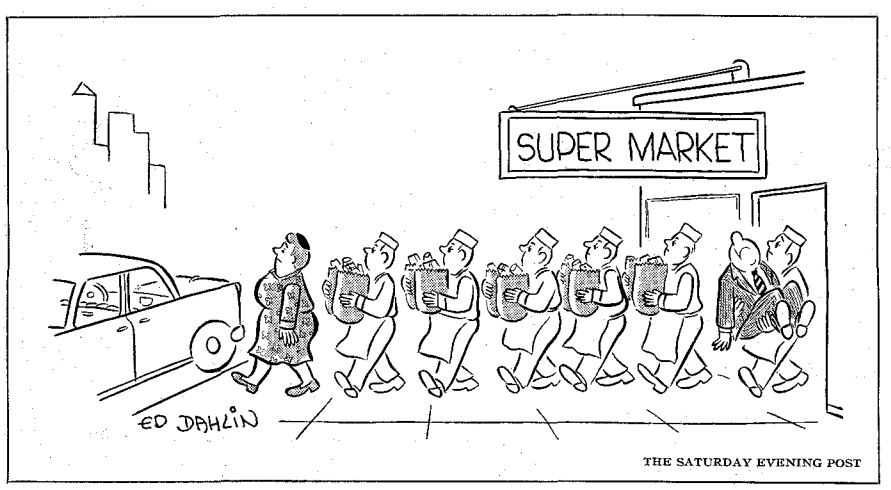
"Not for a beautiful girl," Tio said.

"You are a philosopher, señor."

Luisa was clutching his arm, pale, but controlled. "What will happen to Nicólo?" she asked.

Tio shrugged. "I don't know. Tomorrow I will find out for you. But we could not have helped him. Perhaps he escaped." In his heart he doubted it, but whatever Nicólo's faults or his fate, he had certainly saved them.

"I don't understand this at all," Luisa said. "This has really been too much of a night for me." (*Continued on Page 88*)



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The Picture of Health for August

by MAXINE DAVIS

The height of summer! Asters, lilies, gaudy dahlias make a brilliant backdrop for terrace dinners of Maryland fried chicken, corn roasted in its husk, and peaches and cream.

These pleasures once cost me a high price. The bill used to come in after I'd packed away my easy cottons and shoehorned myself into the extravagant grey flannel suit and black crepe sheath I'd planned to wear for *years!* After a look at my expanded silhouette I'd hear the family groan, "Mom has to diet again."

No more, thank goodness! After talking with my doctor, I now routinely use the NEW KESSAMIN PLAN and KESSAMIN #14 tablets. These contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron as well as a neutral additive. They help keep me perfectly happy—and normal size—with only one ear of corn and a smaller slice of peach pie. And if my husband fattens I use the KESSAMIN way to help him lose the unhealthy excess promptly. It's the best aid to weight control we've ever found.

August is bounteous but it does have drawbacks! Heat and humidity are hard to take. Everything I do, from golf to just a little mending, makes me drip like a leaky faucet. When I cool off and dry I could be even more uncomfortable than before.

The reason—I've learned that certain bacteria which tend to grow prolifically in perspiration are the source of the unpleasant smell that bothers one.

But now, I've solved this problem. I've found the New YODORA, the deodorant containing an antibiotic that paralyzes those germs and keeps underarms dainty.

YODORA's a light cream, lightly fragrant, and soothing and healing to an irritated surface. It's a joy because it lasts from this morning till tomorrow.

Uncle Joe isn't his jovial self this visit. His store teeth wobble. He's low; doesn't tell his improbable tales or shake with laughter from his chins to his shins.

We know just what he needs: ORA-FIX, that remarkably efficient adherent, to hold his dentures firmly in place; and ORA denture powder to clean them in 20 minutes and keep his breath fresh as a baby's. Now, with ORA-FIX and ORA to make him comfortable, Uncle Joe butters a fat ear of corn and booms, "Once a tiger . . ."

When he's with us Uncle Joe always insists on having projects—the sort of things he can't do in his bachelor apartment in New York.

He picks lima beans and bravely ignores the arthritis in his hands. In spite of his rheumatic back he moves fieldstones and makes a pretty path from the garage to the rose beds. And afterwards of course he's full of complaints.

Consequently, as soon as he's through I bring out our jar of SURIN and have warm moist towels ready for him. "Put these where you ache and when the area's warm I'll smooth the SURIN on," I tell him. "It's not a cure for your arthritis; there isn't any. But SURIN is warming, soothing, relaxing—and it helps relieve that distress.

"Now you'll be able to enjoy the fruit punch we'll have waiting for you."

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGUS ON CONTACT*

Back comes that cool, clean comfort!

Octofen Liquid by McKesson proved effective by a group of skin specialists ...in well-known New York hospital!

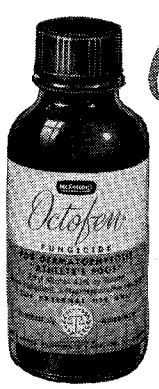
ATHLETE'S FOOT can become so serious—you need hospital care. In clinical tests by a team of leading dermatologists, people so afflicted with Athlete's Foot, were treated with Octofen Liquid. Results were remarkable—progress rapid—and 90% of the patients were clinically relieved in a surprisingly short time.

The reason Octofen Liquid is so effective is very simple. Doctors know that it is a fungus which causes Athlete's Foot. So why attack it with ineffective cure-alls? The direct way to get rid of Athlete's Foot is with a fungicide—something that kills fungus.

Years of specialized research at McKesson Laboratories produced Octofen Liquid to do this special job of killing Athlete's Foot fungi. As it seeps into the cracked places, it searches out the Athlete's Foot fungi—kills them on contact—in minutes! In many cases, two or three applications may be all you need.

So today—when the warm, humid summer weather encourages the Athlete's Foot fungi to bother you—get Octofen Liquid and soothing Octofen Powder at your druggist's. He will agree with your wise decision to be ready to stop infection early. Your druggist can also explain why Octofen works better—why it is the only Athlete's Foot remedy approved by the National Foot Health Council of leading chiropodists and podiatrists. Like all fine McKesson products, Octofen is *made better—so it's better for you.*

*Laboratory tests have proved that Octofen kills Athlete's Foot fungus on contact!



Octofen

BETTER...by McKESSON

OCTOFEN POWDER
helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Dust it onto washed and dried toes—into shoes and hose, every day.

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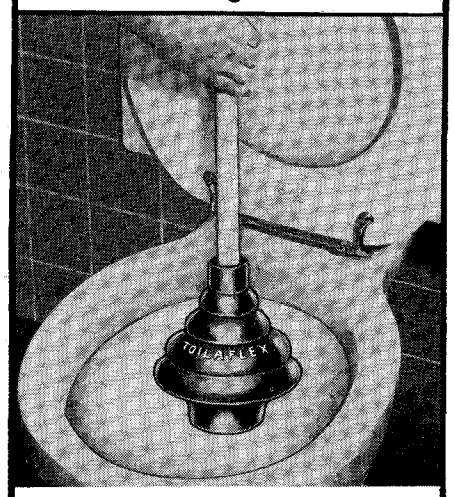
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



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With "Toilaflex", expressly designed for toilets, no air or water can escape. The full pressure plows through the clogging mass and swishes it down. Can't miss!

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(*Continued from Page 86*) "Well, it's over now," Tio comforted her.

But he was wrong. For when the taxi arrived at the Casa Ramba, Molina's detective was waiting for them.

Captain Molina, following Nicólo to Charro's, had been surprised, and interested, to find Tio there with that girl. When Nicólo had smashed the café light, the captain had made no attempt to pursue him in the darkness. He did not want him now; the boy could go no place but outside, where Molina's agents were waiting to trail him further. But Tio was a more challenging problem. Was he merely having a little fun with that girl after hours? Or could he be involved in the smuggling of arms, which was certainly being carried on by someone?

The captain's interest in the second possibility was professional and obvious. His interest in the first was personal and, he hoped, discreet. He had long been an admirer of Tio's wife, Amelia. In fact, her buxom figure, rosy cheeks and flashing dark eyes had figured prominently in his dreams of fair women, but so far he had been unable to realize this particular one. The situation was now favorable for another effort. Instructing one of his agents to keep an eye on Tio and the girl and to pick them up for questioning when they returned to the Casa Ramba, he reported briefly to headquarters and then set out for the Café Mosca.

He strolled into the open front of the café just as Amelia, presiding over the cash register at the long mahogany bar, was consulting her watch for the sixth time.

"You should have come earlier, captain," she said. "Tio has not returned, and so I've closed the kitchen for the night."

"Well, I did not come for food," Molina replied, "but for a few minutes of your company."

"I'm not likely to be very good company," Amelia said, her hand moving unconsciously to arrange her hair. "Ay, what a night!"

"It must be hard for you alone," Molina observed sympathetically. "It's Tio's night off, I suppose."

"No. He had some business engagement."

"Oh, yes. With José Rosan."

"No. Not with him. What makes you say that?"

"I saw him a little while ago at Charro's."

"Charro's!" The word exploded from Amelia's usual composure. "You mean that dive? You saw him with José?"

"Well, not with José ——" Molina managed to look uncomfortable.

"With whom?"

"Probably José's daughter."

"José has no daughter," Amelia said. Her pretty red mouth was a tight line, and there was an angry glint in her eyes, but she recovered herself to add, with a show of indifference, "It may have been his niece. But I don't know why Tio would have gone there."

"Why don't we join them?" the captain suggested cheerfully. "Most of your customers seem to have left for the evening, anyway."

It was true. The Mosca's patrons came generally from the underworld, and subsequent to Molina's arrival, a number of them had slipped quietly away behind his back.

She might as well close, Amelia thought, and it would serve Tio right if she surprised him at Charro's with her own escort. She flicked the lights as a signal to the remaining customers, and these few departed.

"I'll just slip on a different dress," she told Molina.

She came down in a dark blue print with red roses in it, which would, she hoped, be more glamorous than whatever that hussy was wearing. She carried a short black velvet cape which Molina helped to put over her shoulders. He had developed this technique to perfection: the murmured compliment as he took the cape; the careful draping of the right shoulder, with a light touch of the hand; then the left shoulder, with his other hand resting there; a slight pressure on both shoulders to turn her halfway, and a gentle respectful kiss, with a laughing apology, "I could not resist, señora."

He was at the critical point in this procedure—the fourth step with Amelia's face turning inquiringly toward him—when the small inset door in the steel shutter was pushed open and in came Tio, Luisa and Molina's agent. Molina's hands dropped from Amelia's shoulders. Unfortunately, her indignation against Tio was compromised. She found his stare disconcerting.

"Here they are, captain," the agent said. "Headquarters said you were here, so I brought them over."

"They went straight home from Charro's?"

"Yes." At one point the agent had lost them, but he saw no point in mentioning it. "Headquarters said your men picked up Nicólo Bordeen and several others in the cemetery; the boys have been storing arms in the Bordeen vault."

"Ah, so that's where it was!" Molina turned to Luisa. "And you are Nicólo's girl friend, aren't you?"

"I'm not his girl friend," Luisa said. "I'm just his friend." She added proudly, "Mr. Martinez is my real friend."

The agent snickered.

"How long have you known Tio Martinez?" Molina asked.

"I think ——" She hesitated. She looked at Tio in amazement. "Can it really be only four hours?" she asked incredulously.

"I suppose you know that Nicólo Bordeen was engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the government," Molina continued.

The girl gasped. "No, I didn't know that!"

"And you didn't know they were storing arms in the vault?"

"No, señor, I didn't know anything about it."

Molina turned to Tio. "And you, Tio, you know nothing about all this, either?"

"Not a thing in the world, captain."

"And this beautiful four-hour friendship with this girl—how did it begin?"

Tio told his story, omitting only Nicólo's message and the key.

"Have you searched him?" Molina demanded of the detective.

"Not yet, captain."

"Do so, then."

The detective emptied Tio's pockets—a wallet, some papers, cigarettes, and one lone key.

"What's the key for?" Molina inquired.

Tio had been preparing himself for this question. It was obvious that the key was to the vault in the cemetery, and the students had wanted some neutral person to hold it. He could not tell the truth about it, for it would involve Luisa in the student uprising, and her explanation would be too fantastic to be believed. He could not say it was for the Café Mosca or for any other normal purpose, because it would probably be checked. The only explanation that would be believed without investigation would be one that was damaging to him and would satisfy Molina's ribald suspicions.

He gave Molina a man-to-man look and said significantly, "I'd rather explain it privately, captain." He made a slight motion of his head toward Luisa.

Molina understood at once, and was pleased with the prospects of the other's predicament. "There's only your wife and three friends," he said blandly. "Better give us an answer, Tio."

Tio glanced about in an embarrassed way, making a brief prayer that Luisa would understand and keep her mouth shut; under the circumstances, he could not hope that Amelia would.

"It's the key to the señorita's apartment," he said in a low voice.

"Ah," murmured Molina, with a throaty, half-suppressed chuckle. "In that case, we better return it to her." He handed the key to Luisa, who took it, with eyes cast down. With true Latin courtesy, Molina did not ask her for any corroborating data.

"Ah, well," he said brightly, "at least, you are in safe hands now, señorita. The detective will see you home."

As these two left, the captain bowed his farewell to Amelia. The flush on the latter's face made her prettier than ever, and Molina looked forward with confidence to another visit in a day or so; after all, what was sauce for the gander was sauce for the goose.

Upon the locked and empty interior of the Café Mosca there fell that peculiar silence—clamorous with unspoken accusation, charged with outraged feeling—that is characteristic of marital crises. Amelia went upstairs without a word. Tio put out the lights and followed her. She was sitting before the mirror in her slip, brushing her hair, her bare and shapely shoulders stiff with disapproval.

Tio took off his coat and tie; removed one shoe; looked up and said, "That wasn't Luisa's key. I had to say that to protect her." He related the untold part of the story to Amelia's back. "It is the truth, Little Flower," he concluded.

"Oh, I don't doubt it," she said. "You were obviously putting on an act."

"That's right."

"Besides, the girl's much too young to have any interest in you, anyway."

"Well, I don't know that that's so."

"Ridiculous of a man your age to turn down a street merely because a girl sings!"

Ruffled by these remarks, Tio noticed the blue dress with the red roses, hanging over the chair. "By the way, why the party dress?" he inquired.

Amelia looked abashed, and Tio pressed his advantage. "Also, why was the café closed so early, and where were you and that lover boy going?"

"He asked me to go to Charro's."

"How friendly!"

"He'll probably ask me again," Amelia declared defiantly. "And I've half a mind to accept."

"Well, that's all it takes," Tio said. Pleased by his repartee and by the sudden change in their moral positions, he limped to the dressing table with one shoe on and kissed her. "You know, my tuberose, I've observed one principle all my life, and I think you should share it."

"Well, what is it, then?" Amelia asked, a little breathless.

"Stay out of the clutches of the police," he told her. THE END

A bachelor is one who wants to keep on living as cheaply as two.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

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"Let's Legalize the Spitball!"

(Continued from Page 25)

same in the American League, for Early Wynn, who racks up around twenty victories a year for the Indians and writes a daily sports column for a Cleveland paper besides, claims that there is at least one pitcher on every club who bootlegs the spitter.

Wynn has named no names, and neither will anybody else. Even Tebbetts, after screaming about Burdette, hedged when I asked him for particulars during an interview on my TV show.

"Birdie," I said, "do you honestly believe that Burdette throws a spitball?"

"If he doesn't," evaded Tebbetts, "he's missing a great opportunity."

To prove my point that the present controversy about the spitter is merely loud, rather than new, I asked Birdie about the spitball complaints which were made against Tommy Bridges, of Detroit, when Tebbetts was his batterymate there a generation ago. I brought up an incident involving the Yankees, then managed by Joe McCarthy, who was convinced that Bridges was sneaking in the spitter.

Before a 1941 game in which they faced Bridges, McCarthy told his Yankees to grab the ball if it ever popped out of Tebbetts' glove, and present it to the umpire as evidence that Bridges was wetting the ball. The chance came with Joe Gordon at bat. As the ball bounced away from Tebbetts, McCarthy yelled from the bench for Gordon to grab it. Gordon and Birdie wrestled around at the plate so violently that they almost upset umpire Bill McGowan. Tebbetts finally obtained possession and flung the ball to the outfield. By the time it was returned to McGowan, after being handled by three or four Tigers, it was as dry as Kansas City, Kansas, on a Sunday afternoon.

Tebbetts got a chuckle out of recalling the episode. "Was Bridges really throwing a spitter?" I persisted. "He certainly must have been doing something to the ball if you went to all that trouble to keep it away from the umpire."

"Let's put it this way, Frank," said Tebbetts, giving me his personality smile: "It was exciting while it lasted." That and no more.

Wes Westrum, who has been catching for the Giants since 1947, was a fifty-fifty witness on the matter of the bootlegged spitter.

"Wes," I asked, "have you ever caught a spitball?"

"No," answered Westrum, "but I've hit against plenty." This exonerated the entire Giant pitching staff, but made all the other hurlers in the National League suspect.

I had even less luck with another catcher, Roy Campanella, of the Dodgers. I asked him the same question I had asked Westrum.

"Yes, I've caught some spitballs, Frank," answered Campy. But before I could even smile, he added, "In the Negro League, of course."

"Now, wait a minute, Roy," I interposed. "What about Preacher Roe, with the Dodgers? After he quit, he confessed in a magazine piece that he had sneaked in many a spitter when he was in a jam."

Campanella grinned and said something about Roe never letting him in on the secret. That was as far as I could get. There is a freemasonry on the subject among the players—a code which permits them to talk off the record about pitchers who cheat, but prevents them from naming names for publication.

One veteran National Leaguer laughed over Tebbetts' charges against Burdette. "He should talk about spitballers," said the player, who wouldn't permit me to use his name. "Some of his own Cincinnati pitchers can throw spitters!" He wouldn't say who they were, but Raul Sanchez, one of Birdie's pitchers, was accused of using the spitter in the International League, and there are a couple of big overhand right-handers on that Cincinnati staff who would be helped by an occasional spitter.

If a pitcher is using a spitball, he should let his catcher know about it. There are many who insist that the late Hugh Casey's famous third strike to Tommy Henrich in the fourth game of the 1941 Dodger-Yankee World Series was a spitball. The details, in case you're hazy, are that Brooklyn led, 4–3, with two out in the ninth and nobody on. Casey got two strikes on Henrich, and then Tommy missed the third one, but catcher Mickey Owen missed it too. Henrich got on base, and the Yanks went on to score four times and win the game, 7–4. The opinion, even then, was that Casey had crossed up his own catcher by sneaking in a spitter.

Joe Garagiola, the veteran catcher who now broadcasts the St. Louis games with Harry Caray, emphasizes the need for the catcher to know what's up. Joe admitted to me that there were a couple of Cardinal pitchers, Red Barrett and George Munger, who "dampened the ball from time to time."

"Neither threw the pitch very often," explained Garagiola. "They'd use it against a good hitter for a third strike when they were in a jam. I never signaled for it. They'd give me the sign when they were going to throw it, such as rubbing their glove across the letters of their shirt. They wouldn't throw it unless I answered them by making a fist of my open hand or running my fingers across the eyelets of my catching mitt."

As Garagiola pointed out, the spitter is bootlegged infrequently—usually with two strikes on a good hitter in a pinch. It can be more effective as a threat than as an actual delivery. If the batter suspects that he may be getting a spitter, it gives him an additional mental burden.

Joe DiMaggio had this problem with Johnny Allen, once of the Yankees, after Johnny was traded to Cleveland. "Tony Lazzeri always insisted Allen was sneaking a spitter, but I couldn't be positive," said Joe. "I used to miss the ball by a foot. It wasn't a curve and it wasn't a fast ball, so I took it for granted it was Johnny's slider. Except that, come to think of it, in those days I didn't miss many sliders by a foot."

An American League umpire told me he was sure Allen got away with the spitter. He believed Johnny's trick was to expectorate in his glove after he had delivered the ball to plate. Everybody was watching the pitch and nobody was watching Johnny. So he could safely get primed to "load" the ball for his next delivery.

"Are there any pitchers in the American League using the spitter today?" I asked.

"I'd rather not say," the umpire answered. "Besides," he continued, "how could you prove it?"

The regulations the umpires are supposed to enforce appear in Rule 8.02(a). The rule reads:

> The pitcher shall not—(1) Apply a foreign substance of any kind to the ball; (2) expectorate either on the ball or his glove; (3) rub the ball on his glove, person or clothing; (4) deface the ball in any manner; (5) deliver what is called the "shine" ball, "spit" ball, "mud" ball or "emery" ball. The pitcher, of course, is allowed to rub the ball between his bare hands.

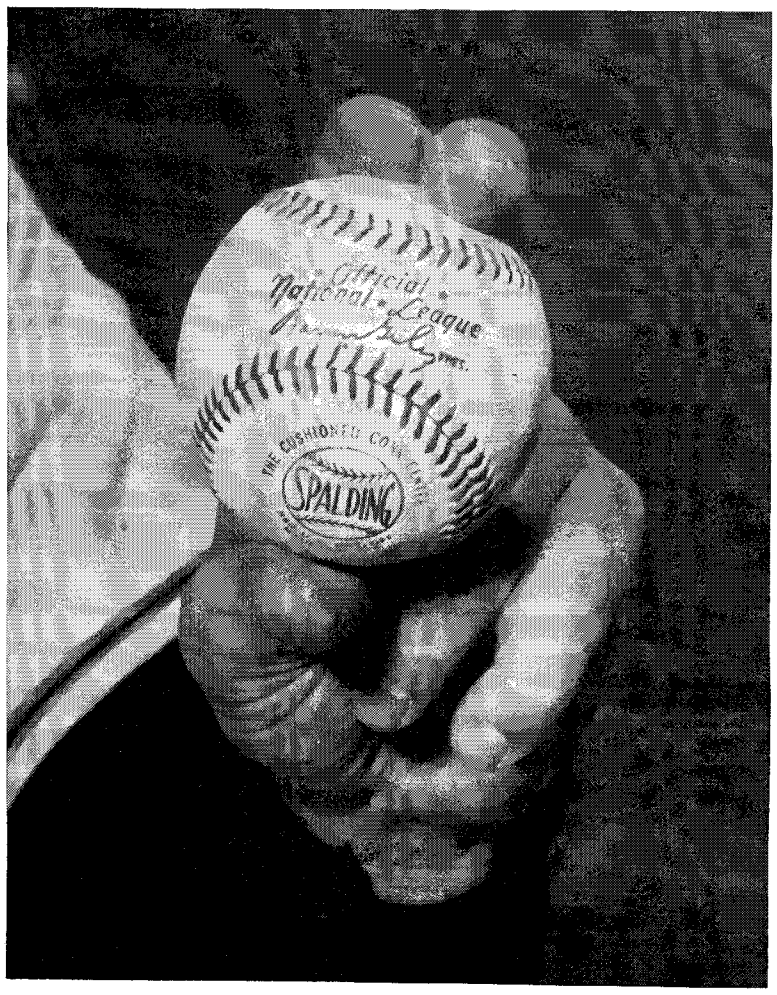
Hogwash! Is or is not the rosin obtained from the rosin bag a foreign substance? How many times have you seen a pitcher put his hand in his back pocket? Do the umpires search him before he begins to pitch? A pitcher can put his fingers to his lips any time he wants to. If he moistens his fingers and then brushes them against his uniform, how can the umpire tell if the moisture has been removed? He can take perspiration from his face, his forearm or even his uniform on hot, humid days. Some pitchers rub the ball vigorously against their trousers leg on almost every pitch, in direct violation of Section (3) of Rule 8.02(a). And I've never seen one pitcher even warned about this.

The only possible way to enforce the present impractical regulations would be to have a fifth umpire, preferably armed with a magnifying glass, stationed behind the mound to examine the pitcher's fingers and the ball before every pitch. This obviously would lead to the five-hour nine-inning game.

Umpires are aware that any pitcher who has the desire and the skill to throw a spitball today can do so and get away with it. Jocko Conlan, a good minor-league outfielder and now a great National League umpire, told me the pitch should be legalized if for no other reason than that it is almost impossible to detect cheating.

As I've already made clear, I agree with Jocko. And, although I never thought I'd see the day when I'd agree with Beans Reardon, that has come to pass too. When Beansie was umpiring and I was managing, he'd throw me out of the game if I looked cross at him—and how else could I look at an umpire in those days? Reardon, now retired, is also in favor of legalizing the spitter.

"All a pitcher has to do is wipe his hand across his brow and he's loaded with moisture," Reardon declares. "He's supposed to wipe it off, but sometimes he

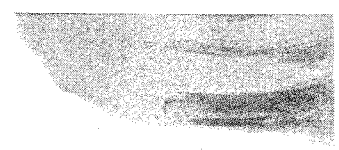


How to Throw a Spitball

Experts describe the spitball as a pitch which is thrown like a fast ball—same grip, same delivery—but behaves like an exceptionally sharp curve. The "spitter" breaks as it approaches the plate, generally in a downward course.

The most favored technique calls for moistening the first two fingers, to reduce their friction so that the ball gets its impetus from the thumb. The result is a top spin—just the reverse of the fast ball's action—which causes a baffling break without straining the pitcher's arm.

refreshes without filling



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wipes it off on the ball. By the time the catcher gets it, it's hard to spot. My guess is that almost every club has a perspiration pitcher who saves his wet delivery for a tight spot,"

Pitchers are forever seeking the so-called "extra pitch" to stay in the majors. Many of them have turned to the knuckler, the screwball, the palm ball, the fork ball and other legal but unnatural de-

Actually, you can throw a spitter by barely moistening the first two fingers—just about the amount of finger wetting you would need to turn a page, provided Emily Post approved of finger wetting for page-turning purposes.

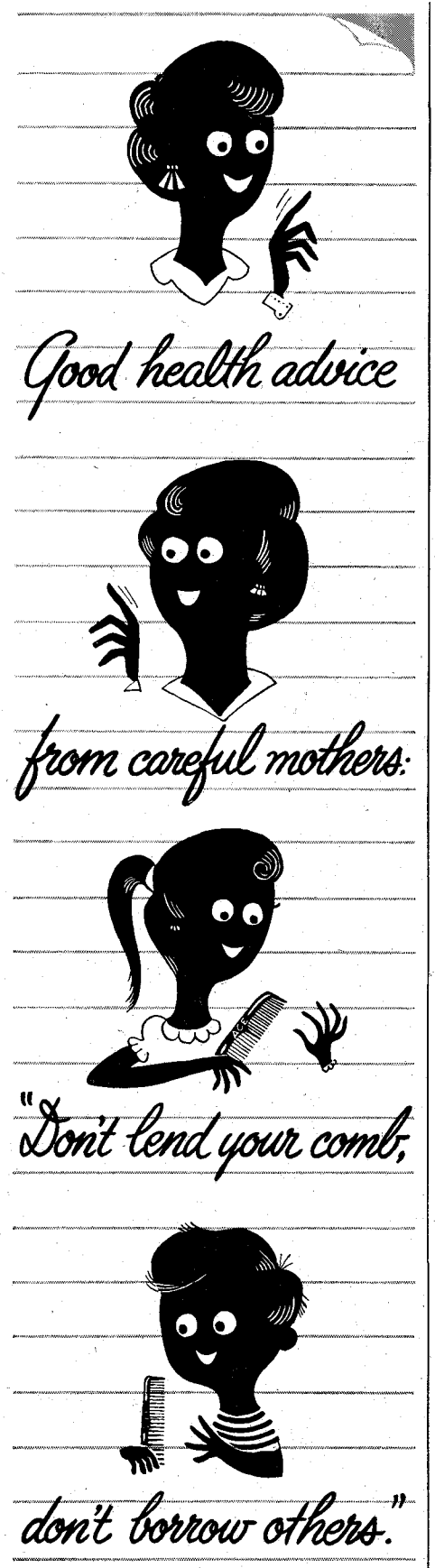
Fred Haney, manager of the Milwaukee Braves, defends Burdette against spitballing charges by arguing that Lew's pitch rotates and "a spitball does not

spitball, I don't see how anybody ever could have beaten him.

One argument against legalizing the spitter is that it is a difficult pitch to control and therefore dangerous. This is downright silly. I know from my own experience as player and manager that it is a more predictable pitch than the knuckler, for instance. Rex Barney, the old Dodger, who became practically

keep back deserving young pitchers who have the ability to get by without trick deliveries."

One answer to that is that young Don Drysdale, of the Dodgers, threw spitballs for Montreal when he was only nineteen! This came about when Don was pitching for the Royals in an International League game in Havana in 1955. Greg Mulleavy, his manager, protested that Havana's



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Keeping Posted

Now He's Emir Neill Wilson

That startling picture of **Neill Wilson,** of Sebastopol, California, and page 24, and his wife, Gladys, obviously merits a few words. Last year, King Saud of Saudi Arabia hospitably bestowed the honorable title of emir upon Wilson and gave him the proper robes and the agal, or gold headpiece. This came about while Wilson was in the Middle East studying American-made dams, refineries and pipe lines, for a book, The Earth Changers, which he and **Frank Taylor**, another Post many-timer, have written for October publication by Doubleday. After the author visited King Saud, his wife went shopping and acquired what Wilson calls "that tent." It's a shame that the charming lady's face is in eclipse, but a woman has to be in the mode, doesn't she? Other happenings to the Wilsons were an earthquake in Lebanon and a train wreck (fatal to eight) in Egypt, but they came through all right, praises be.

Well, if it Isn't Tio and Amelia!

Readers who have found enduring entertainment in the adventures of Tio Martinez, as reported by fictionist **Burnham Carter,** will be interested in seeing Tio, practically in person, in the photograph. Introducing: actor Ricardo Montalban, who will enact Tio in an upcoming TV feature called Tonight in Havana; Lita Milan, who will play Amelia, his helpmate; and Carter, who started this whole business with his first Tio tale in the Post on May 6, 1939. Also photographed is the script of the pilot film, which was shot in Havana, naturally. David Ahlers and Fletcher Markle (Cubano Productions) have developed this promising program from the Post stories, and Desilu has charge of the film producing. If you aren't entirely up to date on Tio's affairs, the latest published account is on page 26.

Honor From the Educators

When the National Education Association held its centennial convention in Philadelphia early in July, editor Ben Hibbs was happy to accept for the Post the medallion in the illustration, and a scroll, emblematic of one of the association's annual School Bell Awards. This gratifying honor came "for the most distinguished continuous coverage of schools during the school year 1956–57 by a weekly or biweekly magazine of general circulation." The victorious articles and authors: Don't Call Me a Sissy!, Robert M. Haley, as told to Andrew Hamilton, October sixth; Will Your Child Fail in School? Rosemary V. Donatelli, October twenty-seventh; We're Lucky to be Teachers, Jeanne Storrs, November seventeenth; The Truant Officer Learns to Smile, Morton M. Hunt, December fifteenth; Let's Stop Wasting Our Greatest Resource, Rear Adm. H. G. Rickover, USN, March second. A scroll was graciously sent to each author.

Life Among the Authors

Mr. and Mrs. McMillian.

In **E. R. Leibert's** page 30 analysis of the ruinous financial aspects of an unexpected major illness, the person who was so gravely ill was his daughter, Sally. A happy aftermath is Sally's recent marriage to Nathan B. McMillian, Jr.; and there you see the beaming couple.

Fred Eldridge started out as a farmer, quit to be a writer with the Los Angeles newspapers, quit to be a farmer on his 280-acre California ranch—but *didn't* quit farming when he sold the first thing he has written in ten years, page 28.

Operating a bird hospital has its off-beat problems. **Arline Thomas,** page 20, keeps starting "wormeries" in her Hollis, Long Island, garden by enriching patches of ground with compost; and her husband, George, keeps taking over these lush spots for garden beds. George has let one wormery survive: he's a bird lover, too—or could the reason be that it is located behind a scratchy holly tree?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY

The Stock Market is People

One of America's smartest money men, and most distinguished statesmen, tells you how he made his first million dollars in his early thirties. Now is presented the long-awaited personal story of Bernard M. Baruch.

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